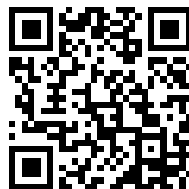
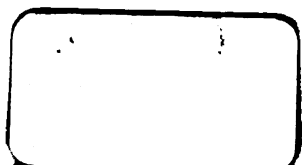

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A Catholic Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.



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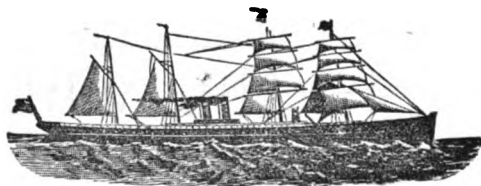
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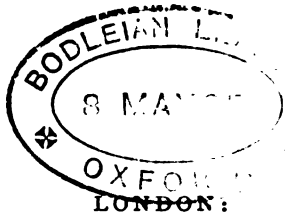
A Catholic Magazine and Review.

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.
(*Apoc.* xxii. 2.)

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John Wyclif, his Life and Teaching.

PART THE SECOND.

FOR several reasons I have thought it necessary to enter at some length into the history of the memorable lawsuit between John Wyclif and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Not only is the narrative interesting and instructive in itself, but it gives us an insight into the character of the Reformer, and prepares us for much which is to follow. Moreover, it exercised an important influence upon his future history. The sentence pronounced at Viterbo formed the turning point in his life, and from it may be reckoned what in modern phraseology would be termed "a new departure." Wyclif was thoroughly beaten. It was not only a defeat but an overthrow. It implied the necessity of an entire change of tactics, and a change in tactics rendered necessary a new base of operations. From the moment that Wyclif lost his lawsuit he stood upon the brink of a great revolution.

While the issue of the suit was yet in suspense, he had permitted himself to believe that the popular feeling was with him. It is not unreasonable to suppose that among the large body of students who were at that time congregated within the walls of Oxford there must have been some who from one motive or another would join the party which he was supposed to represent. To hold forcible possession of an entire college and to defy the Metropolitan of all England were supposed to show courage and independence of spirit, and as such commanded admiration. Again, Wyclif was sure to be regarded, if not by himself at least by others, as the champion of the secular clergy; an idea which, wherever accepted, would evoke a large amount of active and earnest partisanship in his favour. Once more; he was a northern, while the Archbishop and his monks were Kentishmen, good grounds here for a very pretty quarrel at a time when the jealousy between the two "nations," as they were termed, might easily break forth with something like the

ferocity of a border warfare.¹ Wyclif's habitual temperament led him to miscalculate the value of these advantages, and to exaggerate the importance they seemed to give him for the moment. He mistook wonder for admiration, notoriety for popularity. And so he lived on in a fool's paradise until the moment when the Papal sentence was pronounced at Viterbo.

The publication of the sentence was attended by certain circumstances which made it yet more humbling. Anticipating, as it would seem, that the rebels who had seized Canterbury Hall might try to keep forcible possession of it, the judge who decreed their expulsion provided also for its enforcement. He directed the Prior of Lewes, the Chancellor of Salisbury, and the Dean of Chichester to read his final decision in the hearing of Wyclif, and then to give the monks of Canterbury actual and immediate possession of the buildings of which they had been so long and so wrongfully deprived. Any resistance was to meet with a prompt remedy. They were told that the sentence of excommunication by bell, cross, and candle would immediately follow, and would be repeated on each Sunday and festival during High Mass until they had sued for and obtained pardon and absolution.² The judge was in earnest, and both parties knew it. Even Wyclif shrunk from encountering such an array of ecclesiastical censures, as were ready to be fulminated against him. His flatterers and followers deserted him; he recognized his true position, and he felt that he was defeated, disgraced, and ruined.

But this was not all. It generally happens that as "sorrows come not singlehanded," another disappointment followed in the train of the former ones. Wyclif seems to have persuaded himself that he was likely to be promoted to the episcopate, and he had been on the watch for every vacancy. One occurred in the see of Worcester, but when it was filled up Wyclif found that he was not the favoured candidate. He thought himself neglected and injured, and he gave way to feelings of disappointment, anger, and revenge. Upon what foundation he built this hope I know not. Perhaps it may have been reasonable and well-grounded, perhaps it was utterly fallacious; but the reasonableness or the folly of the expectation does not affect

¹ See Anstey's *Memorials of the Univ. Oxford*, 92, 93, 462; Wood's *Hist.* A.D. 1267, 1274, 1305.

² These details are taken from the second of the two official documents contained in the Lambeth MS. 104, fol. 219 b., and are now for the first time published.

the fact of its existence. And that it was a fact I venture to affirm upon the following evidence.

Thomas Netter, commonly called Thomas Waldensis (from Walden, in Essex, of which he was a native), tells us that the charge which I have mentioned was publicly brought forward against Wyclif by Robert Hallum, Bishop of Salisbury, "in the great Synod of the clergy of Canterbury."³ The same writer repeats the accusation yet more distinctly. "Well informed men," says he, "report as an undoubted fact that Wyclif's heresy against the endowment of the Church and every ecclesiastical authority within it, had its beginning in his disappointed hope of obtaining the bishopric of Worcester, to which he indiscreetly aspired."⁴ Netter is not our only authority. One John Palmer, an Englishman (who was present at the Council of Bâle in 1434), affirms that the bitter attacks of the Reformer upon the clergy may be dated from this same incident.⁵ The accusation then is precise as to the fact; when therefore I find that his apologists make no attempt to deny it or to explain it, I think I do Wyclif no injustice in accepting it as indisputable.⁶

Such, then, was the position in which the future Reformer now found himself.

The conviction was forced upon him from more sides than one that he had ruined his prospects of success as far as Oxford was concerned. True, it still held out to him many prizes, any one of which must have stimulated and would have rewarded his ambition; but to the attainment of each and all of these his own conduct had now raised up an insuperable barrier. No college could henceforth be expected to place at its head a person of such suspicious antecedents as the late litigious Warden of Canterbury Hall. The questionable circumstances attending the oath which he was believed to have taken for the satisfaction of Archbishop Islip were still allowed to remain a mystery, and the lawsuit which he had carried on with Archbishop Langham amounted to something little better than a legalized fraud. So much for his chances of success in the

³ Doct. Fid. ii. 60. Hallum was Bishop of Salisbury from 1408 to 1417 (Le Neve, ii. 601).

⁴ *Id.* iv. 33.

⁵ Tanner, *Bibl.* 570, 767.

⁶ The see of Worcester was thrice vacant during the period within which this event would seem to have occurred, namely, in 1362, 1364, and 1369. I do not undertake to specify its precise date; we are concerned only in knowing that the charge has been made and never met.

University. He had hoped for preferment on the Episcopal Bench, but surely there were not many bishops on it who would have offered him the right hand of fellowship. Would any Chapter in England venture to elect him? Would the Crown accept the nomination? Would the Pope confirm it? Wyclif was never remarkable for modesty or humility; but even at his best, or his worst, he must have felt that he would never wear the bishop's mitre.

In the midst of these grinding disappointments, one remedy cannot but have presented itself to his mind, and all who read the terrible history of the man must wish that he had accepted it; for it was the best, the wisest, and the happiest mode of escape from his difficulties. He could not have forgotten that he was a parish priest, and as such was charged with the responsibility of caring for the souls of his parishioners. Lechler tells us "that he did not apply himself continuously to pastoral labours in Fillingham."⁷ But Wyclif did not fail to turn his several benefices, one after the other, to what he considered a good account. He neglected "the pastoral labours" of his rectory, as we have seen, but he retained the rank and the emoluments which he derived from it. And he did worse. At a later period of his career, when he resided at Lutterworth, he did one of two things. Either he habitually and systematically taught his people the usual Catholic faith and practised the usual Catholic ritual, neither of which he himself believed; or he substituted for them his own private doctrines and practices, and thereby committed a daily fraud upon the Church which he pretended to serve. For twenty years this was the situation in which he and his parishioners stood in reference to each other. To me it seems an awful alternative. I have long sought for an explanation of his conduct, but sought in vain. His biographers, ancient and modern, are silent; Lewis and Vaughan, Shirley and Lechler, abandon their hero in the hour of his extremity. Am I uncharitable when I remind myself of the oath which Wyclif is said to have sworn to Islip?

So then Worcester had already become a vision and Oxford was fast fading into a memory. To him it could never again be what it once had been; and he saw in it but the record and the proof of his own failure and disappointment. Changed faces met him at every corner of the street. Men did not listen

⁷ i. 159.

to his speculations with the deference which they once had shown. The days had altered since he was Master of Balliol, or Warden of Canterbury Hall. This *villicus iniquitatis* had wasted his Master's goods, and it was told to him that he might be no longer steward. Unable to dig, ashamed to beg, he resolved what he would do, so that when he was put out of the stewardship men as unscrupulous as himself should receive him into their houses. He left Oxford and sought a more congenial occupation in the world of politics in London.

While Wyclif is in London our acquaintance with him becomes very indistinct, for he passes into an existence with the conditions of which we are but imperfectly acquainted. Everywhere he preserves a cautious silence about himself, and he keeps aloof from friend and foe alike. We observe one thing, however, which is worthy of notice. At a very early period of his abode in London he had secured for himself a definite position in the Court. We have his own authority for telling us that in a peculiar sense he has become "the King's cleric."⁸ What was it to be the King's cleric? As far as I am aware, there was no such office either in the royal household, or in the Parliament, or in the Chancery, or in the Exchequer. We turn for information to his biographers, with the conviction that they will interpret the term for us. Mr. F. D. Matthew thinks that Wyclif held a royal chaplaincy in the Court, or (as he says in another place) that he was the "first Parliamentary reporter." It is Lechler's⁹ opinion that he might possibly have had a seat and voice in the Parliament of 1366 as an elected representative of the inferior clergy, or in virtue of the royal prerogative. To me these explanations seem untenable. Had Wyclif been a member of Parliament in the ordinary sense of the phrase, he would have said so. Then, as now, it was a familiar term, of which the owner was far from being ashamed. Wyclif resorts to the use of a dubious phrase, and seems to employ it for the purpose of concealment. Under these circumstances the simplest course is to refer to the document itself in which it occurs, and examine the information which that document places before us. But here a few preliminary observations become necessary.

Pope Innocent the Sixth died on September 13, 1362, and was succeeded by Urban the Fifth, an appointment which was unpopular in England. The newly-elected Pontiff was by birth

⁸ Wyclif terms himself *peculiaris regis clericus* (Lewis, p. 349).

⁹ Lechler, i. 211.

a Frenchman, and England and France were at war. There was a further cause for discord between the two nations. Urban had for long been anxious to remove the Papal residence from Avignon to Rome, and in 1366 he publicly announced his intention of doing so. But the unavoidable expenditure was considerable, and the Papal finances were nearly exhausted. The Pope found himself driven to apply for money wherever there was the prospect of obtaining it; and as among his other debtors stood England, he made his want known to the English Sovereign. King John had undertaken to pay to the Holy See an annuity of one thousand marks; and as no payment had been made since the year 1333, Pope Urban assured King Edward that the transmission of the arrears would be very acceptable and would be considered as a favour. Edward referred the matter to his Parliament.¹⁰

When the Parliament met in London in the May of 1366, it was in a bad humour. The application for the arrears claimed by the Holy See was treated with indignant scorn. The King showed the world at large that he was of the same mind as his Commons. The decision at which they arrived was to the effect that neither King John nor any other Sovereign could place himself or his people in such subjection without the assent of the Parliament, and that such assent never had been granted. Inasmuch, then, as it was contrary to the oath which the King had taken when he was crowned, they decided that the Papal demand must be rejected. They further ruled that in case His Holiness should attempt in any way to enforce this claim, they would resist him to the uttermost of their power.¹¹

We are now in a position to turn to the document drawn up by Wyclif in his official capacity as "the King's peculiar clerk."¹² It contains his reply to the arguments advanced some

¹⁰ For the Pope's letter, see Raynaldi, 1365, § 13, dated at Avignon, 13 June, an. 3. Lewis (p. 19) states that "Pope Urban gave notice to King Edward that he intended by process to cite him to his Court, then at Avignon, to answer for his default in not performing the homage which King John, his predecessor, acknowledged to the See of Rome for his realm of England and dominion of Ireland, and refusing to pay the tribute by him granted to the said Sec." In the *Biographia Brit.* p. 4259, this statement is further improved; the Pope is now said to have "threatened" to cite the King. The Pope's letter, referred to above, does not warrant either of these interpretations.

¹¹ The whole decision may be seen in the Parliamentary Rolls, II, 290.

¹² It is headed, "Determinatio quædam magistri Johannis Wycliff de Dominio contra unum monachum," and is printed (very inaccurately) by Lewis (p. 349) from one of Selden's MSS. A transcript by Dr. James, from a Bodley MS., is in the Lambeth MS. 537, and affords many corrections. In a notice prefixed to this copy,

time previously by an anonymous monk who had spoken on the Papal side of the question. This preliminary discussion would seem to have taken place for the purpose of furnishing the anti-Papal party with a convenient summary of the arguments which they might most effectually employ when the discussion should actually come forward in the House. It was, in fact, a brief for their guidance. The entire question is skilfully portioned out among seven several speakers, to each of whom is assigned his own section of the argument. Taken collectively, the argument covers the entire field of the debate, and if properly carried out would present a formidable line of battle, either for defence or attack. We see from the result that it served both purposes. In it Wyclif speaks with the greatest freedom against the Pope, the Cardinals, and the clergy at large; while with ill-disguised mockery he styles himself "a humble and obedient son of the Roman Church, who protests that he will not advance aught that could either be injurious to it, or could reasonably offend the ears of the godly." The whole document breathes the spirit of advanced Wyclifism.

From the contents of this paper we can discover, therefore, without much difficulty the nature of the duties of "the King's peculiar clerk" by whom it was drawn up. He was expected to act as counsel for the Crown in all cases where the Crown expected to come into collision with the Church, an event which, judging by the spirit of the age, was likely to occur not unfrequently. Possibly he might even go so far as to suggest occasions when a conflict might be provoked. Many questions of an ecclesiastical nature were being dragged forward to the front for discussion, and out of them it was seen that a useful amount of capital might be extracted by skilful treatment. But to do this the manipulation of an expert was needed. Wyclif was ready to turn his long ecclesiastical training to good purpose, and he soon found that the English Court was the market where it would bring the best price. This very "peculiar clerk" was ready on the shortest notice to give an opinion or to conduct an argument on the side of the King—in other words, against the Church and the Pope. For this he was well adapted by the nature of his education. His experience in the schools had

Dr. James conjectures that the anonymous monk was either Tyssington or Wodeford; and remarks that the arguments here employed by Wyclif, or by the speakers whose words he reports, require a favourable interpretation to keep them free from schism. A candid admission this to make, but then he was writing to an admirer of Wyclif, as he himself was.

made him a ready disputant and a skilful logician. "He came to be reckoned," says the Rev. Mr. Lewis, "inferior to none of his time in philosophy, and incomparable in the performance of school exercises; a man of profound wit and very strong and powerful in disputations, and was by the common sort of divines esteemed little less than a god." This was the very kind of man whom the anticlerical party needed, and they made much of him when they found him. His presence was regarded as the promise of an assured victory. Like another uncircumcized Philistine of whom we read, he had been a man of war from his youth up, and all the men of Israel when they saw him fled from him and were afraid. Yet to me his conduct seems base in the extreme. He acted the part of the traitor and the spy. He sold to the enemy the experience which he had gained in the camp of the friends whom he now deserted. As yet I have not observed one single feature in his character which bespeaks the noble or the generous; everywhere fraud, duplicity, and treachery. I believe that Englishmen have mistaken their hero.

Wyclif's parliamentary duties did not demand the whole of his time; he could find leisure for other occupations. In the month of November in the year 1368, Archbishop Langham forwarded to the Chancellor of Oxford a list of thirty propositions, which had been pronounced to be erroneous by a meeting of the clergy which he had convened for the purpose of examining them; and at the same time he directed the Chancellor to see that publication to this effect should be made accordingly in the University. Should any one venture to defend or approve these said articles in the schools or elsewhere, openly or privately, it was decreed that he should incur the sentence of public excommunication, which should be pronounced by the said Chancellor. Appended to each article is the censure which was severally affixed to it by the censors. Langham does not distinctly affirm whether or not these propositions are to be attributed to Wyclif, nor do I venture to do so. I cannot but remark, however, that some of these doctrines were certainly held by him at a later time; and it seems most probable that the entire series is to be referred to him as its author. We may refer their composition to the year 1368,¹³ and therefore they represent the Wyclifite heresy in the earliest form in which we are acquainted with it.

¹³ Printed from Langham's Register in Lambeth Library, in Harpsf. *Hist. Wyclif.* p. 720, Wilkins, iii. 75, Hard. vii. 1864.

To the first volume of his *Life of Wyclif* Professor Lechler has prefixed a dissertation of one hundred pages upon "the English Precursors" of that eminent individual. We are justified in asking in what sense the men who are here introduced are to be understood as Wyclif's predecessors. It cannot simply be meant that they preceded him in point of time; for while six writers are mentioned, hundreds of eminent Englishmen have been passed over unnoticed. If this chapter has any meaning, it is intended to prepare the reader to believe that Wyclif's teaching was no new thing, but that it was simply the natural expansion and inevitable continuation of doctrines which many great and good Englishmen had held before he was born. To such an argument, when fairly conducted, there can be no reasonable objection. If a continuous succession of men can be produced who taught Wyclifism from a period long before Wyclif, by all means let them be produced. We admit that there may have been such teachers, but if there were their history is so obscure that we should be glad to know something more about it.¹⁴ We do not object to the introduction of a class bearing the imposing title of the "English Precursors of Wyclif;" what we object to is this—that certain individuals who are here specified should be so described. They are introduced under a false title. Wyclif held doctrines and sanctioned practices which each and all of them would have indignantly repudiated; and in here attempting to vindicate their character thus unkindly aspersed, I am but endeavouring to do an act of simple justice.

The first of these unwilling witnesses is Robert Grostete, a man whose character exhibits the union of the most exalted piety with the widest range of learning. He held the see of Lincoln from A.D. 1235 to 1253, in which year he died. The high estimate in which he is held by Protestant authorities seems to have arisen from an incident which is connected with his administration of his diocese. He refused to admit to a prebendal stall in his Cathedral an Italian who had been pro-

¹⁴ I have already cited a curious instance of this sort of literature, and I again refer to it, because it has anticipated Lechler in bringing in the names to which I object. The title of the volume is, "The Protestants' evidence taken out of good records, showing that for fifteen hundred years next after Christ, divers worthy guides of God's Church have in sundry weighty points of religion taught as the Church of England now doth, by Simon Birckbeck" (Lond. 1635, 4to.) This author does not scruple to admit among his Protestant witnesses such writers as St. Anselm, St. Bernard, Peter Lombard, and St. Thomas of Aquin. Modern theorists are a little more cautious.

vided therewith by Pope Innocent the Fourth, to whom he was nephew. Grostete's act was a bold act, for no one likes to give pain or disappointment, especially to a superior whom he would gladly please. But it involved a principle, and Grostete maintained his ground with an outspoken honesty which has been generally admired. Innocent listened with calmness to the remonstrances thus addressed to him, he did not press the obnoxious nomination, and he made such alterations in the objectionable system which then prevailed that the national irritation which had been occasioned by it was allayed.¹⁵

Upon no stronger foundation than this is built the assumption that Grostete may be claimed as a Protestant. It is not a recent delusion. Yielding to it, Williams, Archbishop of York (1641-1649), and Thomas Barlow (1675-1691), Bishop of Lincoln, severally made preparations for a collected edition of his writings, as likely (so they supposed) to forward the interests of the modern Church of England.¹⁶ History is better understood now-a-days. Grostete's most recent and ablest exponent thus writes of him. If it be meant, says the Rev. Mr. Luard, that Grostete had any tendency towards the doctrinal changes brought about at the time of the Reformation, or that he evidenced any idea of a separation of the Church of England from that of Rome, a more utterly mistaken statement has never been made. He was essentially a man of his own time. To judge of him by the ideas prevalent in the sixteenth century, or to expect to find him influenced by motives similar to those which were influencing men's minds then, is to do him great injustice. Such a view of his character can only arise from ignorance of the actual facts.¹⁷

When we come to examine questions of detail upon this subject, the unswerving earnestness of Grostete's faith becomes conspicuous. Of this Pope Innocent the Fourth was fully convinced, and frequently expresses his conviction. The Bishop had complained to the Pope of certain rectors within the diocese of Lincoln who had taken on themselves the office of sheriff, or bailiff; His Holiness encourages Grostete to be of good courage and to do his duty towards them.¹⁸ In his correspondence he speaks with respect and esteem of the Pope, the Cardinals, the

¹⁵ *Fœd.* i. 262.

¹⁶ *Brown's Fascic.* 396; *Tanner*, 351; *Biog. Brit.* 4291.

¹⁷ *Rob. Grosseteste Epistole.* Edited by H. R. Luard. Lond. 1861, p. xiv.

¹⁸ *Ann.* iv. ep. 249; *Addit. MS.* 15,356, fol. 59.

Bishops, the clergy, and the monastic orders. He was especially attached to the Franciscans, whom he introduced into Oxford, and on his death he left his large and precious collection of books to their library. His devotion to our Blessed Lady was everywhere conspicuous. He addresses her in these terms, which I translate from one of his French poems. "Hail, holy Mary, chief of humility! Give me, my Lady, strength and goodness, abstinence and peace, love and charity, and (of your grace) holy chastity." Again: "Hail, holy Mary, beloved by the High King, have pity on all who ask pity of you, so long as they are in the world, and in this miserable life take care that God forgets them not."¹⁹ He is equally decisive when he speaks upon the other articles of the Catholic faith, for instance, on the necessity of confession, the doctrine of transubstantiation, of penance, as the means of our reconciliation to God and the Church after sin, and on the obligation of believing all that the Church teaches because the Church teaches it. It is unjust in every sense to bring Grostete forward as having prepared the way for Wyclif. Had that objectionable personage been so fortunate as to have had good Bishop Grostete for his diocesan, the contrast between the two characters would probably have been brought out in a more conspicuous light.

The next authority quoted by Lechler²⁰ is that of Henry de Bracton, who is introduced as "the greatest lawyer of England in the middle ages, a practical jurist and a learned writer upon English Common Law." The testimony of such a witness in favour of Wyclifism (which is here promised) must be of the highest importance (if it can be produced), and we prepare ourselves to listen to it with anxious surprise. But we are disappointed. Lechler speaks of Bracton with ill-disguised hesitation. We are not furnished with a single quotation from his writings, although the edition in the course of publication by the authority of the Master of the Rolls already fills five bulky volumes. Not a single doctrine is pointed out in which this learned jurist is said to have differed from his fellow Catholics. It is somewhat confusing to be told, on the same page, too, that he was a man of a kindred spirit to Grostete, though differing from him on important points, and that upon the question of patronage (the only one here referred to), these two anti-Romanist precursors of the Reformation "would hardly have been of one mind." Altogether our curiosity is excited by the

¹⁹ MS. Lamb. 522, f. 161.

²⁰ Lechler, i. 55.

mystery, and we venture to add a few particulars to Lechler's suspicious reticence. What has this great lawyer, this practical jurist, this learned writer on English Common Law, got to tell us upon the subject on which he is brought forward to speak, but on which he hitherto has been so suggestively silent?

Our historian does not tell us, what certainly is an important element in the inquiry, that Bracton was a priest, as well as a Doctor of both Canon and Civil Law. The great work upon which his reputation is founded was completed about the year 1259. He became Archdeacon of Barnstaple in 1264, a dignity which he resigned in the same year, on succeeding to the higher dignity of the Chancellorship of the Cathedral of Exeter. He also held a prebendal stall in the church of Boxham, which was vacated by his death in 1268.²¹ In 1272 we find that two chaplains had been appointed to celebrate Mass daily in the Cathedral for the soul of Henry de Bracton, formerly Chancellor of the said church, an endowment which continued in use until the time of Henry the Eighth.²²

So much then for the personal history of Henry de Bracton. He enjoyed the confidence and the respect of his sovereign, his bishop, and his fellow canons as long as he lived, and after his death Mass was daily said for his soul. Surely such a man is maligned when he is dragged upon the stage as one of the "Precursors of Wyclif."

But it may be inquired—Do not his writings warrant the charge here brought against him? As they relate exclusively to legal matters of a purely technical character, there is little scope for the discussion of theological questions, but even here my Lord Chief Justice never forgets his character as a priest. If anywhere, the evil spirit of Cæsarism might be expected to show itself when the limits of the *Regale* and the *Pontificale* are under discussion. The recent editor of Bracton's great work feels this, and speaking of his author he uses the following words: "Bracton defines the respective spheres of the spiritual and secular jurisdictions without any inclination to favour the former or to disparage the latter. He had very well-defined views respecting the limits of the Papal authority within the realm of England. He thus expresses himself: 'To the Pope and to the priesthood appertain the things which are spiritual; to the King and to the realm appertain the things which are

²¹ Hardy's *Lc Neve*, i. 405, 417; Tanner's *Bibl.* p. 118.

²² Twiss' edition of Bracton, ii. Pref. lxix. lxxi.; Oliver's *Monast. Exon.* p. 472.

temporal. The Pope therefore has nothing to do with the disposition or settlement of temporal matters; no more have kings or princes to do with spiritual matters.'"²³ Here Bracton and Wyclif are in direct antagonism to each other. The former assigns to each his own independent jurisdiction, in which he is supreme. The latter confuses and confounds them, and in the midst of the disorder thus created seeks to transfer to the State that which in truth is, and always has been, the undoubted property of the Church.

In all other points where he has occasion to touch upon them, Bracton speaks like the usual Catholic priest of his own day and of ours. Had any deviation from the common Faith been discovered in the writings of this eminent lawyer, we most probably should have heard of them. Lechler is too acute and too well read to have permitted them to escape him. None have been produced because none exist.

William de Occam,²⁴ the next of Wyclif's forerunners, will not detain us long, for his heretical teaching and schismatical conduct are too notorious to be either questioned or exculpated. This "keen and independent thinker on matters of the Church" preceded Wyclif by about half a century. He was educated first at Oxford and afterwards at Paris, in the latter of which Universities he distinguished himself by taking the part of Philip the Fair, King of France, against Boniface the Eighth. From this time onward until its close, his life was one continued act of rebellion. On being excommunicated by Pope John the Twenty-Second, he found a refuge in the Court of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria. The date of his death is uncertain, as also the place of his burial.²⁵ Willingly do we recognize in Occam an undoubted predecessor of John Wyclif, a man who resembled him not only in his heretical teaching but also in the turbulence of his character.

Richard Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, comes next in

²³ Twiss, *Introd.* i. xxxix.

²⁴ Lechler, i. 59.

²⁵ Several of Occam's writings have been published by Goldastus in his *Monarchia* (Hanov. 1611), and by Brown in his *Fasciculus*, ii. 439. He is the only one of the Schoolmen of whom Luther speaks with any respect. A sketch of his life may be seen in Cave, ii. App. 28, and Oudin, iii. 904. See also Dr. Carl Werner, *Die Scholastik des späteren Mittelalters*, Wien. 1883. Wadding (*Annal.* 1347, § 22), says that Occam repented and was reconciled to the Church by letters from Pope Clement the Sixth. See Nat. Alexand. VIII. 122, ed. 1778. But the general impression is that he died on April 7, 1347, at Munich, being at the time under excommunication.

order,²⁶ and is admitted to the dignity of being reckoned a precursor of Wyclif upon no other ground than that he had a quarrel with the Mendicant Orders, against whom he preached some intemperate sermons. Lechler puts the whole controversy so fairly that I gladly follow the abstract which he has given of it. The preacher maintained, in the first place, that our Lord during His sojourn on earth, though always a poor man, not only did not practise begging, but taught that no man should practise it; mendicity therefore ought to have formed no part of the rule of the Friars Minors. The second assertion of Fitzralph was to the effect that for the purposes of confession the parish church is always more suitable for the parishioner than any church or chapel of the begging monks, and that for hearing confessions the parish priest is always preferable to the begging monk. In both these respects, says Lechler, "the high-placed dignitary expressed himself in opposition to the Mendicants, to their principles, and to their privileges."

Obviously neither of these questions touches any point of doctrine or morals as far as they affect the subject with which alone we are concerned. The poverty of our Blessed Lord, the interpretation of the Rule of St. Francis, or the customs of the Friars Minors, have no claim upon our attention. Fitzralph disliked the Friars because they begged, so did Wyclif, so have many others since. How does this affect the question? Grostete loved them and patronized them. Was Grostete wrong? And he and Fitzralph cannot both be right, so we may make our choice and dismiss further inquiry.

Our difficulties increase as we advance, and they attain their highest point when we encounter Bradwardin,²⁷ Archbishop of Canterbury, among the Precursors of Wyclif. Along with the surprise there is coupled a certain degree of indignation, and we do not care to conceal either of these feelings. Hitherto Bradwardin, the "Doctor Profundus," as he was styled by his admiring contemporaries, has been generally regarded as an able theologian, a sound Catholic, and an honest man;²⁸ but if

²⁶ Lechler, i. p. 75.

²⁷ Lechler, i. 88.

²⁸ According to his contemporary Knighton (col. 2600) he was "*Famosus præ cæteris clericis totius Christianitatis, in theologia præcipue, similiter et in cæteris scientiis liberalibus.*" In the same kindly spirit the reformed Bishop Godwin (seldom the *laudator temporis acti*) writes of our Archbishop: "*Vix alium reperias qui adeo sine ambitu, ac nemine tamen contradicente, archiepiscopale solium conscenderit*" (p. 111).

there be any truth in the axiom that a man is to be judged of by his company, then this celebrated churchman must forfeit every claim to our respect. We turn for the explanation of the difficulty to Lechler's introductory chapter, where we naturally expect to find some conclusive proof of an assertion at once so novel and so hardy. And what is the result? After eight pages of matter, the bulk of which is wide of the question which alone concerns us, we read the following guarded sentence: "We believe," says Dr. Lechler, "that we are not mistaken in maintaining that the principles which lay at the basis of Bradwardin's teaching were not without important influence upon Wyclif,"²⁹ and even this cautiously-worded (and ungrammatical) assertion is still further modified by the statement that Wyclif strongly opposes some of the dogmatic views of Bradwardin.

We resent this way of treating a subject which is too solemn to tolerate such a liberty. Is the Leipsic professor aware that his high reputation as a scholar will induce by far the larger portion of his English readers to accept almost any assertion, however hardy, which he may be pleased to make so long as it falls in with their prejudices? And knowing England as he does, ought not he to have been careful how he made an attempt to ruin the fair fame of an Archbishop who until now has stood high in public estimation? Hitherto Bradwardin has been spoken of with esteem and respect by Catholic and Protestant alike. He passes unscathed through the fiery ordeal of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*. Even the German Professor himself is constrained to admit that the spirit by which the Archbishop was animated is worthy of all praise. He sees in him a moral pathos, a lofty earnestness of Christian piety, which cannot fail to make the deepest impression.³⁰ And he points out no heretical teaching and suggests none. How then could such a man be one of the precursors of Wyclif?

In order that Bradwardin may appear in his true character two things become necessary; in the first place we desire to have a short statement of the leading events of his life, and in the next place to know something definite as to the doctrines which he taught. I shall endeavour to furnish both of these with all becoming brevity.

Thomas Bradwardin was born about the year 1290 at Hartfield, at no great distance from East Grinstead, in the

²⁹ P. 89.³⁰ P. 94.

county of Sussex. Of his parentage and early history nothing is known. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, where he attained the reputation of being an accomplished scholar and a devout Christian. Preferment of various kinds flowed in upon him.³¹ Edward the Third appointed him his confessor, in which capacity he followed that King into France, where by his presence and exhortations he succeeded in mitigating some of the horrors of the wars which had broken out between the two countries. In 1346 he was one of the commissioners appointed by the King to negotiate a peace with France.³² On the death of Archbishop Stratford in 1348, the Chapter of Canterbury unanimously chose Bradwardin as his successor, but another ecclesiastic was appointed, the King being anxious to retain near his own person the services of such a valued director. The metropolitan see, however, was speedily vacated by the demise of Ufford, and Bradwardin now succeeded to the vacant dignity. He did not enjoy it long. The Bull for his appointment bears date June 19, 1349, he was consecrated at Avignon early in July, the temporalities were restored on the 22nd of August, and on the 26th of that same month he died, before having been enthroned.³³

From the personal history of the individual we pass to his teaching and spirit as exhibited in his theological writings. Lechler would have us believe that Bradwardin departed in certain points from the received doctrine of the Catholic Church for no better reason than because the Archbishop insists earnestly and frequently upon the grace of God as the one source of man's salvation and upon a corresponding holiness of life as resulting from it. The whole of Bradwardin's bulky folio, *De Causa Dei*, rests upon these two principles. How by so doing he separates himself from the other faithful members of the Catholic Church, and joins Wyclif and the other dwellers in the tents of the children of Moab, is nowhere explained by Dr. Lechler; in exculpation of whom, however, I beg to quote the words with which he sums up the character of this great scholar. It was by no means Bradwardin's intention, writes the repentant German professor, to place himself in antagonism to the Church of Rome.

³¹ Bradwardin was Proctor of the University in 1325 (Newcourt, i. 112; Tanner, 120), Canon of Lincoln in 1333 (Le Neve, ii. 113; Newcourt, i. 112), Prebendary of Cadington Minor, and Chancellor of London in 1337 (Le Neve, ii. 359, 372), and Archdeacon of Norwich in 1347 (Le Neve, ii. 479; Tanner, 120).

³² Fed. iii. 92.

³³ Le Neve, i. 18; Godwin, 111; Angl. Sacr. i. 42, 43; Newcourt, i. 112.

On the contrary, he declares expressly his steadfast belief in the doctrinal authority of that Church. He submits his writings to her judgment ; it is for her to determine what is orthodox in the questions which he has investigated. He wishes with all his heart to have her support where he does battle with the enemies of God ; where he errs he desires her correction, and where he is in the right to have her confirmation.

The only addition which I wish to make to this passage is to observe that Bradwardin carefully insists that our sole Master, Jesus Christ, still teaches from the boat of St. Peter, which is the Church of Rome ; and that in it shall remain the authority and *magisterium* of all Christian doctrine until the end of the world.³

The last of "the English Precursors of Wyclif" is the author, whoever he may have been, of that remarkable poem which is known as "The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman."³⁵ It certainly is well worthy of the thoughtful attention which Lechler and his editor invite us to bestow upon it. The poem deserves a careful perusal as exhibiting a vivid picture of the vices and defects of all classes of society as they presented themselves to a man who was thoroughly in earnest in desiring their reformation. But we object to the use here made of it by attempting to connect it with the peculiar doctrines of Wyclif. Lechler himself is conscious of the radical distinction in tone, spirit, and object, which separates the one writer from the other, as will appear in the course of the present observations. But before going further, a few words become necessary in order to touch upon a preliminary difficulty.

If Lewis, followed herein by nearly every subsequent writer, be correct in assigning the year 1324 as the probable date of Wyclif's birth, and if we are to accept the year 1332 as that in which the author of the poem about the allegorical Plowman first saw the light,³⁶ then Longland must have been the younger man of the two by about eight years. We would ask then, how can he in fairness be reckoned as one of Wyclif's precursors? Longland must have been Wyclif's pupil instead of being his master. The poem written by this shepherd of the Malvern Hills went through three editions, so to speak, which may be referred severally to the years 1362, 1377,

³⁴ See Bradwardin's Preface, and p. 876.

³⁵ Lechler, i. 96.

³⁶ *Id.* Introduction, p. xiv.

and 1380—1390. Obviously, therefore, if we are concerned with the poem in any of its forms it is only with the earliest.

I will not permit it to detain us long, and that for several reasons. I have already mentioned one, the fact that here it is out of date and is chronologically inadmissible into Lechler's series of pre-Wyclifite Protestants. In the next place the poem in no respects harmonizes with Wyclif where Wyclif dissents from any of the doctrines then universally accepted. "Longland did not attack a single doctrine of the Church," writes Lechler, with laudable inconsistency.³⁷ Dean Milman, in his *History of Latin Christianity*,³⁸ sees in him "no disciple, no precursor of Wyclif in his broader religious views, he is no dreamy speculative theologian. He acquiesces, seemingly in unquestioning faith, in the creed and in the usages of the Church. He is not profane but reverent as to the B. Virgin and the Saints. Pilgrimages, penances, oblations on the altar, absolution, he does not reject. On Transubstantiation, the Real Presence, and the Sacraments he is almost silent; but his silence is that of submission, not of doubt." Our last quotation speaks the same language.³⁹ Longland, says the Rev. W. Warburton, "is no precursor or forestaller of Wyclif, for he never attacks the doctrine of the Papacy, but only its social and political abuses."

Here then, after having lingered too long in his company, I bid farewell to John Wyclif for a time. Looking back upon his history as we have traced it, it appears that his condition at this period was far from prosperous. He had made an enemy of his Archbishop, he could not have stood well with his ecclesiastical superiors, he had been defeated in a long and costly law-suit, and no probability of success seemed open to him. But he had entered upon a new occupation. He had passed into the service of the Court and the Parliament, by whom he was employed in directing the attack which they were making upon the Pope, the bishops and the clergy, towards all of whom he entertained strong feelings of personal hostility. In one word, he had shown himself to be a traitor and a heretic. In our next chapter we shall see how he brought these principles into action.

³⁷ Lechler, i. 98.

³⁸ Vol. vi. p. 536, quoted in Skeat's *Introd.* (to A. text), Oxf. 1869, p. xix.

³⁹ Edward the Third, p. 255.

A Modern Bishop.

Ecce Sacerdos magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo.

IT cannot be denied that of late years the powers of evil have to a great extent prevailed against the Church of God, and that she has been allowed to suffer many and grievous things at the hands of her enemies. Yet, despite these afflictions and persecutions, it may be said that in one respect at least she has been highly favoured. I refer to the exceptional number of excellent and able prelates who, in the good Providence of God, have been given to her for her guidance and support. Amongst these exemplary bishops and pastors of the flock, one of the most estimable and most eminent, though perhaps one of the least widely-known, is the late Prince-Bishop of Brixen. Not only did he resist with unflinching firmness the intrusion of heresy under any form into his diocese, but he distinguished himself greatly by the services he rendered at the Vatican Council, thereby entitling himself to the gratitude of Catholics in general, and meriting to be termed by Pius the Ninth *a pillar of the Council*. The present Supreme Pontiff, Leo the Thirteenth, has, moreover, always spoken of him with words of highest eulogium, frequently declaring him to be *a model to all bishops*, and this must be our apology, if any be needed, for bringing before the notice of the reader one whose sphere of action was remote from our shores, and whose name is perhaps no very familiar one to our ears. Closer acquaintance will show him to have been one of the best and truest of Catholics, the most energetic and painstaking of prelates, the simplest and noblest of men; a typical Tyrolese, moreover, whose character is as pure and healthful as the air of his native mountains.

The village of Inzing, which is situated on the right bank of the Inn, about eight miles from Innsbruck, was the early home of Vincent Gasser. It is surrounded by scenery of the most romantic description, and the Bishop was often heard in

later years to express his belief that the natural beauty which environed his cradle, had influenced his character in the most beneficial manner. He was strongly impressed with the advantage it is for children to grow up amongst mountains and forests; and when some literary men asserted that they had discovered a very lovely part of the Tyrol to be the birthplace of Walter von der Vogelweide, he did not hesitate to say that he thought they must be mistaken, since if the poet had really spent his early years amid some of the most beautiful scenery in Europe, he could not have failed to leave evidence of the fact in his poems; unless, indeed, he had quitted his home at a very early age, and so the appreciation of and delight in the beauties of nature had become obliterated from his mind.

The father of the future Bishop was a pious and worthy man, much respected in Inzing and its vicinity, and eminently successful in his trade, which was that of a tanner. But beyond the fact that he led an exemplary life, and brought up his children well, there is nothing of special interest attaching to his character and history. His wife was superior to him in every way, and exercised a far stronger and more abiding influence on the character of their numerous family. One great secret of this influence lay in the fact that she never spared herself, but was always ready to do or suffer whatever might be most conducive to the good of her children; indeed, she wore out her excellent constitution and shortened her life through her incessant exertions on their behalf. The mistress of the Gassers' household must indeed have led no idle life, since besides the nine children who sat around the board, the apprentices had to be provided for, and although there was never any lack of means, the position of such a family, at least in those days, excluded all idea of much help from servants, one, or perhaps two indoor domestics being the most that would be kept.

The subject of the present sketch was the second son of his parents, and was born October 30, 1809. How his mother found time to teach him we are at a loss to imagine; but it is certain that she was his earliest instructress, and, in fact, his only one until he was old enough to be sent to a school in the village, where he remained until he was twelve years old. He was by no means a precocious, or unusually gifted child, but, on the contrary, a most ordinary one; giving certainly no indication of the rare talents and capacities he developed later on in life.

There is but little to record concerning this period of his history, but it may be amusing to know the nature of the occupation provided for him in his holidays, during which he was expected to devote the greater part of his time to assisting in his father's trade, as far as his strength permitted. He was employed in stretching the skins preparatory to the process of tanning; and it required many a sharp word and stern reprimand to make him persevere in his unsavoury and uncongenial task. But education was a very different thing then to what it is now; and yet there is no doubt that children were better, and happier too, when they were duly kept in subjection, as they used to be before the evil days when the salutary advice of the wisest of men came to be so signally set at nought in their regard, and obedience to parents grew to be considered an old-fashioned virtue, so entirely out of date that comparatively few dream of practising it. However, Vincent's childhood cannot have been anything but happy, to judge from the way he speaks of it in a letter written long after he had left his youthful days behind, and addressed to his eldest and favourite sister Catharine. "Oh, how happy were those peaceful, pleasant years, when we were ignorant of all the cares and sorrows of life, and wandered merrily hand in hand through the bright fairy-land of childhood! If only we could never have ceased to be children!"

When Vincent was twelve years old, the time came for him to leave the school he had hitherto been attending; and it was a question whether he should follow his father's trade, or be sent to Innsbruck to pursue his studies, with a view to ultimately preparing himself for the priesthood. One of the parish priests who, having watched the boy for years both in church and in school, had always taken a great interest in him and had discerned under his unpretending and somewhat unattractive exterior the solid virtues and mental gifts he really possessed, exercised all his influence with Vincent's parents in order to induce them to permit their son to prosecute his studies. They wisely allowed themselves to be influenced in this direction, especially as they had an elder son who showed himself more at home in the tan-yard than in the schoolroom, and were besides well able to defray the expenses of a student without doing injustice to either of their other children. Thus it was finally arranged, to the great delight of Vincent, and in October, 1821, he went to Innsbruck, and was entered as a pupil at the gymnasium there. His parents provided him with all that was

necessary, but allowed him nothing for superfluities, and his school-boy heart seems often to have hungered for a larger supply of pocket-money. On one occasion we find him obliged to refuse an invitation to go and see his sister Catharine, who was staying at a village not far from Innsbruck, because he had not the trifling sum needed to defray the expense of the journey. His sister, however, sent it to him, adding that she would gladly have given him something more, only she was herself also so badly off, that she had literally "not a sixpence to spare." Although both clever and industrious, our student was not very successful at the outset of his career at the gymnasium, and made but slow progress, especially in Latin and arithmetic. This was mainly attributable to the fact that he found great difficulty in adapting himself to the method of instruction pursued by the master under whom he was placed, and who appears to have been a rather narrow-minded man, much devoted to his own particular way of doing things, and quite unable to see that they could be done as well in any other. This devotion to his own special routine was, as will readily be understood, not a little trying to his pupils, and especially to the more intelligent of them, among whom Vincent Gasser certainly deserved to be reckoned. Before long, however, he was moved to a higher class, and began to study under a more sympathetic teacher; but the beneficial effects of the training in patience his former master had been the means of giving him, remained with him through life, as he himself was always ready to own.

Eight quiet years slipped rapidly by at Innsbruck, their pleasant monotony being broken only by holiday visits to Inzing, and at their conclusion we find Vincent, now nearly twenty-one, confronted by the momentous question as to what his future vocation really was. His progress, mental and spiritual, had during all this time been uniform and sure, and had been noticed from time to time with unfeigned delight by the priest of his native village, who loved him with truly parental tenderness. Indeed, Vincent most completely illustrated the truth of the Italian proverb—*Qui va piano va sano, e qui va sano va lontano*. His mind and character had developed in a thoroughly natural and progressive manner, gently going on from one stage of growth to another. He had himself long cherished a secret desire to enter the Jesuit Novitiate, and he now spoke openly to his parents of this wish, leaving at the same time the decision in their hands, with many fervent prayers

that the will of God might through them be made known to him. They at once consulted the excellent priest of whom mention has already been made; and the result of many anxious deliberations was that they expressed a definite desire for their son to enter the Diocesan Seminary at Brixen, with a view to becoming a secular priest. Whatever his feelings may have been, he suppressed every outward manifestation of them, and bravely adhered to his resolution of accepting the decision of his parents with unhesitating acquiescence. They would have sent him to study at Rome instead of at Brixen, had not political complications rendered it at that time difficult, nay, well-nigh impossible, for an Austrian subject to do so.

On October 1, 1829, he entered on his residence at the Seminary, remaining there until July 28, 1833, when he was ordained priest by the Prince-Bishop of Brixen. During these four years his superiority to the other students manifested itself in a more and more unmistakeable manner to the eyes of all, whilst he himself remained profoundly unconscious of it. We will give two extracts which may serve to illustrate this part of our subject. The first is written by a contemporary and fellow-student of Vincent Gasser, and shows the impression he made upon his companions.

We used often to go out a number together for long walks, and were accustomed to beguile the way by discussions on various erudite subjects. It always struck me on these occasions how much clearer and more comprehensive was Vincent's grasp of the subject, whatever it might be, than that taken by any one else. His thoughts were like gleams of light from some higher sphere, so brightly did they sparkle and shine. He was known as remarkable for his kind and winning manner, which was absolutely free from egotism or eccentricity, and he was ever ready to show any kindness in his power to his fellow-students. Upon one occasion, when I was suffering much from depression, he gave me a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*, bidding me keep close to her, and she would not fail to come to my aid. That picture is now before me as I write; beneath it he has inscribed, *Fac ut tecum lugeam* (p. 38).

The second extract is taken from a letter written by Gasser himself to his dearest and most intimate friend, and shows the extreme aversion he always felt to anything that savoured ever so remotely of praise or of flattery.

I really must find fault with one part of your letter, which does credit to your kindness of heart, not to your friendship for me, which if it is to be lasting, must rest on a basis of truth. You persist in

expressing yourself as if I were far ahead of you in the road of Christian perfection and of human learning ; while the fact is that, having known me for so many years, you cannot but be aware that I am lagging far behind. Please correct this fault, for it ill becomes a true friend (p. 45).

During the three years which followed his ordination, the young priest had to encounter many and varied trials ; he was incessantly moved from place to place, the spheres of labour assigned him being for the most part thoroughly uncongenial in one way or another, so that his natural will and inclinations were crossed and thwarted at every turn. God designed, doubtless, thus to give His faithful servant opportunities for learning those lessons of unquestioning and implicit obedience, which he had longed to acquire in the Jesuit novitiate, and also to prepare him to rule wisely and well, when he should ultimately be called to wear the mitre. In a letter written on the eve of setting out for his first appointment, he says to an intimate friend, "I am fully aware that this post is the very opposite of all I have desired and wished for, and pictured to myself in the future, but God forbid that I should begin my career as a priest by an act of insubordination." The post thus referred to was that of secretary to the Dean of Innsbruck, and we will give Gasser's own account of the duties attached to it.

I am at present installed as secretary to the Dean, and shall probably remain here at least a year. My duties consist principally in writing letters and copying official documents. I have almost nothing to do with the care of souls, for though a confessional has been assigned me in the parish church, I have as yet only one penitent, and my sole chance of preaching is when one of the other priests happens to be ill or absent. I am to go every week to explain the catechism to the pupils in the Ursuline school, and this appears destined to be my only spiritual function. I am very comfortable as far as externals go ; the Dean is extremely kind to me, and is a man of great experience from whom I hope to learn much (p. 52).

Gasser was moved, as he had anticipated, at the end of a year, and we cannot attempt to follow him in all the changes from one village to another which filled the next two years of his life, and could not have been anything but vexatious. Had his attainments in the spiritual order been of a less eminent order, and had he been less perfectly versed in the practice of detachment, he could not have borne as he did, with unruffled and unvarying composure, the trials and disagreeables to which he was exposed ; for he was sent hither and thither in the

character of a stop-gap, and as soon as he grew accustomed to any place, and began to feel at home there, he was called upon to quit it. Whether his ecclesiastical superiors had a definite design in thus subjecting him to this discipline of circumstances, and intended thereby to perfect the character of one for whom there is no doubt they felt the highest esteem, or whether they were merely the unconscious instruments of carrying out the will of God in his regard, we have no means of knowing, since his biographer has guardedly abstained from saying anything which could warrant us in forming an opinion either way. It is however certain that, even before his ordination, he had been destined by the Prince-Bishop Bernard to fill the chair of theological professor in the Diocesan Seminary. The rare merits of Vincent Gasser had not escaped the observant eye of the sagacious prelate, who took a very special interest in his Seminary, and ever showed himself resolved to place in authority there the best and most capable men he had at command, for nothing, he used frequently to remark, can be of such vital importance to the laity as the manner in which priests are trained.

About Michaelmas, 1836, we accordingly find the subject of the present sketch, at the age of twenty-seven, once more settled in Brixen, the place which was to be his second home, and where he was to pass the remaining forty-three years of his life. He had been appointed to the post of Theological Professor for one year only, with the proviso that the office should be a permanent one if he passed the usual examination at the end of twelve months in a satisfactory manner. It is hardly necessary to add that when the time arrived he came out with flying colours, though his health suffered much from the arduous preparation he had made, and to this physical weakness may doubtless be attributed the severe mental depression from which he suffered at this period. He devoted himself heart and soul to the duties before him, and not content with taking the greatest possible pains with his lectures, he manifested a constant and unremitting interest in the students, not confining his intercourse with them to lecture hours, but encouraging them to come to him in all their doubts and difficulties, and striving to lead them onwards and upwards, along that royal, but rugged and difficult road, the path of Christian perfection. His influence over them became ere long almost unbounded, especially as he was never satisfied until he had acquired a definite personal knowledge of

the character and circumstances of each. This knowledge enabled him to form a competent opinion as to the reality of the vocation of all whom he had under his charge, and it deeply grieved him to see how many entered the Seminary wholly destitute of any true call to the priesthood. Lenient as he was in some respects, on this point he showed inflexible firmness, guarding the entrance to the sanctuary with jealous and vigilant care, and judging, as all wise men do in similar circumstances, that where there is any doubt it is safer to lean to the side of dismissal. He thus not unfrequently found himself placed in opposition to his Superiors, but his judgment was so good, his insight into character so far-seeing, and he had always such excellent reasons to bring forward in support of the opinions he advanced, that the heads of the Seminary became more and more willing, as time went on, to accept his decisions as final. The exercise of what he felt to be his duty in this respect often involved much that was very painful as far as the students themselves were concerned, but in after years he used often to receive letters full of gratitude from those whose mistaken course he had arrested, and who wrote to thank him from the bottom of their hearts for having prevented them from persevering in an error the consequences of which would probably have proved injurious to them both in regard to this life and the next. The indifference manifested by many of the students in regard to the study of Holy Scripture was also no small grief to him, as we gather from his own words.

I cannot adequately express the pain I feel when I see that most of the students care nothing at all, and the rest scarcely anything, about the study of the Bible. It must be my own fault that it is so little appreciated, and I can scarcely refrain from tears when I think what has become of all the bright hopes with which I commenced my duties here six years ago. The great wish of my life, the promotion, namely, of a devotion to biblical studies among theologians, seemed at that time to my youthful fancy to be so easy of attainment, whereas it has now faded away into the dim distance. Did not obedience demand that I should remain here, the consciousness of my own deficiencies would speedily lead me to quit my post (p. 86).

Yet many of the students were to him a source of no little delight, for no one could have rejoiced more truly than he did to mark the gradual unfolding of the hearts and minds of those who gave proof of true fitness for their high calling. But here, as ever upon earth, the brightest light had the darkest shadow,

for again and again he was called upon to stand beside the grave of some promising seminarist, whose angelic purity of mind and heart and distinguished mental endowments had won for him the warm affection of his teachers.

Professor Gasser was certainly no exception to the common saying, "There is no good man who does not love his mother," for he uniformly showed himself an affectionate and devoted son, and his mother's death, which occurred about ten years after he was settled at Brixen, was to him a deep and lasting sorrow, especially as he was not able to be with her in her last hours. To his father he was also most dutiful and attentive, and his brothers and sisters ever found in him a kind and sympathizing adviser and friend. His vacations were ordinarily spent at Inzing, except on occasions when some special place was recommended for the sake of his health; in the summer of 1840, for instance, a thorough change was considered necessary for him, and during the vacation he travelled through various parts of Germany in the company of an intimate friend. As Gasser had been suffering much from weakness of the eyes, the Prince-Bishop Bernard, with whom he was a great favourite, advised him, whilst visiting Baden, to try the waters of St. Ottila's Well, a wonder-working spring situated in the vicinity of Nieder-Münster. This Professor Gasser promised to do, but the time slipped away without his being able to carry out his intention. On his return, the Bishop questioned him as to the places he had visited, and he was obliged to acknowledge that he had not made use of the water, at the same time he took occasion to extol the excellence of the Markgräfler wine. Shortly after he found a slip of paper in his Breviary, on which the following lines were inscribed in the Bishop's hand:

Don't trust Vincent Gasser—we were sadly deceived
As to how he desired his eyesight relieved;
Though he promised to visit St. Ottila's shrine,
He preferred to be cured by the Markgräfler wine!

Professor Gasser always gladly embraced any opportunity of preaching in Brixen or the surrounding villages, and his sermons were admirable, being worthy in every respect of the careful and conscientious preparation he failed not to bestow on them. His extremely youthful appearance reminded his hearers of the admonition given to St. Timothy, *let no man despise thy youth*; sometimes it gave rise to various mistakes. For instance, we are told that when he on one occasion went to

preach at a neighbouring place, the curate could not understand why the Dean paid so much attention and respect to such an exceedingly young priest, and thought there must be some error *in persona*, albeit he wondered to see these attentions received in such a very matter-of-fact manner. Before long he discovered the mistake to be on his own side, and hastened to atone for any previous neglect towards Professor Gasser, who was then over thirty years of age. His youthful appearance was all the more remarkable, because he allowed himself so little time for sleep, and it certainly belies the popular belief that sleeping long is a sure means of defying the ravages of age. He never slept more than six, at one time only four, hours; since during many years it was his habit to say Mass at 4.30 in the parish church of Brixen, though he did not retire to rest until midnight. And yet he used bitterly to regret that he needed so much sleep, and had therefore so little time for his various duties and occupations. It is much to be wished that he could have had more time to prosecute his studies, for there is no doubt that had such leisure been at his disposal, he would have enriched theological literature with more than one valuable work.

In 1848 he was sent to Frankfort as one of the Tyrolese deputies, in order to take part in the National Assembly convened in that ancient city, and it was upon this occasion that he may be said to have first attracted public attention by his determined bearing, the calm courage with which he confronted the mockery of his opponents, and the success which crowned his efforts to preserve intact the religious unity of the Tyrol. A short time subsequently he received from the Emperor Francis Joseph the Gold Cross of the Order of Merit, accompanied by a letter from Count Bissingen couched in most flattering terms, in which the writer expressed his warm sympathy with, and sincere admiration of, the resolution displayed by Professor Gasser during the sitting of the National Assembly. A year later, he experienced a further mark of Imperial favour in his election to a vacant Canonry in the Cathedral of Brixen, which he was permitted to hold without resigning his post as Theological Professor at the Seminary. Far indeed was he from any wish for honours or dignities, and the only motive which could induce him to accept them, was a belief that it was the will of God that he should do so. *Ecce venio ut faciam voluntatem tuam* was the habitual language

of his heart ; and when the time came to test the sincerity of his words, he was not found wanting.

That time was now close at hand, for on May 17, 1856, the venerable Prince-Bishop Bernard departed this life, in the ninety-second year of his age. Deeply as his loss was deplored, by none perhaps was he more sincerely mourned than by Vincent Gasser, to whom he had, for a long series of years, acted the part of an affectionate father, and who may truly be said to have felt towards him as a loving and dutiful son. Although the diocese was then fortunate enough to count amongst its clergy many men distinguished alike for depth of learning, height of spirituality, and breadth of experience, the eyes of all, both priests and people, turned simultaneously towards Vincent Gasser, and their unanimous wish pointed him out as the man most fitted to fill the vacant see. It was hardly possible that he should long remain ignorant of the public feeling on this subject, and his vague fear became a definite dread when Canon Duille, an intimate friend, whispered to him that he must prepare to have a weighty question laid before him for decision. Yet the days slipped by, and nothing unusual occurred, until at last he began to hope that the matter at issue had been settled, and that he was to be left to pursue his present duties in peace, and perhaps at a later period embrace the religious life, a wish which appears at this time to have dwelt frequently in his mind. Thus it finally came upon him as a surprise when on the 14th of October, the head of the Cathedral clergy brought him the telegram containing the announcement of his nomination to the Prince-Bishopric of Brixen. The news quite overcame him, and he begged to be left alone. As soon as was possible he betook himself to the monastery of the Capuchin Fathers at Clausen, where he spent three days in the strictest seclusion, beseeching God to reveal what was His good pleasure concerning him. He returned to Brixen on the 17th of October, in a depressed frame of mind. "It was a lovely autumn morning," he subsequently said, "but I could not rejoice in the beauty around me, for the whole world seemed like an open grave." He consulted several ecclesiastics, of whose judgment he had the highest opinion, and finally decided to lay before the Cathedral Chapter all his deficiencies, and all the drawbacks of which he was so profoundly conscious, asking whether he was not warranted in declining the dignity to which the Emperor had recently nominated him. The decision of the clergy was

unhesitating, they declared his objections to be without sufficient foundation, and encouraged him to undertake the duties before him in reliance on the help of God, as to the nature of whose will concerning him there could be no doubt. He at length made up his mind to take upon his shoulders the heavy burden of the episcopate. At the time of which we are speaking he had nearly completed the forty-seventh year of his age.

The news was received with enthusiastic delight throughout the length and breadth of the diocese, and heartfelt congratulations poured in from all sides. The newly-elected Prince-Bishop went first to Innsbruck, in order to present himself to the Archduke Charles Louis, who was the representative of the Emperor in that city, and a few days later proceeded to Vienna, in order to have an interview with his Sovereign, and take the oaths prescribed by the Concordat. The Emperor received him with marked favour, and was graciously pleased to express the satisfaction he felt at counting so learned and distinguished a man among the members of the Episcopate. The Bishop-designate found himself obliged to stay in Vienna longer than he had wished, and it was remarked at the time that he never thought of visiting any of the sights of the capital, though he was now within its walls for the first time, but devoted all his leisure to the study of canon law. When one of his friends expressed surprise at the amount of knowledge he had acquired in so comparatively brief a period, he simply replied: "When one has the whole day to oneself, one can get through a great deal." Early in December he returned to Brixen, and until Christmas continued his lectures in the Seminary. On February 24, 1857, he departed alone and on foot for Clausen, in order to make a retreat in the Capuchin monastery preparatory to his consecration, which was fixed to take place on the 8th of March. The ceremony lasted four hours, and at its conclusion the newly-consecrated Prince-Bishop was conducted back to his palace in state. The banquet was held in the *Ritter-saal* of the palace, and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the proceedings, although the guests, two hundred in number, differed widely in rank and refinement from those who had gathered in the self-same hall in bye-gone ages to do honour to Prince-Bishops sprung from the noblest and most ancient families of the Austrian aristocracy. But there is an aristocracy of virtue and talent as well as of birth, and Bishop Gasser's friends belonged to the former though not to the latter. He himself made an

admirable speech, in which seriousness and humour were happily blended. He began by reminding those present how Pope Sixtus the Fifth, after his election threw away his crutches, adding that he would imitate the example of that Pontiff, and casting from him the crutches of fear and mistrust on which he had of late tottered about, endeavour to walk firmly on his way, supported by the strong staff of confidence in God. He went on to remark upon the happy relations existing in the Empire between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and wound up by proposing the usual toasts. In the evening there was a general illumination, and when the Bishop at length retired to his room, worn out with the fatigues of the day, a final greeting awaited him in the form of the following distich, displayed opposite to his windows by means of a transparency :

Ave pastor, vera vitis,—Oviumque pastor mitis !
Gregem tuum, pastor lone,—Pasce, protege, dispone !
Per Te ecclesia crescat,—Et Tirolis hilarescat.

He now took in hand the government of the diocese, but before describing the manner of his rule, and noticing the principal events of his episcopate, it may be interesting to hear how he divided his time. He rose every day at four, and spent an hour in meditation ; he then proceeded to read some portion of a spiritual book and to recite Prime and Terce. At seven he said Mass, making his thanksgiving during his chaplain's Mass, at which it was his invariable practice to assist. Next came breakfast, consisting of a single cup of coffee, and immediately afterwards he recited the two succeeding Hours of the Breviary. The day was devoted to business, which he only interrupted in order to partake of a frugal mid-day repast, at which he took merely a little soup, a small portion of meat, and one glass of wine. Indeed, it is marvellous how he can have worked as he did, and especially how he can have borne brain-labour of the severest kind, whilst restricting himself to an amount of nourishment which seemed barely sufficient to sustain nature. His supper did not deserve the name of a meal, since he never ate anything in the evening except a little soup. At eight o'clock he assembled his entire household in his private chapel, and said the Rosary with them ; afterwards reciting with his chaplain Matins and Lauds for the succeeding day. Then he retired to his apartment, prepared his next morning's meditation in writing, and completed his private devotions. However

great the press of business might be, he made it a point of conscience never to trench upon the hours set apart for his own religious exercises, and he constantly inculcated upon his clergy the necessity of acting in a like manner, and was never weary of telling them they must begin by employing every means calculated to advance their own spiritual life, if they desired to be really useful to the souls under their care.

Heart and soul did Bishop Vincent devote himself to his diocese, the limits of which he never left, unless actually compelled to do so, and it is difficult to understand how he could have accomplished his multifarious duties and fulfilled them all so perfectly as he did. On Sundays and festivals it was his custom to say Mass and preach in the cathedral ; nor did he fail to be present at Vespers and Benediction. He made a point of taking part in all the ceremonies of the church, in order both to mark his own reverence for them, and by the force of his example to encourage his people in attending them. We have seen how deep an interest he took whilst Professor of Theology in the training and instruction of priests ; and it will not surprise us to find that when he came to be bishop that interest was not relaxed, but redoubled rather, and increased tenfold. He spent at the Seminary as much time as he could possibly spare, delivering an address there at least once a week, and entering into every detail which could affect the spiritual, mental, moral or physical welfare of the students whose progress lay so near his heart. He made himself acquainted with each new-comer immediately after his arrival ; and knew so well how to blend the affectionate kindness of a father with the dignity and authority of a bishop, that he was beloved by all, and his appearance was ever hailed with unfeigned delight. It follows as a matter of course that he took care not to lose sight of his young priests after their ordination, but kept a vigilant eye upon them, never hesitating to rebuke in the most decided manner whatever he deemed amiss, for he ruled with a firm hand, although without the least touch of anything which could be called tyranny or arrogance. In his visitations he was indefatigable, never shrinking from the hardships and exertions thereby entailed on him, although he was frequently compelled, in the more remote districts of his diocese, to traverse long distances on foot and to content himself with food and lodgings of a rather primitive description. But the good he effected by this personal intercourse with his clergy was incalculable, and one

especial manner in which he exercised his influence was to insist that all his priests should make a retreat every year, a practice which had been somewhat neglected, and which he spared no pains to revive. A clergy retreat was annually given in the Diocesan Seminary during the summer vacation ; and those who were unable to avail themselves of it met with a welcome at the various houses of Franciscan and Jesuit Fathers, and were allowed to go through the exercises there. In a circular letter written on the Purification, 1861, he says in reference to this subject :

The voice with which I invite you all, my brethren in Jesus Christ, to endeavour to take part in the general retreat, has never been lifted up so loudly as on the present occasion. Indeed it seems to me that a power higher than my own is impelling me to make this invitation as urgent as possible, *compelle intrare*. For the graver the aspect of things around us, and the more convinced we feel that the judgments of God are about to fall upon the earth, the more absolutely necessary is it for us to recollect ourselves in solitude and prayer, and to purify and strengthen ourselves, in order that when the day of battle comes we may be found ready to shrink from no sacrifice that may be demanded at our hands. More than ever in days such as those in which our lot is cast, has the Catholic Church need of priests like unto him of whom it was said : " He was found perfect and just, and in the time of wrath he was made a reconciliation " (pp. 262, 263).¹

In 1858 the Prince-Bishop undertook his first journey to Rome, with the object both of visiting the tombs of the Apostles and also of conferring with the Holy Father upon several weighty matters concerning the affairs of the diocese. He did not escape the fascination which Pius the Ninth exercised, to an extent rarely if ever equalled, upon all those admitted to his presence ; and the Supreme Pontiff was himself greatly pleased with Bishop Vincent, and treated him with more than ordinary kindness and familiarity, so that from henceforward a mutual affection and admiration united them closely together. Devoted as the Bishop ever showed himself to the interests of the Holy See, he was equally uncompromising in his loyalty to the Emperor, being ever ready to repress, in the most prompt and energetic manner, any utterances which savoured, albeit ever so slightly, of disaffection and disrespect. His influence made itself powerfully felt in the disastrous days which dawned upon Austria soon after his return from Rome ; so much so indeed, that after

¹ Eccclus. xlv. 17.

the conclusion of peace, the Archduke Charles Louis felt bound to make a public acknowledgment of the services he had rendered to the crown, and asked him whether the Emperor should be requested to confer some reward upon such of the clergy as had specially distinguished themselves in preserving the loyalty of the Tyrol. The Prelate declined this proposal, on the score that it would appear invidious to make distinctions where all had done their duty; adding that if his Majesty would give public expression to his satisfaction, this would be in itself a recompense more than sufficient for all that had been done.

Bishop Vincent had trembled for the throne; he now began to tremble for the altar, and to foresee the calamities about to come upon the Church; for the Liberal party had gained ascendancy in Austria, and he knew full well that the religious unity of the Tyrol could not fail to be ere long menaced. We give an extract from a speech which he delivered about this time in the National Assembly.

How inestimable a privilege it is for any nation to possess unity in the true faith! and how great a happiness it is when one and the same religious belief prevails both at home and abroad, in the school, the church, and the National Assembly. Such a state of things renders it far easier for each individual Christian to maintain his own convictions in unshaken firmness, since he is upheld by the example of those around him, and society at large is also greatly the gainer by the increased order, morality, and concord which are certain to prevail. The intrusion of alien forms of worship into a country can only prove, on the other hand, an unmixed misfortune, since it weakens the religious belief of the masses, and introduces an element of discord alike into the domestic circle and the public gathering. Religion is obliged to draw back and keep out of sight, instead of showing itself openly and pervading all relations of life, and thus forming a central point of union for the inhabitants of the country where this happy state of things prevails (p. 328).

In the midst of all these difficulties and perplexities, the Bishop had to suffer the additional trial of losing his highly-valued and long-trusted friend, Canon Duille, who had for years held the post of chancellor of the diocese, ably and conscientiously discharging the multifarious duties attaching to that office. This holy priest had ever been remarkable for his filial and tender devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God; and he was favoured with so singularly happy a death that we think some mention of it may well be made here, especially as he was

assisted in his last moments by the Prince-Bishop, who visited him almost daily through his illness and who, when he perceived that the end could not be far off, gave strict orders that he should be sent for immediately, at whatever hour of the day or night the departure of the sufferer might seem to be imminent. The summons came one evening about 9.30, and the Prelate hastened to obey it. On entering the sick room he was greeted with a smile of affectionate recognition by his dying friend, who afterwards fixed his eyes on a beautiful painting of our Lady at the foot of the cross, which hung opposite to his bed, at the same time attempting to utter something, which the Bishop, bending over him, understood without difficulty to be *Stabat Mater*. He forthwith proceeded to recite the magnificent hymn they had often delighted to repeat together. Ere the concluding verse could pass the speaker's lips,

Christe cum sit hinc exire
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriæ.
Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria,

the soul of the departing priest was carried by the angels into the presence of the glorious Queen of Heaven, who, like the gracious Sovereign that she is, delights doubtless to decorate her faithful soldiers with the rewards they have won on the hard-fought battlefields of life.

We will not pause to record the course of events, for we are not writing a history of those calamitous times, but a sketch of that high-minded Prelate whose chivalrous devotion to the Holy See never shone out so brightly as when the night of trouble came, and whose voice was never raised in such uncompromising support of the temporal power as when evil men dared to assail it. Even before the fatal battle of Castelfidardo his keen eye saw through the false friendship feigned by Napoleon the Third for the Holy Father, and detected the sacrilegious treachery which lurked under the protestations of Victor Emmanuel that he desired only to restore order within the walls of Rome and throughout the Papal dominions. There remained, indeed, at the period of which we are now speaking, but a very small portion of the States of the Church which had not been confiscated, and Bishop Vincent felt himself justified in quitting his diocese for a brief space of time in order to make a second journey to Rome, and

express to Pius the Ninth the deep sympathy he, together with his clergy and people, felt for the afflictions of the Head of the Church. He returned home with the least possible delay, and the following years of his episcopate offer no details worthy of special record. He marked with ever increasing grief and alarm the gradual creeping up of the tide of irreligious and revolutionary feeling all around him ; and he felt that the bulwarks he had erected at the cost of so much toil, and which he would gladly have laid down his life to defend, must before long inevitably be swept away, unless the march of events was in some unforeseen way altered or arrested. It was with a heavy heart, therefore, that he took his departure for Rome on December 2, 1869, in order to attend the Council, which, as every one knows, opened on the 8th of the same month. On the Sunday before he left, he preached in his cathedral a powerful and exhaustive sermon on Papal Infallibility. It was intended as an answer to several attacks recently made in the public journals on this doctrine, which, as the Bishop conclusively proved, had been held in all ages by the faithful children of Holy Church. He wound up by bidding his hearers remember those solemn words of our Lord : *He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen.*

An account of the Vatican Council would be manifestly out of place here, but the services rendered by Bishop Vincent whilst attending it were so valuable and important, that some mention of them must necessarily be made, especially as they won for him the highest eulogiums on the part of Pius the Ninth. The subject of the present sketch was one of the Prelates selected to define those dogmas which were to be constituted articles of faith. His sound judgment, lucid intelligence, and vast theological learning, rendered him singularly fitted for the task, which, however, entailed an immense amount of labour, for he had not only, as a matter of course, to attend all the public sittings of the Council, but also all gatherings of those who had been chosen to act as his colleagues in the delicate and difficult work of definition, as well as the General Congregations that had reference to points of doctrine. He had to follow, with the closest attention, the addresses delivered on all these several occasions, and frequently to hold private consultations with those who sought advice or information upon obscure or intricate points. His days were entirely engrossed, and the private studies, which his position rendered a matter of absolute neces-

sity, were therefore relegated to the hours of the night, and pursued during the time which ought to have been devoted to rest. He had, as we have already said, accustomed himself during his whole life to do with little sleep, notwithstanding the unremitting toil in which his days were spent. This constant tension and undue strain produced such irritation of the nerves, that at last all natural sleep became impossible to him, and he was compelled to resort to artificial means in order to obtain repose. He would otherwise have succumbed altogether to his incessant labour, and even as it was, he never recovered the effects of the months he spent in Rome.

The definition of the Church took place on July 18, 1870, on which occasion five hundred and thirty-five Cardinals and Bishops were gathered around Pius the Ninth, and when the votes were taken, there were five hundred and thirty-three *placets* against two *non-placets*. One of those who constituted this insignificant minority was the Bishop of Little Rock in Arkansas; and the loyal Catholics of his diocese, not over well pleased, we imagine, by the notoriety he had thus acquired, exercised their wit at his expense, by saying that on this occasion the Little Rock was against the Great Rock, *petricula contra petram*.

In regard to the Infallibility, the labour entailed upon the Prince-Bishop was exceptionally severe, because, the opposition to this dogma being mainly based upon historical grounds, the amount of research required in order to be prepared with a conclusive refutation of all objections may be better imagined than described. In the beginning of July, 1870, his strength gave way, so that he gladly availed himself of the Holy Father's permission to depart, and on the 18th of the same month, set out on his return to his diocese, where he was welcomed with the most heart-felt demonstrations of affectionate rejoicing. But every one could see how much he had aged during his absence, and how greatly his physical energy had diminished, although the mastery he had long ago acquired over himself enabled him to perform his duties with the same diligence as ever. One of his first occupations was to write a pastoral on the Infallibility, and it was mainly due to him that the agitation against this article of faith awoke no echo among the mountains of the Tyrol. He had, however, the great grief of seeing three of his clergy fall away and join the sect of the Old Catholics; one of these unhappy men died shortly afterwards, the other two repented, and were at a subsequent period reconciled with God.

But this was only one of the sorrows which wounded the apostolic heart of the Bishop during the closing years of his life ; the taking of Rome, the death of Pius the Ninth, and the alteration of the laws affecting religion, whereby Protestant communities were allowed to establish themselves in the Tyrol, were successive blows which he felt more and more deeply, as his bodily strength and vigour declined. His last public undertaking was the founding in Brixen of the public school for boys which bears his name, and which he had long known to be urgently needed.

But the time was now approaching when he was to be called to receive his eternal reward, and well might he have made his own the words of the Apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." For if there is one lesson more than another which his life is calculated to teach us, it is the priceless value of the Catholic faith. To few does God vouchsafe to grant this highest of all graces, a vocation to the priesthood, upon fewer still does He see fit to lay the awful responsibilities incurred by those who fill the posts of Bishops in His Church, but the lesson we have referred to is one which all may learn, a teaching all would do well to lay to heart. Many indeed there are among us in the present day, from the highest to the lowest, who know it from their own experience, since they have counted it not loss indeed, but gain immeasurable, to sell all that they had in order to buy this pearl of great price, so that they may be found in Christ, and in His holy Church, content to suffer with Him here on earth, and hoping to be glorified with Him hereafter.

Bishop Vincent had an excellent constitution, and throughout his whole life had never experienced a single dangerous illness, though he had now reached the advanced age of seventy. In his later years, and especially since his severe labours at the time of the Council, he was subject to various trying ailments, nervous attacks of a distressing character, and painful wounds in his feet ; the former were considered by his physician to be the result of the undue exertions he underwent whilst in Rome. He himself only regretted his sufferings when they compelled him to suspend his work. "I hope," he said upon one occasion, "that God will be pleased to cure me, or take me to Himself, for these are not days in which a Bishop can afford to be idle." And certainly he continued to work as long as possible, and was ever ready to re-echo the words of a great Saint of olden times,

and say, *non recuso laborem* ; indeed, on the First Sunday of Advent, 1878, he went so far as to rise from his sick-bed and go straight into the pulpit of his cathedral in order to preach, as was his wont, upon that day. He repeated the exertion at Christmas and on New Year's Day ; and the vigour and freshness displayed in his sermon were such, that the pleasure of his hearers was not once darkened by any gloomy presentiment, nor did it once occur to them that they were listening for the last time to the wise and energetic utterances of their beloved father and friend, and that when he descended the pulpit stairs, he was to ascend them again no more !

Towards the end of January he wrote his Lenten Pastoral, in which he very specially insisted on the duty of contributing to Peter's Pence. He had been much grieved by the diminution of the sums thus offered to the Holy Father ; a diminution which made it appear, as has been aptly remarked, as if *Peter's* Pence were in reality only *Pius's* Pence. During the months of January and February his health steadily declined ; the nervous attacks from which he now suffered more than ever, completely reduced his strength, so that a slight cold which he took in the middle of February settled on his lungs, and he appeared unable to shake it off. On Sunday, the 16th of March, he said Mass for the last time in his private chapel, but the exertion was too much for him, and he was compelled to spend the remainder of the day in bed. On the following Saturday he took his pen in his hand once more, before laying it aside for ever ; faithful in his old age to the love of his youth for the Society of Jesus, the last letter he wrote was to the Rector of the Jesuit College at Innsbruck, earnestly entreating him to send two of the Fathers at the earliest possible opportunity, to give a mission in the Cathedral of Brixen. The next day he was attacked by severe hemorrhage from the lungs, and it was deemed advisable to administer the last sacraments. Before receiving the Viaticum he declared, according to the formula prescribed for such occasions, his adherence to the creed of the Council of Trent, one of his priests reading it aloud in his presence, since his incessant cough and oppressed breathing made it difficult for him to articulate distinctly. When the reader ceased, the Prince-Bishop, making a supreme effort, raised himself from his pillow, and said, with a solemnity and earnestness which it is impossible to describe, but which those present can never forget : " Ever since I have been a Bishop, I have by the grace of God faithfully adhered to

and taught this creed, and, as far as in me lay, I have striven that all my priests should in like manner keep it themselves and teach it to their flocks. In this faith I now desire to die." He strove to say more, but his voice failed him, and he could only add: "If I have offended any one I entreat him to forgive me." From that time he sank visibly day by day, but lingered until Palm Sunday, the 6th of April, when the Master he had so faithfully served was pleased to summon him to join the ranks of those who with palms in their hands serve God day and night in His heavenly temple.

It was about midday when the tolling of the great bell of the Cathedral announced to the inhabitants of Brixen and its vicinity the loss they had sustained. Their grief was deep and bitter, and the mourning for him was no ceremonious token of respect for a Prince of the Church, but a heartfelt expression of regret for the death of one who had been universally beloved. The body, robed in pontifical vestments, lay in state in one of the principal apartments of the Prince-Bishop's palace during the Monday and Tuesday of Holy Week, and on Wednesday it was deposited in a vault below the Cathedral, there to rest until the morning of an eternal Easter shall dawn upon the Church. *Beati qui non viderunt, et firmiter crediderunt, vitam æternam habebunt. Alleluia.*

A. M. CLARKE.

The Choice of the Flowers.

Down in the depths of the cold dark earth,
Ere the sweet Spring flowers have had their birth,
If you bend your ear amongst the grass,
When the soft rain falls and the breezes pass,
You may hear a stir—a murmur beneath,
As though of whispering voices sweet ;
And, if with Nature your heart is atune,
You may learn that mystical language soon.

'Tis the flowers that talk in the ground below
Of where each, when it springs to earth, will grow.
“ I,” says the Crocus, “ in garden gay,
Will sport through the livelong sunny day.”
“ And I,” says the Cowslip, “ will grow in the field,
And to old and young delight will yield ;
I will toss my bells 'mid the long rich grass,
When the wooing breezes murmuring pass.”

Then looked up the tiny Forget-me-not :
“ By the quiet stream I will choose my lot,
Where the waving trees their shadows cast,
And friends or lovers that wander past
Will seek me, and breathe my name with a sigh,
As they meet the glance of my deep blue eye.
Dear to all yearning hearts I shall be,
Wistful reminder of constancy.”

“ And I 'mid the wayside grass will grow,
Where the children's dancing footsteps go ;
They'll smile to see me, and their tread,
So light, will scarcely press my head.
It may be child-lovers will pause where I spring,
And their merry voices will sweetly ring,

As with faces bent o'er me, like buds of May,
They weave chains of my flowers in careless play."

'Twas the Daisy spoke. Next the Primrose said :
" In the depths of the wood I'll lift my head,
By the side of my friend, the slight Bluebell,
And those who would have me must seek me well,
For sheltering leaves I'll hide beneath—
Yet gladly will quit my cool retreat,
To brighten the sufferer's couch of pain,
Nor deem my life has been spent in vain."

Then a sweeter voice more sadly fell
From the Snowdrop's frail and drooping bell—
" Oh, sisters ! I'll grow on the lonely grave,
Where the aspen-trees their branches wave ;
And I know that my sister, the Violet blue,
Will my vigil share, for she's tender and true.
Not for us shall be careless joy and mirth,
When human flowers lie cold in the earth,

" We would grieve in the Spring if we could know,
That when buried far 'neath the Winter's snow,
None would be sorry we passed away.
And shall they not be missed, who a former day,
Gazed on our beauty in fondest delight,
Heard the music of Spring, and saw each glad sight?
Shall they not have flowers upon their breast ?
And so we will grow on their place of rest."

Thus talk the flowers as the Spring draws near,
Like fairy whispers their tones you may hear.
The birds know that language, and pause on the trees,
And wandering by, the murmuring breeze
Catches the words, and bears them away
In his flight, to babble them forth all day
To the gushing rills and the springing grass
As his light wings swiftly over them pass.

M. NETHERCOTT.

Experiences of a Chaplain on an Indian Trooper.

TO the generosity or justice of the Government our Indian troop-ships, or troopers as they are familiarly called, owe the appointment of a Catholic Chaplain. As his experiences are somewhat novel, some slight sketch of them may interest our readers. Journeys are now-a-days so short, that a voyage of two months to Bombay and back seems a considerable period. It was with something of the feelings that one has at the first view of a new home that I came in sight of the huge white monster lying aside the quay of Portsmouth Dockyard. And being neither sailor or soldier, everything was strange in the life before me. For two months I was to be for the nonce a Roman Catholic Chaplain to her Majesty's forces; for two months I was to be under the stern rule of naval law. And though I had had little time to picture to myself my future, the reality in many ways differed, as it generally does, from preconceived ideas. However, there I was in the hands of a dock porter being led up to the Commanding Officer, who was busy with a draft of soldiers, to be introduced to him and to learn the number of my berth. With a courteous bow he told me "No. 11," and I followed my troops up the steep incline of the gangway, a batch of handcuffed soldiers with their guard coming on board at the same time—a sort of foretaste of the quality of my neighbours for the next month. The waist-deck was in apparently hopeless confusion, baggage and porters, and officers, naval and military, and very raw recruits—and so scrambling through the crowd and over the heaps of luggage, we descended into lower darkness. Then, leaving the main-deck, I turned sharply to the right, and just within the officers' quarters I found my bedroom, cell, and chapel all in one. It was one of the central row of cabins. Of these there are four rows, two outside, on port and starboard side, with the luxury of portholes and their accompanying light

and ventilation, and deservedly called the "dove-cotes;" and two inside, far removed from the portholes, a passage or gangway running between them and the dove-cotes, and just as far from light or ventilation. They are called and are veritable "horseboxes." But I should not complain; while the other cabins have three inmates, thanks to the Admiralty, I am monarch of all I survey, and as I grow accustomed to the darkness I find two berths one over the other, the third at right angles to them and facing my cabin. This berth, with a large wine-case, fortunately there to hand, mounted upon it will serve for the base of my portable altar, and the covered washhand-stand at its side is a credence-table ready made. Two sides of the cabin have solid bulkheads, save that over my sleeping berth there is a space for ventilation opening into the next horsebox, the other two sides are merely fixed or moveable jalousies, admirably adapted to allow what air there is to circulate, but letting the noises, foul smells, and fouler language outside pass with equal freedom. Some light, such as it is, comes down from ground glass in the floor of the saloon above, or is borrowed when possible from the open door of the second-class saloon across the way.

The leaving England was like most other farewells; fellow-officers, wives, fathers, and mothers on deck saying good-bye, but I saw no tears, though partings were for long. The soldiers crowded on the bulwarks were more enthusiastic, and a cloud of responsive white handkerchiefs fluttered from a-far, as after a long struggle the gangway was got loose, and the vessel was under weigh. No high hopes seemed to fill Tommy Atkin's breast. Was it a forecaste of sea-sickness, of long absence from home, or partings bitter, that made him take a somewhat gloomy view of things? His feelings found expression in the wish that someone would go overboard just to have the pleasure of turning back.

The leviathan was not half-full, for the bulk of the drafts had to come on board at Queenstown, so when the first confusion was over, and things had settled down, there was plenty of elbow room, and acquaintances were soon made, and were cemented at the pleasant mess. The naval officers received the latest curiosity, the first of the kind they had ever seen, a Catholic Chaplain attached to one of her Majesty's ships, with a friendliness and hearty kindness which at once made him feel at home. His rather undefined position, far from creating a

difficulty, made them give him the benefit of the doubt, and they received him at once and for all the trip to all the privileges of one of the crew. One who had spent a large share of his life in Eastern latitudes took the stranger under his wing, and chose for him a seat beside him at table, selecting with thoughtful attention a set of men whom he felt sure would be, as they proved to be, pleasantest of companions for the outward journey.

The first care was to secure as orderly one who could serve as sacristan and clerk. With the best of intentions our burly Sergeant-Major of Marines failed hopelessly in his first endeavour, and though the day dawned brightly on the morrow, it was sadly dimmed by the disappointment of no Mass, or no apparent chance of any. But before the morning was passed further acquaintance revealed my character to the Catholics on board, and to my great delight a thoroughly willing and intelligent young Catholic soldier from London was found. The brilliant spring day, as we sped by the coast of Cornwall and past Land's End, gave flattering promise of a pleasant voyage, and all hearts were light and forgot the partings of yesterday.

Off the Irish coast on the morrow we soon passed the strongly fortified entrance of Queenstown Harbour, and the town with the elaborate Catholic Cathedral rose before us. Genuine Irish greetings come from Celtic friends on the quay. A gathering of white helmets showed that large bodies of troops were there awaiting embarkation, and prominent in all the glory of their newly-donned uniform were a group of young Vets, come to join us. When on shore flower girls of a certain age offered their wares, and an enthusiastic countrywoman of St. Bridget would have forced a big bunch of shamrock on the Father, because sure he was an Irishman. I somewhat regretted when the 17th of March came round that truth had forced me to disown the proud designation.

The good Sisters at the Convent of Mercy, at the request of his lordship the Bishop, made up some slight deficiencies in my chapel outfit, and their impromptu antependium added much to the decency, if not to the splendour, of my little altar.

The splendid position of the Cathedral, looking over the land-locked harbour, the wealth of carving and sculpture on the prominent south transept made it a subject of great interest to the officers, and many came up to visit it during the day. If its glory is now nearly all from without, a wonderful work has been done by the poor Catholics of Erin at home and

abroad, and it may well be left to another generation to complete what has been begun. Late in the evening I made my way down from the hospitable house of the Bishop to find the good ship brilliantly lit up, and crowded with its full complement of some sixteen hundred souls.

As, early on the following day, which was hazy and dull, we steamed out into the ocean still more dull and dreary, one had time to look about and study the little world around. Its first great feature was that out of the hundred or more in the saloon, there were nine brides and their nine bridegrooms. And rumour told that not only the marriages came off very shortly before embarkation, but that one happy pair had been forced to travel at all speed from the altar to catch the boat. There were some younger, some older, some more shy, some less so. But as from the very nature of things, life on a trooper is like a monster picnic, or rather something more public still, the whole of that delicate and highly romantic period, in which the happy pair generally try to shun critical and unenthusiastic gaze, had to be passed in the full view of the public, of cynical subalterns, of plain-spoken navy men, and observant matrons. And another bitter in the cup of joy was the ruthless conduct of the Bay of Biscay. The ship's officers had assured us that steam and science had put down that nuisance, it was a thing of the past like travelling by coach, or the use of flint and tinder. But alas! though the wind was fair, and these competent authorities assured us the weather was fine, faces grew pale, and spite of wraps and champagne and every assuagement that devotedness could suggest, one by one the victims went down only to experience greater woes in the crowded berths. It was a honeymoon spent *moult tristement*. Of doctors we had many, and of these more than one whose duties were of the mournful Nine. And of babies, poor little things! not a few; and hard times had their mothers. But if others' sorrows are our comfort, they could gather consolation from the deeper woes of the soldiers' wives and children, who littered the narrow gangway midships, exposed to the chill sharp March air, or to the heat and smell of the monster boilers and engines hard by. One poor young woman was going to join her husband in India, and had with her, besides a child of four years old, twins born but a few weeks, and she herself was as sick as could be all the way. Then we had officers of every branch of the service, from our gallant Commanding Officer, every

inch a soldier, to the young men who had just come fresh from Sandhurst, its romps and its cram. There were dashing Cavalry officers, and staid and highly educated Engineers with tastes for art and other lines not purely military. There were men of the Royal Artillery and Royal Horse Artillery, and many of the Rifle Brigade, and the 60th Rifles, and of various line regiments in abundance. Some, even among the younger, had made the voyage before, all were more or less travellers. We had our artist, who sketched hard, and never let rock or coast or island pass without making a note of it, and who amongst sketches of Gibralta, of Malta, and Port Said, reaped an artistic harvest nearer at hand, for one by one all the notables or notorious in the saloon were gathered into his garner. "Pray let me look at that sketch of Zambra." "How nicely you have got in your foreground," said the art patron, as rather unwillingly the artist stopped his work and handed over the book for inspection. But the connoisseur gave it back with a slight tremor, when he found his own likeness just a little bit caricatured a page or two further back.

We had our musician from the land of heather, who with the best of good natures was ready at any moment to bring up his pipes and groan out the martial and inspiring strains for dance or for evening promenade. When "tied up" at a *Gare* in the Canal—bluejackets thought the French officials took delight in tying us up—and a long procession of P. and O. steamers and merchantmen filed past us, a lively boy sitting on the wheel-house of one of the line of steamers played popular airs on a silver cornet, to the wild delight of our Tommies. In vain was the Highlander and his pipes called for by all to answer to the music, and mute and inglorious—but for that once only—they did not do their duty. His rival, during the earlier part of the trip, was a brilliant pianist and as pleasant a companion, who left us at Suez.

Nor must I forget a genial Celt, though of Irish there were many on both ends of the ship, whose good humour and rich brogue and stories, smacking of the old country, made him a universal favourite. It was said that, just as Hungarians in '48 stuffed their aged legs into Magyar tights, and twisted their tongues into still more uncomfortable Magyar accents, so for love of the land that bore him he had assumed, to the horror of his friends, as pure a brogue as could be heard in Kildare. Still less should I leave unmentioned our active, courteous, and

amiable Adjutant who, spite of the woes of his fair bride, whom Neptune treated with exceptional rudeness, made himself all things to all men, and was the very soul of the merry sing-songs which, when we got into calm waters, cheered up the drooping Tommy Atkins, and made a monotonous life much the brighter.

And talking of music, besides what I have mentioned, we were favoured with two bandmasters and a large stock of musical talent both among sailors and soldiers. Every night when the warm waves of the Red Sea lazily lapped our ship's sides, or as we went through the enchanted beauty of the Indian Ocean, song after song and chorus after chorus followed in quick succession from the packed soldiers on deck, while below on the waist-deck, going their own way and indifferent to the higher spheres, Jack had organized an impromptu band of primitive and scanty materials, and to the sounds of triangle and bones, and accordion and Jew's harp, danced and danced to his heart's content.

And full right had they to their recreation, for a hard life is Jack's, and short time for rest, and much work and strict rule. But their life is pleasanter far than that of poor Tommy when aboard. Their quarters on deck are on the breezy fore-castle, breezy whenever there is the least air astir; their berths are immediately below, catching the wind the vessel makes as it speeds along. Sea-sickness is well-nigh unknown to them. But for the first half of the journey at least that grim monster has pretty well its own way with prostrate Tommy. Whatever may be said for or against short service—and one never hears a word in its favour among the officers—the lad from the factory, or from the street corners of our big cities, or from the poverty-stricken Irish home, makes a very sorry fight against the hardships of the crowded ship. And when the sea is rough and port-holes are closed and ventilation becomes apparently impossible, and, unwashed as are the men both in body and in clothes, the atmosphere grows unbearable, when there is nothing for them to lie upon but the floors or the mess-tables, and nothing to eat but the tinned meats and stern ship-biscuit, and nothing to drink but the tea, which is carried about in uninviting buckets, and one ration of rum, even the hardiest of them ask whether such a life is worth living. Steam draughts and other ingenious contrivances do their best to promote ventilation, but even in the colder weather with but little success, and oh, what in the heat! Well may the soldier reckon among his bitterest

experiences the horrors of this middle passage. Yet, if report be true, no transports of any other nation give so much comfort to the troops on board.

But even to the officers, with all the pains that are bestowed to make their journey agreeable, with the well appointed mess and spacious saloon and ample deck, there are times when *ennui* becomes very pronounced, even for those who are not ailing. Each day is so like the other, save when welcome land comes in sight, and when a still more welcome stay enables one to stretch his legs on *terra firma*, and recreate himself with sights most new and strange.

Very, very early bugles blow, and rough serjeants force Tommy to turn out of hammock or blanket. And not in the choicest of language, I hear it all for I am in the midst of it, he mourns the loss of a boot, his belt, or perhaps his breeches. Or a loud chorus of jeers and curses mingles together when, to the great delight of his mates, his hammock is cut down, or a wave comes in unawares and drenches him, hammock and clothes and all, to the skin. Then overhead the stewards are busy scrubbing the saloon floors, so it is the wisest thing to get up and enjoy the luxury of a dip in the salt water in the bath hard by. The only drawback is that every now and then the steam which you turn on to raise its temperature, will not be turned off, and with a howl like the fog signals, fairly drives you out of the bath-room before the increasing volume of steam. In southern latitudes, if up before the late sunrise, the water pours in alight with the dazzling balls of phosphorescence, which sparkle even in the towel that you are using. On deck you find already saunterers in dressing-gown, or lighter costume, smoking their early cigar, and the sailors giving the last touch to the well-swabbed deck on which they have been at work since half-past three. How constant the sweeping, how thorough the scouring, and yet when the wind is against us, thicker than smuts in the Potteries or in Wigan fall the half-consumed ashes from the roaring funnel. Meanwhile in the cabin, alas! not in silence, a small group is gathered for the Holy Sacrifice. The gangway outside is the place, not appointed, but chosen by the orderlies for their boot-cleaning and chat, and as the waist-deck, the *appointed* place, is being then swept by a deluge of water from the donkey-engine and by the brooms and swabs of the sailors, this quiet corner is practically their only refuge. And so, only when the noise grows unbearable, or subjects are started

which are still more unbearable, a worshipper has to leave the extemporized chapel to report to the sentry or to try by his own authority to drive away the very concrete distraction outside. This trouble, and the lesser inconveniences of absence of air and light, well-nigh vanished, when, on our return voyage, thanks to the kindness of our paymaster, I moved into the paradise of a dove-cot.

Breakfast came at last. How welcome every sound of the gong, telling that so many more hours of the voyage had gone, and that we were again to meet in social chat around our well-spread board. No doubt the sea air gave to the healthy ones a finely-flavoured appetite, yet I am sure it was no mere *gourmandise* that made that sound so grateful, but far more the break in the wearisome tedium of the do-nothing day. Virtuous resolutions no doubt were made, and a fair amount of work cut out for the journey. At least one language was to be acquired, or the matter of the coming examination got up. I myself saw a book of tactics once produced, but it was left in my cabin after the first reading, and I feel morally sure neither grammar was begun, nor was the book of tactics ever again opened. Cards, which were poison to Tommy—*gambling strictly forbidden*—were the chief kill-time in the saloon. Smoking came next, but it hardly fulfilled so well its purpose. Or you could walk about the deck, but one part was railed off for the children and their nurses; captains and subalterns played at quoits in another portion, and sick ladies and long-legged cavalry men were stretched out, or stretched themselves out, in every direction over the remainder. The cosiest corners were the two seats on the waist-deck where the naval officers sat, and where, on the other side, the warrant officers smoked and read and chatted. Lunch, translated into “tiffin” on the southern side of the Canal, and then saunter and smoke, and smoke and saunter, till the dress bell sent the world below to dress as best they could and where they could. For the small cabins would hardly hold more than one at a time, and the darkness of the horse-boxes, and the heat and stuffiness of still lower depths, the subalterns’ Inferno below, well known to them as Pandemonium, forced them to make their toilettes abroad.

The drawback to comfort at dinner was the inexperience and bashfulness of the orderlies, most of whom were unused to the work, and perhaps the sight of Tantalus’ feast was too much for their feelings. But what with sea-sickness and abstention,

and a way they had of all going together in search of something wanted, and not reappearing for some time, threw the burden of our wants chiefly upon our hard-worked but very willing steward. The chaplain said a rather inaudible grace, and the Queen's health was proposed, and coffee was served, and out again into the old treadmill of saunter and smoke, and smoke and saunter. Still they were pleasant, very pleasant gatherings in the naval officers' bunk, where much of their day's work was done, though it never seemed done, and always was beginning *da capo*. We had, however, a quiet half-hour or so before the first lieutenant was summoned for his rounds, for the officer on watch had to hurry off to the bridge. Amidst much genial fun there was much to be learnt, for all were travelled men, and if not scholars as to book learning, they had studied the great book of life, and knew very much about many lands and many people. Our parson was an Oxford man, but prouder far of being from little Britain, proud of its language, which he could speak, and of his Welsh Fusiliers, of whom we had a large and rather noisy draft on board. His views, though not very definite, were not High Church, and any on board who were "advanced" did not approve the salvation smack of his discourses. Erin, in its merry humour, had its representative; Scotland, too, was in force; and even strong Jacobite views and a deep admiration for the much-abused sailor King, James the Second, had its staunch supporter in one who bore a truly Scottish name. Our first paymaster, a man of peace, had won his promotion by a gallant deed of arms on an African river, where, when the superior officers were killed, he cheered up the courage of the men and brought off his boat safe from a swarm of savages.

In terrible stress of weather an accident had happened to our ship in its last trip, and the captain had paid a bitter penalty for this freak of rude Boreas, by losing his command. His successor felt the responsibility of his new position and of the number of lives in his charge. And, good sailor as he was, as his rank and a breast full of decorations showed him, he prudently kept well out in the high seas, when many a passenger would have liked to have hugged the land and seen all he could see. His kindness and thoughtfulness to his men and to the passengers on both journeys will not easily be forgotten.

Sunday was for the sailors a busy day, like all other days. But to the military officers it was a day of rest, and decidedly

tedious rest. Like their men, the only resource left seems to have been sleep. The Establishment naturally had the precedence in choice of place for service, and we were relegated into the lower troop-deck, which, spite of windsail and open port-holes, was when we reached tropical climes a very furnace. A flag draped the end, and others covered the bulkheads around our altar. Not till we were coming home could we raise a choir, and then we had capital material, and only wanted music for the accompaniment to have made all go perfectly. The space at our disposal was crowded, though it was difficult at first, as the idea was a new one, to get the sentinel to allow Catholics to come down, or to allow Protestants to go away.

Our greatest disappointment was that on St. Patrick's Day, being then south of Crete, the sea was so unreasonable as to prevent our availing ourselves of the kind permission to have Mass. Though it was Easter time when going out, the perpetual round of duties, the total absence of privacy, the rather public position of my cabin—the only possible confessional—did not prevent a fair number coming to their duties, and it was very edifying to see how the men crowded on the last Sunday, before reaching Bombay, to receive the scapular.

Bombay, with its teeming population, with its brilliant costumes, its palm groves, and beautiful position, was a very pleasant interlude between the two journeys. As it is not my object to describe a place so often described, I will only mention the ceremony, to me so impressive, in the Cathedral on Good Friday evening. And first I must mention what took me so much by surprise—the numbers of native Catholics that one finds in that city. They crowd the churches, and are evidently deeply religious. One may fancy their delight when they saw, as they did lately, the Great Sahib, the Governor of India, approach Holy Communion in their midst. Though the men, with the exception of the fishermen caste, have adopted European dress and Portuguese names, the poorer women wear the graceful but scant red costume of the Hindoo woman, save that their arms are covered, and when they go to church they are completely enveloped in a large linen veil of spotless white. Maundy Thursday was interesting enough with the Hindoo Christians, and the perfume which was shed from silvered vials before the Blessed Sacrament. On Good Friday after dark we went to the Cathedral, which is situated in the

heart of the teeming Native Town. On our way, in shocking contrast with the thoughts of the day, the street was blocked by a hideous Pagan masquerade, apparently a wedding procession, the little bride and bridegroom, closely veiled, riding in front, and then on cars groups of men and women representing the Hindoo gods, escorted by *tum tums* and other native music, and a full band in European uniform. Crowds of half-frenzied Hindoos shouted and sung around them, and the whole was brilliantly lit up by a multitude of torches which they carried in their hands.

It was a relief to enter the compound or space around our church, lit by the soft light of a glorious moon and by a number of white oil lamps, arranged pyramidically at intervals. A German Father, the Vicar, was preaching with great emphasis in Portuguese to a packed congregation, and a large curtain shut off the sanctuary. When it was over all the clergy and confraternities went into the sacristy. Each put on a hood of some kind, the priests wearing amices as the Dominicans do over their heads, and the boys producing what looked very like a little child's night-cap. The confraternity men wore blue or scarlet capes and hoods over their native dress, and very striking was the contrast of their dark brilliant skin and their eyes full of fire, half veiled by the bright hood. When we re-entered the Cathedral the curtain had been drawn back. A high estrade reached by a broad flight of steps served as the platform, on which was reared a large cross bearing a life-size figure of our Lord, strikingly natural, even to the real hair, which fell in tangles over His scarred shoulders. The choir sang a weird Portuguese version of the plain chant *Stabat*, and the clergy—German and natives—standing below the platform, responded. At the foot of the cross knelt two native boys in cottas, with large red sashes across their breasts, and with hands reverently clasped, as they gazed upwards towards the Christ. Right and left of them were, in single file, some of the picturesque confraternity holding lofty lanterns, while in front on the ground was a bier. Two men dressed in turbans and long robes, much like the native dress, then reared a ladder against the cross and reverently lifted off the crown of thorns, disentangling it from the locks which followed it. When removed it was placed on a salver, and brought down the steps and given to one of the boys, who, in light muslin robes, something like the old French winged surplice, were standing to receive the various instruments

of the Passion. Then, amidst the wailing of the ever-repeated chant, the jaws and forehead were bound up with red-stained cloths, and the wrists were attached in the same way to the cross. The nails were now drawn out with pincers. Then a winding-sheet was passed round the breast and under the arms of the figure, and so over the two arms of the cross. The cloths were loosed which fastened the arms, and they fell at each side with a startling reality. Then gradually the body was lowered into the up-stretched arms of several below, the head falling forward, as reverently the figure was carried and laid upon the bier. Then the mournful procession started, each priest and assistant carrying a lighted candle. The bier was raised on the bearers' shoulders, while others carried a black canopy over it, confraternity men all. Right and left of them walked the little boys bearing the nails and hammer, the pincers, and crown of thorns. Then other confraternity men, some with their little boys with shaven head and the national pig-tail and little short white dress walking by their side. Last of all, under a second canopy, walked the Vicar in black cope, surrounded by his clergy, bearing a large cross with a relic of the Holy Wood within it. And so, with the same doleful chant repeated and re-echoed down the nave and out into the still night right round the building went the procession, till the bier was laid in an outer chapel, which served for the Maundy Thursday Sepulchre. The compound was crowded by Christians and by Pagans. Just before we re-entered, at the end of a short street, I saw the red glare of the torches, and I could hear the noisy music and shouts of the Hindoo procession that had passed us before. The crush to visit the image of the dead Lord had been heretofore so great that the Vicar had announced that the chapel doors would be closed until ten o'clock that night. One of the native priests now preached an animated sermon in Mahratta, and it was curious, from a tribune above, to study the crowd of native women seated on their heels, their white veils falling back as they turned to watch the preacher, and showing their rich dress and glittering bangles, and the jewels that sparkled in their ears and noses. An altar of Our Lady of Sorrows was brilliantly lit up, and picturesque-looking fishermen within the rails leant over to catch the impassioned words of the discourse. When we left, a group of women were waiting to recommence their devotions, as soon as the doors of the side chapel were opened.

The great Jesuit College of St. Xavier, in its commanding position, just on the borders of the native city, and looking out over the wide expanse of the park-like esplanade, presents a curious sight when the schools are open. A thousand boys and young men, of whom Hindoos, Parsees, and Mahommedans form by far the greater part, crowd the approaches, the stairs, and the class-rooms. The Christians, no doubt, profit vastly by the education there given, as it raises their status, and fits them for the numberless Government, municipal, or mercantile appointments, instead of the humble career of servants which alone have been hitherto open to them. Like that of the boys at the Bandora Orphanage outside Bombay, black every one. The education is on a strictly English basis, and it is curious to notice how accurate is their pronunciation and how correct their knowledge in purely English subjects.

The return to the ship—I was one of the last on—was curious. It was the same stage, the same officials, the same play, but the actors were all changed. Not an old face among them—all fresh acquaintances to be made. But the change was greatest among the soldiers. Instead of a noisy half-disciplined crowd, we had a body of old war-seasoned veterans, alas! with a very large percentage of invalids, many seemingly at death's door, the sweepings of the military hospitals of India. Then of women and children any quantity, and mothers enervated by a tropical climate, and accustomed to be waited upon by native servants, and very ill-able to see unaided to their numerous charges. But there was a sadder sight—some fourteen to twenty lunatics, who were quartered on the fore-castle, and whose vacuous look told of imprudences under a tropical sky. Sadder still was a refined and fine-looking medical man, whose frantic outbursts, wild capers, and strange delusions, made him a laughing-stock to the thoughtless and a sorrow to graver folks. Certainly some one is to blame for this state of things, the annual condition of the last ship of the trooping season. The military hospital on board, quite big enough for ordinary circumstances, is far too small for the numbers of sick and dying that crowd the decks. As fast as a man died the body was removed and in a few hours consigned to the deep, and the berth as soon filled up. Nothing could exceed the attention of the numerous staff of the Army Medical Department, or the real charity, aided by trained skill, of the Army Hospital Corps. But what could be done in a tropical heat, sometimes with portholes closed

perforce? How could a surgical operation be properly performed when every foot of room was occupied? And what would have happened if, to add to these difficulties, an epidemic had broken out among the delicate children, and among men already worn out with Indian fevers, or threatened with, if not far advanced in, consumption? Could not a sanatorium be erected at some hill station near Bombay, where the sick could be gathered, instead of the present trysting-place of Deolalee, with its merely temporary arrangements; and could not a vessel specially fitted out as a hospital ship be prepared to carry the lunatics and invalids whom the medical authorities think it worth while to transport to Great Britain? No doubt it is always the wish of a patient to make an effort to reach home, but, especially before Catholic chaplains were appointed, what sadder fate than to die unassisted and in such discomfort as on these overcrowded troop-ships? The naval and military authorities did all they could to soothe the hours of sickness, by letting the friends or relatives of the sick come to wait upon them. One poor mother there was who was thought to be dying, and yet had to watch the death-struggle of her own little one stretched out close beside her. Another man there was in the last stage of consumption. His wife was forced, in order to provide some means of support, to engage herself as nurse to an officer's wife, and thus had to leave her little sick daughter on her father's bed, with such sights and sorrows around her.

Every facility was given for my ministrations to the Catholic sick, but my heart yearned to say a word to the poor men who unassisted, unwarned, unconsolated, passed out from that place of suffering to meet their Judge after a long life amidst the corruptions of Indian camps. Two deaths by consumption there were of Catholic men, with the usual hoping against hope. Yet before the end the poor fellows fully realized the nearness of the danger and did their best to be ready when the summons came.

The presence of the ship's officers, of the military authorities, and of the soldiers of the regiment, the respectful silence as our long service was gone through, was a grateful sign of reverence for the dead.

But to turn to brighter subjects. If we had been full coming out we were still fuller on our return, and courteous naval officers had to give up their cabins for ladies for whom no other accommodation was to be found. The soldiers' wives had

temporary quarters knocked up on the main-deck, the second-class passengers overflowed to soldiers' quarters, and an Indian commanding officer dwelt in a rustic cabin extemporized on the lockers of the lower saloon.

Our party in the saloon was perhaps a trifle more serious than those whom we had left at Bombay, but the heat at first was very oppressive, and the illness on board, and the perpetual outburst of our poor mad doctor rather militated against high spirits. We had one amusing evening of theatricals, and some capital singing from the soldiers, but the old trial of the rough and tumble Mediterranean, cold and chill after the baking atmosphere of the Red Sea and the Canal, stopped all further revels. Hardly a dance could be got up on deck, and though the weather after Malta was simply glorious, all thoughts seemed to be turned homeward, and the one question was, "Shall we land at Portsmouth on the Friday evening of the 9th of May? Most of our party were old Indians, some of long standing, thoroughly acquainted with the respective merits and various climates of the different stations, knowing India from Cashmere to Ceylon, full of feats in the jungle, and familiar with the glories of Agra and other ancient cities of the Peninsula. Several officers belonged to the native regiments, and could chatter unknown languages with the group of little ones who knew Hindostanee better than their mother tongue, because it was the language of their native nurses. We had our artist who, poor fellow, was suffering bravely from an accidentally self-inflicted wound, and amused himself by sketches not always complimentary of people on board. We had our archæologist, deeply versed in earliest Indian art, fresh from the labours of restoration of a well known Tope, and enthusiastic about the revival or encouragement of real native art. An addition to our amusements was the menagerie of birds and beasts, some for consumption, others bound for England. There were Hindoo bullocks and Indian sheep, monkeys and parrots, grey and green, a pet hawk, a pet jackal, turtle-doves, not to speak of dogs of every degree. The strange Eastern vegetables shipped at Bombay, Mocha coffee and Levantine fruit at Suez and Port Said, gave us experiences novel to me.

Foremost of all recollections to be treasured up, was our stay at Kantara, on the Canal, where fortunately we chanced to be "tied up," the site—traditional, no doubt, but still with every likelihood on its side—of the road of the Holy

Family, and to this day the route from Cairo to Jerusalem. The waters of the salt and fresh water canals by the evaporation and moisture they produce are, it seems, making the desert more green round about, but still the long stretch of light sand seems weary and dreary enough.

And after that, the singular island of Malta, so barren yet so populated, British yet Catholic to the core. Unfortunately its splendid fortresses, its various towns, the Palaces of the Knights, the old Cathedral of Notabile, the Knights' Chapel of St. John, were silent to me. I did not then know the deeply interesting story they have to tell, save in some few scattered fragments, and I had no one to tell it to me.¹ The rich pavement of that chapel is a very roll-call of the best blood of Christendom, and what a Christian history could be woven out of those memories of the cross-bearing dead! But more than all this, it was my good fortune to be tossed about in St. Paul's Bay, and at the cost of a little wetting and some slight alarm to have encountered a breeze much like the one that drove the ship from Crete, and to have taken shelter under the disintegrated and crumbling rock against which the Egyptian vessel broke up. The island which now bears the colossal statue of the Apostle, the two seas, the coast on which he landed, were thus photographed clearly on my mind.

And when in the costly chapel of our Lady in the Cathedral you kneel before the Madonna di San Luca, how the tradition reminds one of that inspired pen which has left us so clear a description of the scene!

With severe regret I bade good-bye to the little island, the threshold of the East, and the neighbour of Italy. Certainly it is somewhat hard to be so near and yet not to catch a glimpse of that fair land and renew the old and deeply cherished memories.

Gibraltar came and went, with its grand crown of mountains of Europe and of Africa, which rose from a carpet of May verdure up to the regions of snow. And Tarifa, too, lay smiling in the evening sun, its Moorish walls, and old church, and its smooth bay, with hardly a sign of the sunken rocks that had nearly been the death of our good ship and all its crew.

And we passed the scene of the death struggle of Trafalgar, with its Cape in view, and early morning broke on the rock-

¹ I wish the accomplished authoress of *The Knights of St. John* would republish that brilliantly written story so well worthy to be remembered.

bound promontory of St. Vincent as we sailed some hundred yards from it. Then Espechel rose before us, and the long stretch of cliffs and afterwards low ground backed with fine hills up to the mouth of the Tagus, and, with a glass, Lisbon, its buildings and gardens, could be clearly seen, and the heights of romantic Cintra, crowned by the monastery of Penha, which looked like Heidelberg perched on the jagged heights of Alvernia. Then Marfa, the Portuguese Escorial, came in sight, and night fell as we passed the heights of Torres Vedras.

Next day we had long panoramas of the rocky and mountainous north west corner of Spain stretching from Finisterre to Coruña, and then farewell to land till on a glorious afternoon we sighted familiar landmarks, and Portland and St. Aldhelm's and the Isle of Wight led us on to *terra firma* in Portsmouth dock. It was a day the memory of which we may hope will not be forgotten, for at the straightened and humble altar in my cabin there had been a First Communion for some of the soldiers' boys. To them and to many kind friends, to the poor sick who were longing for the repose of Netley, we must say a painful good-bye.

FRANCIS GOLDIE.

Puritan New England and her Catholic Flowers.

THE barren "rock-bound coast" of New England, on which the Puritans landed on December 22, 1620, cannot be regarded as giving a fair type of New England scenery any more than of its productiveness. While the ocean surf warns the cautious navigator from her headlands, the interior of New England invites the traveller and wayfarer to scenes of beauty which may be rivalled but never surpassed in Old England. Along with this charm of hill and dale, of wide spreading meadows, of meandering streams and majestic rivers, of lakes and wooded mountains, of echoing glens and umbrageous forests, there is a *flora* which not only woos the botanist to study its varieties, but the artist to reproduce its beauties; and which, better still, has so won the hearts of the dwellers among her mountains and her valleys, beside her rivulets and her cascades, that the blossoms of spring, of summer, of autumn, are associated by them with everything dear in life and sacred in death. Moreover, these flowers not only record by their names New England customs, but explain processes of thought among a people whose unflinching logic and staunch natural virtues have become proverbial.

There is an experience which comes to almost every traveller, especially to one familiar with nature in early life. It is that of finding among the varieties of flowers in other lands many which he had supposed peculiar to his own, and even confined to certain districts of his own country. The English daisy is found besprinkling the greensward of Rome; the virgin's bower or traveller's-joy of certain districts in Old England, is equally at home among the hedges and fences of New England, and the same is true of the Scotch hare-bell; while both these flowers greet the eyes of the pilgrim to Monte Cassino. Even the shamrock is not altogether peculiar to Ireland. The small

trefoil runner of the soil of Erin can scarcely be distinguished by ordinary travellers from that which is culled from many a spot in Rome consecrated to the memory of some martyr. This makes, indeed, one of the joys of a traveller, for when none but strange faces meet his eye his heart may be consoled and gladdened by some little flower at his feet, which not only attracts his gaze but gives wings to his thoughts, reviving some memory which reassures him like the voice of a friend.

The flowers of New England have often thus attracted the attention of her children upon their own soil, not only by their beauty and the charm of an early association, but by their names, which prove sometimes unexpected links in a chain of evidence, little suspected it may be by those who first pronounced them, but to which after associations gave a wondrous meaning and undying significance.

There is a tinge of green among the willows that fringe the brooksides ; not strong enough to mark any outlines, but enough to give a hue of spring to the scene which the artist in sketching the landscape would not fail to throw in with his brush. With this comes the music of sylvan pipes, the willow whistle of the schoolboy along the streams and across the meadows. The sunshine of these early spring days is bewitching. In vain is the hope of a prize or the fear of demerit marks put before the juniors of any school to the exclusion of the vernal ramble. This must be had ; openly if wisely allowed, stealthily if unwisely denied. Unnumbered voices of birds, of insects, call to the fields, the streams, the hill-side. Under the dead leaves of a year for ever gone, young hands find treasures ; mosses, with grey cups vermilion-edged, or the slenderest of all possible stems tipped with burnt sienna like a fairy lance rusted at the point ; winter-green berries, hanging round and juicy from the last year's stalk, protected by the last year's leaves. The truant's steps hasten onward to the hill crowned with pines, where ice banks have not yet melted under the breath of spring. There, on the edge of lessening snow drifts, where the pine needles have fallen in showers, but the young leaves make a roof and a shelter, the keen eye of the schoolboy or the schoolgirl finds what has already revealed its presence by the delicious perfume it sheds around. With what care their hands, trembling with delight, raise the clusters of bloom hidden from the uninitiated ! It is the earliest blossom of the cold New England spring, so wonderfully protected by its surroundings as to brave all the

rigours of the northern winter, fragrant and snowy clusters of virginal white, just tinged with a flush like that on an innocent cheek. Will anyone be surprised that it is called "Virgin's blush?"

Another name for this darling flower of New England is "May flower," for it always blooms in time for the May-day baskets left on the latches or knockers of the doors. To the Catholic child it comes in time to usher in the sweet May devotion, and is typical of her who is the "Queen of Virgins." Strange as it may appear to many a New Englander, who fancies the flower to be peculiarly his own, it blooms all over the whole northern section of the United States, from Maine to Wisconsin, and even in South Carolina, especially near Aiken, a spot surrounded by pines and noted as a health resort for invalids. The May-flower may be said to follow the pine; but, wherever found, is still charming the hearts of the people.

It is now a little later in the year. The willows have burst into leaf; the birch trees are hung with tassels. The grass is green over the hidden springs of the hill-side and meadow, and both are white in patches as if a snow drift lay upon them. But these patches are blooming out in a tiny, cruciform flower of the palest cerulean with a golden eye, which the children call "Innocence." The violets, white and yellow, as well as blue, grow beside it; so does an anemone, nodding on its slender stalk with a streak of rose on its fair petals, and so does a lily of the palest gold, bending on its stem between two long glaucous leaves strangely mottled with purple. In plucking this latter, one must draw it from the moist meadow turf, and so see the purple of the stem changing to a pale pink, which in its turn fades into white as it yields to the hand. The children call this "adder's tongue," growing as it does close beside the cruciform "Innocence." Is it because they have read about the Garden of Eden, the innocence of our first parents, the guile of the serpent, and the fall of Adam? There are indeed no fountains on the squares of those beautiful New England towns and villages upon which some *Jacopo della Fonte* has cut with his chisel, as in Siena, the story of man's innocence and his fall; but the blossoms of spring on her enamelled meadows give the story in their own mystical language by a singular juxtaposition of the flowers.

At this very time, also, just where hill-sides merge into the meadows, bloom other flowers, the names of which are calculated

to impress the minds of the young.¹ One bends on a stalk with three heavy pendant leaves, itself having three green sepals, and three white or pink or even deep red petals, within which rise the heads of three reflexed pistils with twice three-anthered stamens. "All in threes!" the little ones remarks; and when told that the name of the flower is *Trillium*, a swift thought, a lightning flash of intelligence, flits across his brain. He may never have heard of St. Patrick and his shamrock, for many a New England child is ignorant of both, and he may have heard of the Holy Trinity only by way of denial; but the denial has put the thought into his mind, and the three heavy pendant leaves, the three green sepals, the three white, pink, or red petals, the three pistils, and the twice three anthers, have taught him what the shamrock in the hand of St. Patrick taught the Irish. Ere long the child will call this the "Flower of the Holy Trinity"—he may indeed already have heard it so called—and will notice, year after year, that it heralds the closing feast of the Paschal season, Trinity Sunday.

In the same wet turf, in the shadow of a bridge thrown across some running streamlet, appears a stalk so slender, with leaves so small, and a spike of flowers so delicate, that the only wonder is that it has not escaped observation altogether. The flowers, not half so large as the lily of the valley, grow on a stalk in the same way, but the edge is exquisitely fringed, the whole precisely the shape of a very ancient mitre, as, for instance, the mitre still to be seen in the treasury of San Martino al Monte in Rome, and the little flower is actually called mitre-wort; I have never heard any other name given to it. The Puritans of New England would own "no bishop" as they would own "no king;" but memories are as difficult to root out as instincts, and the little flower benefited by some such memory and won a fitting name. When we consider how long it was after 1620 before a mitre was actually worn in New England, the little flower betrays by its appellation the traces of some ante-Puritan tradition. It is like finding the tracks of

¹ A flower which I have seen only on the prairies of Illinois and Wisconsin, and which does not come, therefore, within the strict limits of my subject, is too remarkable to be omitted. It resembles a crocus, but the texture is less delicate and the tint less pure than that of the purple crocus. The leaves form a circle around the flower on its stem reminding one of the Crown of Thorns. It is called the Paschal-flower, and never fails to put forth its blossoms by Easter. The Passion-vine over-runs the stubble of unploughed fields and the edge of thickets like a wild Morning-glory, all through the Southern States to Texas, and its mystical flowers can be read by every observer.

strange birds in the red sandstone of the hills. With these flowers comes another ; not in the low-lying meadows, but in some nook among the hazel-bushes, where leaves have fallen and kept it warm throughout the winter, its pure white corolla breaks from a slight, scale-like calyx, and seven petals crown an erect, perfectly smooth stem, translucent, and slightly reddish. This stem is wrapped in a leaf which never spreads unless under strong sunlight. The beauty of this intricately veined leaf, on a stem precisely like that of the flower, is remarkable ; but as we unwind it from the flower-stem to admire its seven strongly-marked lobes, each beautifully indented, by some carelessness the translucent stem, brittle as glass, breaks, and our hand is covered instantly with a juice resembling blood and water ! Even the villagers name it "blood-root ;" but what an awe crept over us when we heard it called "The flower of the Precious Blood !" This sufficed to render the seven mystical lobes of its leaf emblematic, to our mind, of the seven sacraments, and the flower was henceforth, in our eyes, one of the race sacerdotal, belonging to the altar, and commemorative of the mysteries of redemption !

I remember one flower which was a puzzle to me in my childhood. A strong stem throws out a triple leaf, and at the side of this rises a thick, juicy stalk, bearing a flower like the blossom of a *calla*, only instead of being turned back as it opens, the spathe binds over the upright club of minute blossoms which it surrounds. It is called "Jack in the pulpit." This word "Jack," corresponding to nothing in the experience of a New England child, is a meaningless name which suggests only ridicule. I have since believed the name to have been actually given in ridicule, and to be a corruption of a more significant and beautiful name, viz., "The monk in the pulpit." The green spathe, striped with reddish brown, curves over the club or figure within, like the sounding-board of a pulpit, and might well suggest the image of one of those eloquent preachers, members of some monastic Order, whose zealous exhortations stirred nations as well as individuals, and attracted scholars from their retirement, as well as the men of the world from their pleasures. When monks and their exhortations became the butt of popular ridicule, nothing was easier than the transition from monk to monkey and from monkey to Jack, and thus the flower, suggesting by its name thoughts of piety, was degraded to

convey a slur upon the great expounders of the spoken Word. The original name, as we believe it to have been itself, however involves, like the name of monks'-hood, still retained by a well-known flower, a familiarity with monastic traditions which came across the water in spite of Puritan vigilance, and which had a singular, and, as some may have considered, a perverse charm for their children.

Just before the feast of Pentecost comes round, a slender stem may be perceived rising from among numerous leaf-stalks, bearing pendulous flowers that move with every breath of wind. The air of the whole plant is that of exceeding gracefulness, and the humming-bird and the bee delight to seek its pendant nectaries. Its colours are Pentecostal, being the red and yellow of those "tongues of flame" which descended upon the Apostles and disciples assembled in that upper chamber with the Virgin Mother of the ascended Lord, "and sat upon each of them," while the name of this flower, "Columbine," recalls the dove (*columba*), which is a symbol of the Holy Ghost, sanctioned by the Gospel itself, and adhered to by artists with a docility born of faith.

Lying off from the meadows and brook-sides, yet near enough to feed their springs, is often a swampy ground where cranberries ripen in late autumn; throughout the summer, however, the slender vines, with their minute leaves and still more minute flowers, attract no attention, while we search for a wonderful plant which in July reigns over the swampy patch. The flower stands on a tall, smooth stalk, and while several deep Indian-red petals adorn the edge, the centre of the flower is protected by a sort of awning, very curiously fashioned, stretching over it. Still it is not the flower but the leaves which claim attention, a dozen of which often spring from the same root, and are almost recumbent as to position. Each of these leaves forms a cup with a broad lip, holding fully a gill of water, so armed at the mouth with a strong hirsute membrane that few insects find their way to the clear deposit. The leaf itself is of a bright green, beautifully rimmed with crimson, the form of it is most elegant, from the stem to the curves of the lip. It bears the appellation of *pilgrim's-cup*; a name rich in all the holy associations of the ages of faith, recalling the times when princes and peasants, saints and sinners, assumed the cowl and the staff of the pilgrim, and disdained not to drink of the brook by the way!

In this same swampy patch of ground, which in autumn will be covered with blithe children picking the cranberry crop, is also found the most beautiful and choice variety of a well-known flower. Early in May an almost minute member of this family is found in the meadows, and in the last days of May a still lovelier one rises on its stalk, sometimes of a deep, brilliant yellow, or of pink or light crimson. But this variety bears two, three, even five, of these royal flowers on a stalk. It is called, not merely "lady's slipper," like its inferior sisters, but the "gay lady's slipper," on account of its greater beauty, as if suggesting festal occasions. But the popular name at present is a clear misnomer. The flower is shaped precisely like a wooden shoe, not a slipper, and we are told by Digby, in his wonderful volumes, *The Ages of Faith*, that this flower was formerly called by our ancestors "the Virgin's shoe." Doubtless it was dedicated to her who lived so humbly in the Holy House of Nazareth, even after she had been declared *blessed* by an Archangel. As a companion to this, in July, as if suggested by the feast of the Visitation, the delicate vine with its white starry blossoms, covering the fences and hedges of pasture lands in New England, is still called "the Virgin's bower," or "traveller's joy," reminding us how Mary rose in haste to go over the hill-country of Judea to visit her cousin, St. Elizabeth.

In the last days of August, from the rich loam which forms the bank of meadow brooks, and sometimes, but less luxuriantly, beside a mountain riverlet, springs a spike of flowers of so dazzling a colour as to throw light into the shady places which they adorn. The flowers are numerous and of something the same shape as the blue lobelia, only the petals are long, slender, drooping, of a velvety texture, and perfectly cardinal red, in hue ; it is actually called the "cardinal flower !" No other name is given to it, and many a New England child has caught its first distinct idea of the colour in which are robed these princes of the Church from this simple flower.

My list could be prolonged indefinitely, as 'new floral claimants for enumeration come to mind constantly as I write. I must not fail, however, to mention the Michaelmas daisy, which is always in full glory on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. Of the beauty of this flower in all its varieties of white and purple, with its golden centre, clothing, as it does, hill-sides, ridges, nooks, and by-ways, it would be impossible to give an idea, especially when lighted by the clear sunshine

of September. The Prince of Archangels never spread fairer banners to the sun than in this flower of New England, so beloved as well as admired, associated with the glorious autumnal days often lingering into "St. Martin's summer." In parting, let us glance at one more flower, an October flower, whose beauty the painter has portrayed and the poet sung. Bryant mentions its natural beauties under the botanical name of the *Fringed Gurtian*, but Catholic poets give it the name of "our Lady's eye." Of a blue that mocks the skill of the colorist with his brightest tints, veined at its base as tenderly as the loveliest eyelid ever extolled in song, its four cruciform petals are fringed like the lashes of that eye so often dimmed with tears shed for the sorrows of her Divine Son, and we venture to hope also for those of her unworthy children? So beauteous is "our Lady's eye," in truth, that we will allow it to close our tribute to the Catholic flowers of Puritan New England, as it really closes the year of flowers in a land where nature itself leads the soul through ways so varied to the Source of all beauty and of all truth.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A Modern Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

PART V.—JERUSALEM AND THE DEAD SEA.

February 20.—All Jerusalem is in a state of excitement about the expected arrival of Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia. Crowds are streaming outside the Jaffa Gate, where the troops are assembling to receive him with military honours. The almond trees are in bloom, and boys are carrying branches laden with the delicate white blossoms. Women, wrapped in their long white mantles, from which bright black eyes, and often very pretty faces, peep out, are seated on the low walls and line either side of the way. They will sit there contentedly for hours, but, not being gifted with Oriental patience, after looking at the pretty, animated scene, we returned to the city. An hour later, as we were going to the Basilica, we met the Prince, who had just left it, and was walking through the narrow, dirty, ill-paved streets to the Russian Hospice, where he puts up. A tall, fair, thoroughly soldierlike looking man he is.

The next day we went with Frère Liévin and a French gentleman, who, with his two sons, has come to increase our little party at the Casa Nova, to the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of the Temple of Solomon. This mosque, being, in the eyes of the Mussulmans, after Mecca and Medina, the most holy place on earth, the entrance was prohibited to Christians, under pain of death, till after the Crimean war. Now the foreign consuls and the Franciscans easily obtain permission to visit it on payment of a fixed tariff.

It stands on the summit of Mount Moriah, supposed to be the mountain "in the land of Vision," where Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac. It is also the place where David raised an altar on the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite, and offered sacrifices to God, and the plague that was destroying his people was stayed. In gratitude for this mercy he wished to build on the spot a temple to the Most High, but the execution of this plan was reserved for his son Solomon.

Solomon levelled the summit of the mount, and surrounded it with walls of immense strength, the lower portions of which, built against the rock, and composed of huge blocks of stone, even the destruction under Titus could not entirely overthrow. The upper part, rising above the level of the ground, has been more than once demolished and rebuilt.

We entered by the Western Gate and found ourselves in the outer court, or court of the Gentiles. It is of great extent, and was formerly surrounded by porticos, supported by massive columns, but of these, as of the other buildings of the Temple, no trace remains. In places the rock is visible, but, for the most part, it is covered with grass and planted here and there with olive and cypress trees. Crossing it and mounting a few steps, we reached the second court, that of the Jews. This was a large paved enclosure, surrounded by porticoes resting on columns of precious marble. Four doors of brass gave entrance to it. The children of Israel only, being purified and free from corporal defects, could enter this second court. It was divided into two parts, one for the men, the other for the women. Here it was that our Lord was found by His Parents, disputing with the doctors. Here He drove forth the money changers and merchants who ought not to have carried on their trade within it. Here He praised the mite given by the poor widow, and frequently preached to the people; and here, where the grass now grows, He predicted the destruction of the Temple, then in all the splendour of its strength and beauty.

Within this was the third, or inner court, into which our Divine Lord never entered, as it was reserved for the priests alone. It was situated to the east of the Temple, properly so called. Within it were the Sea of Brass, in which the priests purified themselves, and the altar of holocausts. The Moslems have erected here a cupola, supported by seventeen columns and paved with many coloured marbles. They call it the Tribunal of David, and say he established the seat of justice in this place, and that, to assist him in deciding difficult cases, a chain was let down from Heaven, which the witnesses were made to hold when taking an oath. If their testimony was false, a link of the chain broke off in their hands, and their perjury was discovered. Here we had to change our shoes for slippers before entering the mosque, which occupies the site of the Inner Temple.

Built by order of the Caliph Omar about 636, it still bears

his name. It has been restored at different times, but not materially altered. It is octagonal in form and the proportions are extremely beautiful. The double circle of columns supporting the cupola are of precious marbles; the arches and vaulting are covered with lovely mosaics on a gold ground, and the walls with painted tiles. The windows are filled with coloured glass, each little portion being of one colour and arranged so as to produce a brilliant and harmonious effect.

In the centre is a very large stone, or rather portion of flat rock, of a pink colour, the levelled summit of Mount Moriah. This in the Temple of Solomon, was the Holy of Holies, into which the High Priest entered only once a year. It was enclosed by a veil of purple, and paved with plates of gold. Within it stood the Ark of the Covenant, containing the Tables of the Law, the Rod of Aaron that budded, and the Pot of Manna. Upon it, overshadowed by the two Cherubim with outstretched wings, rested the Propitiatory. These sacred objects, with the Table of Incense, were removed by the Prophet Jeremias, just before the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchodonosor, and concealed by him on Mount Nebo. They therefore escaped the fate of the seven branched candlestick and the table of the loaves of Proposition, which were carried to Rome by Titus. Mysterious Mount Nebo! looking from afar, across the Dead Sea, at the Holy City, guarding, in its secret recesses, these sacred treasures and the body of Moses.

The rock, El-Sakra, once honoured as the place where God manifested Himself to His chosen people, is held in great veneration by the Mussulmans. It is surrounded by a balustrade of carved wood to prevent it from being touched or trodden on. Three indentations in the stone are pointed out as having been made by the fingers of the Archangel Gabriel on the following occasion. One day the great Prophet, mounted on El-Borak, a magnificent white mare, the gift of the Archangel, set out for Heaven, to treat of some very important business, but scarcely had he quitted the rock when it began to tremble on its base and to follow him in his ascent. The Supreme Ruler of the Universe, not wishing the world to be deprived of such a treasure, despatched in haste the Archangel Gabriel, who, seizing it with a vigorous grasp, arrested its further progress. From that time it has remained suspended between heaven and earth. In a tabernacle of open iron work may be seen a piece

of rock on which Mahomet left his footprint, and a box, in which is enclosed a silver casket, containing two hairs of his beard.

At the south-east angle is a staircase, where a portion of the rock is left exposed. It is called "the tongue," because in reply to the joyful salutation of Omar, *Esselam-Aleik*—"Hail to thee," the rock courteously answered: *Aleik-Esselame*. This staircase leads down to a cavern beneath El-Sakra, which, to the eyes of the unbeliever, appears to be supported by a wall, masking the solid rock where it joins Mount Moriah. This, however, is only out of consideration for the faithless, who might be alarmed if they saw the rock hanging in mid-air above their heads. Its real support, according to Mussulman tradition, being an invisible palm tree, upheld by the Mothers of the two great prophets, Issa (Jesus) and Mahomet.

In the cavern we were shown the places where Abraham, David, Solomon, Elias, and Mahomet used to pray. The latter having one day, in the fervour of his devotion, struck his head against the rock, it became soft as wax, and received, and retains, the impression of his turban. The floor is covered with carpets. Our guide struck his foot against it, and a hollow sound was heard, indicating a cavity beneath. This, he told us, is the pit of souls; the place where the faithful departed come every week, on the nights between Sunday and Monday, and Friday and Saturday, to adore God. Frère Liévin believes it to be the ancient cistern belonging to the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite, and that a circular hole, which pierces the rock above, is the aperture by which the water was drawn up.

In the circular nave of the mosque, opposite the Gate of Paradise, is a slab of jasper, in which Mahomet planted nineteen golden nails, to indicate the time the world is to endure. At the end of each century one nail disappears and goes to strengthen the throne of God. One day the evil spirit, slipping in by the Gate of Paradise, began to pull out and steal the nails, in order to hasten the end of the world. Caught in the act by the Archangel Gabriel, he was beaten and expelled for ever from the holy precincts. Three nails and a half still remain embedded in the jasper.

On the outer wall of the mosque, near the southern gate, is a slab of marble, the grey veins of which, on a white ground, have some fanciful resemblance to two magpies drinking from a vase. According to Mussulman tradition these birds were

petrified as a punishment for pride, and this is how it came to pass.

Solomon, having completed the Temple, commanded all living creatures to bring him tribute in token of submission. The animals hastened to obey. Admitted into the presence of the great King the lion offered the sacrifice of his mane, the elephant the ivory of his tusks; the unicorn presented his single horn; the bees brought a comb of the purest honey. The republic of ants sent a numerous deputation bearing the thigh of a gigantic grasshopper, a present the transport of which caused them no small fatigue and trouble. The birds alone, at the instigation of the spiteful and jealous magpie, refused obedience, "Why," said this feminine orator, "should we abdicate our dignity by submitting to the orders of this tyrannical man? Will all his wisdom enable him to catch us and punish us for our love of freedom? Let us remain independent and show him that there are beings who will not stoop to become his slaves." This harangue was approved of, and the audacious proposal unanimously adopted.

Now, as every one knows, King Solomon understood all languages, that of birds not excepted. Having therefore been informed of what had passed, he convoked an assembly of all the feathered race, and concealed himself in a convenient place, where he might listen to what went on. When representatives of every species of bird had met together, two magpies presented themselves to address the assembly. "Why," said the first, "should we take the trouble to come and honour a mass of stones heaped up by men? We are better architects than they. We can adore God on the mountain and in the forest without resigning our liberty." "No," exclaimed the second, "nothing shall ever induce us to submit to such a humiliation! What is this temple to us, and who shall prevent us from defiling it whenever we please? Solomon may be king on earth, but we are free in the air, there his power cannot reach us." The King, indignant at this insolent language, suddenly appeared from his hiding-place and cried, with a terrible voice: "The hand that God strengthens can control even the air. To prove it to you, rash birds, and to punish your audacity, I command you to remain, to the end of time, the slaves of this edifice you have dared to despise." Immediately the magpies became motionless, and were imprisoned in the stone, where they remain to this day. To prevent the possibility of such insults being

repeated, Solomon, as Josephus tells us, ordered the roof of the Temple to be covered with golden needles, so that it might be impossible for any bird, lighting upon it, to defile it.

Opposite the southern gate of the mosque is a portico composed of four arches. Here are supposed to be suspended the invisible scales, in which the merits and sins of souls will be weighed at the Day of Judgment, before they are sent to undergo their final trial at the Bridge of Sirat. Passing through it, and leaving on the right a very beautiful marble pulpit, where sermons are preached on Fridays during Ramadan, we descended a flight of marble steps, and reached a group of grand old cypress trees. Beneath their shade is a large circular basin, from a vase in the centre of which flows the water of the sealed fountain, brought hither from the neighbourhood of Bethlehem for the service of the Temple, by an aqueduct of the time of Solomon.

Another staircase led us down into subterranean vaults, constructed by Herod the Great. They consist of two lofty galleries with arched roofs, divided and supported by pillars. One huge monolith, the capital of which is ornamented with something between acanthus and palm-leaves, stands alone. At the extremity of the vaults are two doors, walled up, so we had to return by the way we entered.

We are now in front of the Mosque El-Aksa, which is the Church of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, built by the Emperor Justinian. Omar, after having given orders that the site of Solomon's Temple should be cleared out, came to pray in this church, and commanded that it should be dedicated to the worship of Allah. The eastern portion having been overthrown by an earthquake, it was rebuilt, and the proportions somewhat altered, by the Caliph El-Mahadi, in 755 ; but a great part of the original structure remains, and the style is rather that of a Christian church than of a temple of Islam ; It consists of a nave with three aisles on either side, divided by pillars of various coloured marbles, with Corinthian and Byzantine capitals. The portico in front has seven arches, corresponding to the divisions of the interior. Under the Latin Kings it became a royal palace, and was called the Palace of Solomon. Baldwin gave a portion of it to the Knights who took from it the name of Templars. They built a convent adjoining, the guard-room of which, a spacious vaulted room, remains unaltered.

Towards the southern extremity of the nave, where the great cupola now rises, supported by columns of vert antique and covered with mosaics, tradition says the Blessed Virgin dwelt, under the care of the Prophetess Anna, during the years she spent in the Temple, this being the part assigned to women. Here too she came, to offer her Divine Infant to the Lord, and here holy Simeon sang his *Nunc dimittis*. How one regrets that the beautiful church, standing on a spot so honoured, should no longer be in Christian hands !

Beyond, at the southern extremity of the building, is the *mihrab*, towards which the Mussulmans turn to say their prayers, and near it is the *mimbar*, a pulpit most delicately sculptured in wood, and incrustured with ivory and mother-of-pearl. It was made at Aleppo in 1168, by order of Sultan Nouredin and placed here by Saladin, when the mosque was restored. Two other *mihrabs* are respectively dedicated to Issa and Moses. In the former is an impression which the Turks say is the second footprint left on the Mount of Olives by our Lord at His Ascension, and removed here, but this is very doubtful.

The two southernmost columns of the nave are called the Columns of Trial. They are placed so near together that a man can with difficulty squeeze himself between them. The Mussulmans say : "Blessed is he who can do so, because after his death he will go straight to Heaven." But alas ! for those of stouter proportions—what is to become of them ? A man did actually die from the injuries he received in forcing himself through, so now an iron grating is placed between the pillars, and people are no longer allowed to try their chances of Paradise.

On leaving El-Aksa we resumed our shoes, and descended by a staircase at the south-eastern corner of the Esplanade of the Temple to a room which the followers of the Prophet have made into a little mosque. They call it Said na Issa, Our Lord Jesus, and assert that a stone sculptured cradle in the form of a shell, and supported on four little columns of white marble, was the resting-place of the Holy Child. According to Christian tradition, this was the habitation of the aged Simeon, and, after the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple, His Blessed Mother accepted the invitation of the holy old man, and, with the Divine Infant, spent here some days with him.

From this room we descend into the vast subterranean

galleries known as the Stables of Solomon, and there is no doubt they are of his construction. They are excavated in the side of Mount Moriah. They were repaired by Herod the Great, and later by the Crusaders, who used them as stables for their horses and beasts of burden. The holes at the corners of the pillars through which the halters of the animals were passed, may still be seen. The lofty vaulted roof is supported by eighty-eight massive square pillars, many of them partially calcined by the fire that consumed the Temple above. The triple door at the extremity is walled up.

Returning to the Esplanade and following the eastern wall, we reach a little platform with a *mihrab*, from which we look down on a column, fixed horizontally in the wall below, and projecting from it. From this column is supposed to spring the invisible bridge, Sirat, which crosses the Valley of Josaphat, and reaches to the summit of the Mount of Olives. This famous bridge, finer than the edge of a razor, must be traversed by the souls that have already been weighed in the balance. The just, supported by their guardian angels, will pass in safety, but those whose sins have deprived them of this celestial aid, will fall into the fatal valley, and be swallowed up in Hell.

Still following the wall, we reach a little thicket of cactus that has grown up around the unopened Golden Gate. Walled up on the eastern side, it is divided within by great stone pillars into two portions, each surmounted by a cupola. The one is called the Gate of Penitence, the other the Gate of Pardon. A little farther on is an edifice called the Throne of Solomon. The Mussulmans say he died here, seated on his throne. We could see through an iron grating the green curtain that veils the sacred spot. The grating was covered with little bits of stuff of all colours, hung to it by the faithful. It is a favourite way of showing respect to the dead.

In the afternoon we walked to St. Pierre, an industrial home for boys beyond the Gate of Jaffa. This is another of Père Marie de Ratisbonne's good works, and was opened three years ago. It is a large, handsome edifice, finely situated on rising ground. The centre and one wing are as yet only completed. The second wing is intended to contain a church, which will be open to the Christian inhabitants of this rapidly increasing neighbourhood. At present there is only a temporary chapel for the inmates. Father Marie was absent in Jerusalem, but another Father, a native of Holland, tall and handsome, with a

flowing auburn beard, received us courteously, and conducted us all over the house. He showed us the workshops, in which the boys are taught various trades; tailoring, shoemaking, carpentry, modelling, sculpture, wood-carving, &c. The boys, mostly orphans, or children abandoned by their parents, are of various races, and from all parts of Syria and Palestine. Once admitted to the house they are never sent away from it, except for ill conduct; but remain as long as they desire it. They appeared to be extremely attached to the good Father, who has dedicated his life to them. It was pleasant to see the swarthy faces beam and the black eyes sparkle when he spoke to them. There is a large bakehouse where all the bread for the three houses of Père Marie is made. From the terraces on the roof there is a magnificent view of Jerusalem and the surrounding country. On leaving, the Father accompanied us to the gate, and two tame antelopes came bounding to meet him. They suffered him to caress and stroke them, but he told us they always fled at sight of the boys. Like the children, they were evidently under the control of the law of love.

The following day we visited the Convent of the Dames de Sion, which stands on ground immediately adjoining the Pretorium. We were received by the Mother Superior, a very handsome, charming young nun, with magnificent black eyes. She speaks French perfectly, but is not, I think, of European race. There is a school for girls of the superior class, an orphanage, and a day-school which is open to all gratuitously. The Sisters have also a dispensary, where the poor of all faiths and races come daily to receive medicine and to have their ailments and infirmities cared for. When the foundations were dug, in 1859, a portion of the original pavement was discovered, twelve feet below the level of the present Via Dolorosa, which appears, in the time of our Lord, to have been wider than it is now. It may be seen in the cellars of the convent; its unmistakeable flat, irregularly-shaped blocks of stone, like all Roman pavements everywhere; stones that the adorable feet of our Saviour trod on the day of His Passion. Part of the Arch of the Ecce Homo, crossing the Via Dolorosa, is built into the church. The upper portion of the triple Roman arch is posterior to the date of the Passion, perhaps as late as Constantine, having been rebuilt after its destruction by Titus, but the lower portion is considered to be of the time of Herod, and whether or no the tradition be true that from a gallery above it, our

Lord, crowned with thorns and wearing the scarlet robe, was presented to the people by Pilate, it is certain that He must have passed beneath it, on leaving the Pretorium, laden with His Cross.

On the roof of the convent, terrace rises above terrace, where air and sun and beautiful views may be enjoyed, for there is no garden, which is a great disadvantage for the children. Père Marie has tried in vain to purchase a slip of waste land that lies between the convent and the Austrian Hospice, but it belongs to Greeks, and though valueless, they will not sell it to Catholics, except at a fabulous price.

The next day being Friday, after the Stations of the Via Crucis we went to the Church of the Ecce Homo. There was an instruction for the children by Père Marie de Ratisbonne. The voice of the venerable Father is weakened by age, and I was sorry to be only able to hear it imperfectly.¹ It was followed by Benediction. After the Litany of our Blessed Lady had been sung, Père Marie prayed very earnestly for the conversion of his people, begging our Lord to remember that they are His brethren, that His Immaculate Mother was of the race of Abraham, and that the Apostles, who carried His Name to the ends of the earth, and laid down their lives for the faith, were Jews. When he had ended his petitions, one of the nuns in the choir sang the words uttered by our Lord on the Cross, *Pater, dimitte illis, non enim sciunt quid faciunt*. Thrice, with a pause of silence between, the pathetic, pleading voice arose. Considering the place, the spot where the Divine Victim, purple clad, thorn-crowned, bleeding from the scourges, heard from his own people the cruel cry, *Tolle, tolle, crucifige eum*, and the hour, that which their descendants devote to weeping and lamenting over the desolation of Jerusalem, it was inexpressibly touching and impressive.

February 24.—After a last Mass on Calvary, at the Altar of the Addolorata, the Abbé and the Comté de St. Phalle left for Jaffa, the former to proceed to the Jesuit Seminary at Beyrout, the latter to return to France, *via* Athens. I am sorry to lose the companion, whose invariable kind attention during our journeyings has made me feel as if I had one of my sons by my side, and whose bright, youthful

¹ Since these lines were written, Père Marie de Ratisbonne has left the earthly for the heavenly Jerusalem, having followed, at a short interval, his brother, Père Théodore.

vivacity shortened many a weary hour of the long, fatiguing days' rides from Beyrout. His place is already filled at the hospice by an English Catholic gentleman, who arrived a few days ago. It is a pleasure to meet a countryman united in the still stronger bond of the faith. We walked together to the Garden of Gethsemane, where the lay-brother gave us violets and pieces of wood from the venerable olive trees which have lately been pruned. Returning we were caught in a heavy shower, and the night set in cold and stormy.

The next morning, after hearing Mass in the Holy Sepulchre, we visited the establishment of the Christian Brothers. They also have a school for boys, but being Sunday the children were not there. The house occupies the site of the Tower Psephina, built by Herod the Great, which, in his time, stood outside the walls of Jerusalem. Some massive stone pilasters of the original structure were discovered in digging the foundations, and may be seen on the lower floor. This being the highest ground in the city, the view from the terraced roof is remarkably fine. We prolonged our walk beyond the Jaffa Gate, to try to get warmed in the sun, for the cold is severe, and few rays of sunlight penetrate into the narrow streets of Jerusalem in winter time.

The Father Director sat with us while we supped, and gave us many details about the great French pilgrimage last year. It was a real "pilgrimage of penance," the privations having been great. Next month another, four hundred strong, is expected. There will be much difficulty in finding accommodation for them at Easter. I cannot stay much longer at the Casa Nova, having already exceeded the fortnight allowed by the rule, and as neither of the convents have a room to spare, and I extremely dislike the idea of going to the hotel, which will be full of tourists, Father Philip will try and get me received at the Austrian Hospice.

Wind, rain, and hail prevailed throughout the two following days, ending in a violent snowstorm. The French Abbé reappeared, having returned from Jaffa, the sea being so rough and the wind so tempestuous that it was impossible to embark. The Count got off before the storm began, but will have a very bad passage.

February 29.—The snow lies six inches deep; it is extremely cold and impossible to go out. The servant came to tell me the fire was lighted in the divan, a drawing-room some eighty

feet long, and he begged me to go up. I went accordingly, and found the gentlemen trying to warm themselves at an iron stove, but it appeared only to succeed in drawing the cold out of the walls of a room that had not been used for months, and I preferred returning to my little fireless room and keeping myself warm as well as I could with wraps : dividing my time between writing letters and beating off the snow that accumulated against the window-panes. The big dining-room, where we take our meals, is icy.

March 1.—At noon the snow ceased and it began to thaw.

The thaw continued the following day, but it was very cold. I managed to get as far as San Salvatore to Mass. The streets were deep in melting snow and mud. They have swept the snow from the flat terraced roof, so I went up to get a little warmth by walking up and down in the sun. The view is very striking ; the hills that encircle Jerusalem all white and gleaming in the sunshine. Father Philip came up, with cowed head and shivering ; suffering from toothache, and chilblains on his bare, sandalled feet. He has seen the Father Rector of the Austrian Hospice, who consents to receive me.

March 3.—The streets are nearly clear of snow, deep mud taking its place. I went to the Austrian Hospice and found Father Francis, the Rector, very obliging. At the request of the Padre Custode he will give me a room : he also offers to receive Mr. W., whose time at the Casa Nova will soon expire. The house belongs to the Austrian Government, and only Austrian subjects go there as a right, but the Rector has a discretionary power to dispose of rooms that may be unoccupied. "Have you the same rule as at the Casa Nova," I inquired, "that pilgrims may only remain a fortnight?" "Yes," replied the good Father, "but I can shut one eye on occasion, and even two if necessary, so long as no Austrian Prince arrives, with a great retinue, who might require all the rooms, but we do not expect any this Easter." The Hospice is a handsome, modern building, bright and sunny, with a garden ; it stands on the Via Dolorosa, opposite the third Station. There is a chapel in the house, a comfort which we have not at the Casa Nova.

Having thus secured lodgings, we made arrangements for an expedition to Jericho and the Jordan. Morcos, the dragoon of the Hospice is going to Jaffa to meet the yearly French

pilgrimage, so we engage his son, Issa, and a moucre, to accompany us.

March 6.—After hearing an early Mass at San Salvatore we set out. Passing through the Gate of Jaffa, we skirted the northern walls of Jerusalem, crossed the Valley of the Cedron, and rounded the shoulder of the Mount of Olives. We paused a moment where, it is said, stood the fig-tree that withered away so quickly at the word of our Lord, and then, reaching Bethany, we dismounted at the sepulchre which, from the earliest ages of Christianity, has been venerated as that of Lazarus: even the Mussulmans have a great respect for it. The tomb, like most ancient Jewish tombs, consists of two chambers, both cut out in the solid rock, but as, in the course of ages, the stone had a tendency to crumble and fall away, the Crusaders, when they built a church over it, found it necessary to support the roof by means of pointed arches in masonry. In the outer chamber is an altar at which the Franciscan Fathers occasionally say Mass. Here our Divine Lord stood when He cried with a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth." And, at His command, the shrouded form came forth from the inner chamber, the entrance to which is, as usual, very low; one must stoop down and descend three steps to enter it. It is about nine feet square, and appears to have contained three funeral niches.

On leaving Bethany we were joined by our escort, in the person of a young Bedouin, mounted on a pretty little black horse, with a white sheepskin by way of saddle-cloth, and a multitude of tassels, black, orange, red, blue, and green, hanging from its neck and reaching almost to its feet. He carried a big sabre and a long gun, ornamented with circles of brass. He wore the brown Bedouin mantle, with hood, and, on his head, a coloured silk handkerchief, bound by a double black fillet, and falling on his shoulders. Furnishing escorts for the Dead Sea is the privilege of the Bedouin village of Abou-dis, near Bethany, and the presence of one of them is sufficient to secure respect from the rest.

We wound our way through valleys and among rocky mountains, till we reached Khan-el-Ahmar, where we stopped to lunch. As we advanced the scenery became wilder and grander, till at last, on emerging from a rocky defile, the Valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and its surrounding mountains burst on the view, a scene of solemn, desolate majesty. A

steep, stony descent took us down into the plain, and half an hour later we reached Jericho. Not the Jericho whose walls fell at the sound of the trumpets of Joshua, and of which not a trace remains, but a miserable village, *Riha*, situated to the south of the ancient city. It is a collection of wretched mud cabins, sheltering a wild and scanty population.

The Russians have lately purchased ground and have planted an inclosure, where the vine, the banana, orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees are already flourishing, for the warmth of the climate is such that the well watered plain might easily be made to become what it once was, a fertile and luxuriant garden. They are building a large, handsome Hospice, only a small portion of which being finished there is little accommodation, and the Greek Archimandrite, with a party of friends, being expected, we were obliged to put up at the poor comfortless hotel, a mud-built house, containing a kitchen, a divan, and two bedrooms. In one of these a Turk, the collector of taxes, was lodging, to the great disgust of my companion, who was obliged to content himself with the second bed in the same room. In the other, destined for me, the landlord, his wife, and children had been sleeping. I peeped into it, and the sight was so little inviting that nothing short of absolute necessity would have induced me to think of occupying it. They promised, however, that it should be thoroughly cleaned and arranged, and while this was being done, we strolled to the Greek Hospice, and as we were returning met the Archimandrite and his party.

A very tolerable dinner had been prepared, the landlady priding herself on her skill in cookery, and the room intended for me looked quite tidy. One bed, by means of handsome Oriental stuffs, had been transformed into a divan, and the other, with white sheets and counterpane appeared almost inviting, but alas! the landlord and his family had left behind them a small, active army that made sleep impossible. I must add that this is the only occasion on which I have been so annoyed.

We were glad to rise early and to start at seven for the Dead Sea. It was a lovely morning and the air delightful, but as we rode across the long plain the heat increased, for the basin of the Dead Sea is over one thousand feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and it is enclosed by lofty mountain ranges. At first the ground was clothed with short grass, then

it only bore clumps of tamarisk and prickly shrubs; further on even these disappeared, and the bare, burning sand sparkled with crystals of salt. All around were sand hills of strange, weird shapes, a scene of utter desolation. The valley once so fertile, "the woodland vale, watered as the Paradise of the Lord," with its five cities flourishing where now lie the still, lonely waters; waters so salt and bitter that no living thing can exist in them, no vegetation grow near them. A witness to all generations of the judgment of God, turning the garden into a desert, the populous cities into an uninhabitable wilderness.

On the shore lie the bleached trunks and branches of trees brought down by the Jordan, and among them we found two or three dead fish. Carried down by the stream, they die as soon as they reach the salt, bituminous water, and are washed up on the shore. The water is blue and quite transparent, it leaves on our hands an unpleasant, greasy feeling. The bed at the northern extremity is pebbly. The five cities of the plain are supposed to have been situated at the southern end of the Dead Sea, where it spreads out into a great salt marsh, over which always hangs a haze in which the distant waters lose themselves. On the eastern shore the mountains of Ammon and Moab, and on the western shore those of Judea, rise rugged and precipitous from the water's edge.

We rode over the bare, hot sands for about an hour, in the direction of the Jordan, and it was a relief to reach the broad belt of verdure that extends on either side of the river. The trees were clothed in the fresh green of spring, and the grass beneath them was gemmed with flowers. The waters, which overflow their bed in the rainy season, had recently retreated, and the banks were so swampy that it was impossible to alight, or even to ride close to the river, as the horses would have sunk in the deep mud.

A spreading tree stands where our Lord was baptized and where the river is fordable. It is indeed the only place between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea where it would have been possible for multitudes to assemble as they did to be baptized by St. John. In early times a wooden cross was set up in the river and marble steps led down to it, by which pilgrims descended to bathe, each one clothed in his shroud, which was afterwards carefully preserved for his burial. Frescobaldi, who visited the Holy Land in 1384, tells us how, on reaching the

banks of the Jordan, he and all his party bathed in it for devotion ; those who could swim striking across to the opposite shore, where, in a loud voice, they began to sing the *Te Deum*, which was taken up by their companions who remained at the other side. He also describes a church dedicated to St. John Baptist, which stood near the river, "handsome and strong ; and it is necessary" he adds, "that it should be like a fortress, because the people of Jericho are the greatest robbers of all the country."

It was vain to think of approaching the tree, as it was surrounded by water, the swollen, turbid stream rushing and whirling round it impetuously. We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with lingering awhile near a place so sacred, and then seeking higher and dryer ground for our resting place. We accordingly crossed a tributary of the Jordan, and came to a halt beneath a spreading tree, the shade of which was pleasant, as the heat was now excessive. We tried, after lunch, to reach the river on foot a little higher up, but found the tangle of trees and brushwood, and the swampy nature of the ground insurmountable obstacles. The upper source of the Jordan, near Hashbeya, in the Anti-Lebanon, is about eighteen hundred feet above the Mediterranean, and it enters the Dead Sea some twelve hundred feet below that level, its descent therefore, throughout its course, is very rapid, and it is only fordable in one or two places when the waters are low. Yet here, opposite Jericho, the people of Israel passed the river dry-foot, at a time when it was swollen ; the Priests, with the Ark of the Lord, standing in the midst of the channel, the waters that came down from above "swelling up like a mountain" whilst "those that were beneath ran down into the sea of the wilderness, which is called the Dead Sea, until they wholly failed."

Through these impetuous waters Elias, striking the stream with his-mantle, passed dryshod, with Eliseus, who performed the same miracle on his return after the disappearance of his Master.

It was hereabouts, on the opposite bank, that St. Mary the Egyptian, after thirty-five years of unbroken solitude and heroic penance, died and was buried in the desert by St. Zosimus, who was sent by God to give her absolution and assist her in her last moments. Here too St. Christopher, being of great strength and gigantic stature, devoted himself to the charitable office of carrying travellers across the ford. One day a child arrived

on the river-bank and Christopher placed him on his shoulder. When they reached the middle of the stream, where the current was very rapid, the child became so heavy that the Saint, notwithstanding his great strength, could not make way against it. "How is this," cried he, "and who art thou to weigh so heavily?" "Christopher," replied the Child, "thou carriest Him who upholds the world."

The Jordan pours into the Dead Sea seven millions of tons of water a day, which are entirely lost by evaporation and leakage. Indeed the Dead Sea is supposed to be steadily and slowly diminishing. .

Two other parties came to rest at the same halting-place, English and American tourists, so on starting the cavalcade was considerable. The road from the Jordan to Jericho crosses a sandy plain, favourable for galloping, and the three Bedouins of the escorts amused themselves by going through various exercises, feigning to attack and pursue each other, wheeling round and pulling up their horses sharp on their haunches.

After a few minutes' rest at the hotel we rode through green meadows to the fountain of Eliseus—*Ain-es-Soultan*. The water springs abundantly from the hillside, flows into an ancient basin of the time of Herod the Great, and, issuing from it, forms a considerable stream, which fertilizes the valley before throwing itself into the Jordan. The water is clear as crystal and excellent to drink. In the time of Eliseus it was bitter and unwholesome, until the Prophet, casting salt into the spring, declared: "Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters, and there shall be in them no more death nor barrenness: and the waters were healed *unto this day*."

On again through green meadows, flower-bespangled, past the ruins of several sugar mills, for the sugar-cane was formerly extensively cultivated in this country, and might be again, the climate being quite hot enough for it. We crossed the stream which turned these mills and rode up the lower slopes of the Djebel-Karantel—the Mountain of Quarantaine, which towered above us in gloomy grandeur. When the ascent became impracticable for horses we left them in the care of the moucre, and climbed on foot the steep, narrow path, which zig-zags upwards to a considerable height, and then gives place to rock-hewn steps by which one scales the face of the almost perpendicular precipice. I grasped firmly the strong hand of Issa and followed in his footsteps, without daring to look at the abyss

yawning below us, until we reached the grottoes with which the face of the mountain is honeycombed, for, in early times, many hermits inhabited this almost inaccessible solitude, in memory of the Temptation of their Divine Master. In the first cavern we reached some Arabs were seated. Ascending another flight of steps we came to the abode of a venerable Greek priest, a gentle, benevolent old man, who conducted us to a grotto still higher up, and said to be the place where our Lord passed forty days in prayer and fasting. It has been transformed into a little Greek chapel, and, though a window piercing the rock has been modernized, traces of very ancient paintings seem to indicate that it was used as a church before the time of the Crusaders. On the summit of the mountain are the ruins of a church built where, tradition says, the devil showed our Lord all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, but the steps being in places broken and worn away, the ascent is very difficult and dangerous.

On returning to the lower grotto the priest said he would show us something curious, and stepping out on a wooden balcony that overhangs the abyss, he whistled. Immediately from the mountain above and from the cliffs around, flocked a multitude of birds, which settled on the railing, on his shoulders, on his arms, and fed from his hand. They were quite fearless, and allowed me to stand close to them. Most of them were about the size of a starling, with glossy black plumage, black heads and beaks, and bright orange wings. Some were of a mottled brown, like a mountain thrush, but with orange wing feathers. The old man fed them with dried figs, which he broke in pieces. He also offered me figs and a little glass of araki. I put it to my lips, in acknowledgment of his hospitality, and then handed it to Issa, who drank it with great relish, as well as one intended for him.

We walked down to the plain and then rode back to the little inn at Jericho. The Turk was gone, so we were more comfortable. We gathered, in the wild, untended garden, delicious ripe bananas, oranges, and sweet lemons. With moderate cultivation this plain would again become an earthly Paradise.

March 8.—We were on horseback at seven. It was a lovely, fresh morning. We forded the Nahr-el-Kelt and passed by the road where our Lord, "as He went out of Jericho," met blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sitting by the way-side, begging.

"What wilt thou that I should do to thee?" "Lord, that I may see." "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole." "And immediately he saw, and followed Him in the way." It was our Divine Lord's last journey to Jerusalem. He was going there to suffer. He climbed this steep ascent, stopped perhaps, as we do, to look back once more on the Valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea lying, still and bright as a mirror, at the foot of the mountains of Moab and losing itself, far away, in the haze that ever hangs over its southern extremity like a silver veil. He trod this rugged path on the mountain side, where the precipice descends almost perpendicularly to the abyss, and one hears, rather than sees, the torrent rushing through the deep cleft chasm below. The Apostles were with Him, "astonished and afraid" at what He had told them of His approaching Passion. When we have climbed some more hills, and wound through some more defiles, we shall reach the fountain that bears their name. It is called the Fountain of the Apostles, because, following the Divine Master in His journeys to and fro between Jericho and Jerusalem, they must often have rested here, as we do to-day. Two other parties are stopping to lunch. The horses are tethered and graze contentedly. Bedouins and dragomans stand about in their picturesque costumes, wild looking moucres sit or lie around. Issa, with four stones and a little brushwood, makes a fire at which he boils our coffee. It is a bright, animated scene, and the fountain springs and flows just as it did so long ago when the Eternal Son of God, wearied with the hot ascent, stopped to refresh His lips with its cool waters. One can take no step in this land, His country, without finding Him and following in His footsteps.

On another memorable occasion our Divine Lord travelled this way. He was "beyond the Jordan, in the place where John first baptized," when the message came to Him: "He whom Thou lovest is sick," Another steep, rocky ascent and we reach an elevated plateau and the stone where tradition tells us our Lord was seated when Martha, coming from Bethany to meet Him, exclaimed in her anguish: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." We learn from St. John that "Jesus was still in the place where Martha had met Him," when Mary, hearing of His approach, hastened to cast herself at His feet, weeping, with the same touching appeal, and here, moved by her sorrow, "Jesus wept." There, on the opposite hill is Bethany, surrounded by a fringe of almond trees covered with

their delicate blossoms; Bethany, beloved abode of Jesus. There He passed the four last nights before His Passion, going each morning to the Temple and returning in the evening to the house of Lazarus and Martha and Mary "whom He loved." There Mary poured the precious ointment on His head; there she sat at His feet, and heard His word.

We round the Mount of Olives, enter Jerusalem by St. Stephen's Gate, and reach in a few minutes the Austrian Hospice, where we are hospitably received by Father Francis, and installed in our new quarters, bright, sunny rooms, looking across the Via Dolorosa towards the Mosque of Omar. There is still time, after resting a little, to reach the Holy Sepulchre in time for the procession.

Some Intrinsic Evidences of the Gospels' Genuineness.

PART THE FIRST.

IN treating of the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels, the external or historical argument is more generally used, and greater stress is laid upon it than on any intrinsic tests. This is but reasonable, for such a proof, because of its ease and fitness in determining questions of fact, will commend itself to the intelligence of all. Although this be readily granted, still internal arguments, wherever they can be had, are always of immense value, if only for the reason that they confirm so strongly the testimony of antiquity. But in these days, when everything, however sacred, is unsparingly canvassed, not only in the discourses and writings of the learned, but by all classes, and on almost all occasions; and when many unbelievers are trying to weave round the bright bloom of the Gospels, a very spider-web of doubt and suspicion, there is a special necessity that Catholics generally should have placed before them, some of those evidences of truthfulness drawn from the Sacred Books themselves, before which not only the objections of modern criticism, but even the more apparent difficulties discussed by Scripture harmonists, gradually fade away. This paper proposes to present in a simple way and in a clear light some indications of the genuineness of the Gospels which may be readily handled and easily grasped, and which require neither very learned disquisitions nor an exquisite critical sense—

Truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors,
Which they may read who bind the sheaf,
Or build the house, or dig the grave,
Or those wild eyes which watch the wave
In roamings round the coral reef.¹

¹ Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

The whole argument will go to show that the Evangelists wrote in the Apostolic age, and not a century later, which, if true, would be sufficient to warrant us in rejecting the Sacred Writings, as being the works of impostors, who represented themselves as eye-witnesses of events which they had never seen. It will be our business to compare the Gospels carefully in many points, with what we learn from the independent testimony of non-Christian writers, who for the most part may be called contemporary, so that the complete agreement of both, and in particular the accuracy of the Evangelists, may become apparent to the reader. Special attention must be given to instances of undesigned coincidence between the Gospels and these writers, especially on points which could hardly be known to persons who lived in the second century, and which are evidently not the result of contrivance, but of veracity. A number of the proofs we shall adduce are not the outcome of the most recent research, but they are not on that account less valuable, rather they are more important, as they have withstood the onset of criticism from every side. Comparatively speaking, there is no period in the whole range of antiquity, whereof we possess a more full and exact knowledge, than we do of the first century of our era. This is principally due to our having the works of the Jewish historian Josephus, and we are helped not a little in the matter by the writings of Philo, and of the Roman historians, as well as from the fact that the minute criticism bestowed upon the Gospels from the first ages of Christianity to the present time, has directed our attention to every casual phrase or word in contemporary writers, which can in any way illustrate the period in which our Saviour and His Apostles lived. It is allowed by most critics² that it is morally impossible for a writer not to betray his fraud, who would palm himself off as belonging to an age much anterior to his own. Peoples, places, customs, and language are ever subject to change, and if it be true that each author has his own peculiar talents and character, which his style discloses, and which he cannot shuffle off, how can he completely transfer himself to another time and put on the genius of another man, so as to describe long-distant events with all their surroundings, just as the person whom he feigns would have described them, as he witnessed them in his own age? To do this he must place himself in an atmosphere

² See on this point Hug's *Introduction to the Gospels*, vol. ii.; and Cardinal Wiseman's *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*, vol. ii. Lecture xi.

of thought and action entirely foreign to all his own experience, and then so accommodate himself to this change, as never to betray his own time. This would certainly seem to be above the power of any writer, however gifted he may be. Experience accords with this principle. Such frauds have been detected not so much by any trivial error, as by some gross mistake into which these authors were led by the very nature of their deceit. We may mention a few instances by way of example. The Life of Apollonius of Tyana, compiled by Philostratus the philosopher, is a good specimen. It was evidently written as a set-off, or rather as exhibiting something superior to that which Christ's chosen followers had narrated of their Master, and consequently caused no small trouble to Christian apologists. The author tells us that he put his work together from the commentaries of Damis, the friend and companion of Apollonius; but the pretended commentaries are evidently a forgery, for the writer describes Babylon and its greatness most graphically, and makes his hero travel there, at a time when it lay solitary and almost deserted, its splendour being absorbed by Seleucia. Philostratus also confounds the people of Sparta with the Lacedæmonians, as formerly when they constituted one state, and he represents Sparta as a free commonwealth when it was under the Roman dominion. Another instance is the History of the Jewish War, published under the name of Hegesippus, who lived in the time of Antoninus and Commodus; yet mention is made in the work of Constantinople, of Scotland, and of Saxony. Our readers will no doubt remember the celebrated disquisition of Bentley on the alleged "Epistle of Phalaris," in which the fraud is so ably exposed.³ Any such error as those we have mentioned is of course sufficient to destroy all faith in the works of a writer.

This principle acquires a higher certainty when applied to the subject in hand. The difficulty of succeeding in such imposition indefinitely increases, if, immediately after the time to which the writer represents himself as belonging, great catastrophes have passed over the land of which he treats, ruined its cities, dispersed its people, and left behind scarce a mark by which to judge of its former state. Now, this is exactly what did happen in Palestine subsequent to the time of

³ To these may be added the spurious letters of Plato and of Chion, which were soon discovered. In more modern times we have *The Sicilian Code of Vella*, *The History of Formosa*, &c.

which the Gospels treat. It began at once to be affected by the many political changes and seditions of the Jews, and the transformation was completed by that awful event, the destruction of the Holy City, which, according to an eye witness,⁴ made Jerusalem and its environs so difficult of recognition that "there was nothing left to make those that came thither believe that they had ever been inhabited." Under Adrian also fifty places of magnitude, and eighty-five villages and hamlets were totally destroyed.⁵ We may judge, then, of the pretensions of a writer in the second century who would describe the land, its people and its customs, as they were in the days of Tiberius. But the Evangelists do this in most exact detail, as we shall presently see, and not with a desire to obtrude such circumstances on our notice, but incidentally, as men would do who were part and parcel of the people then living, and who were perfectly certain of all they wrote.

It may be well to observe here that if slight inconsistencies could be shown to exist in the Gospels, such a fact, even if it should be fatal to their inspiration, would not tell against their genuineness. It would rather confirm it, looking upon the books as merely human works, for it is not in such minute details that men using natural means, are never expected to make a slip. Such severity in criticism would go far to destroy the credit of any writer. No one can doubt that modern histories contain such errors, and they are found amongst even the best works of antiquity.⁶ These minor inaccuracies tend rather to show that the writers were sure of their facts, and had no desire to deceive; for the impostor who has much patching to do, is, from the very fear of detection, most particular in avoiding these faults, whilst he signs his own death-warrant by unconsciously asserting something that is grossly untrue. So much for the groundwork of our reasoning. We shall proceed now to consider the subject in detail. And in the first place, what was the political state of the Jews in the time of Christ? Tacitus tells us that, after the death of Brutus and Cassius, Herod the Great received from Antony power over the Jews, and that later his authority was made regal by a decree of Cæsar

⁴ *Wars of the Jews*, Josephus, B. vii. c. i.

⁵ Dio Xiphilin, *Life of Adrian*.

⁶ There are geographical mistakes in Quintus Curtius, and even Livy adopts in one passage a more modern topography to ancient events, when he speaks of Sinuessa, Præneste, and Arpi, instead of Sinope, Argos-Hippium, and Stephane.

Augustus. *Regnum ab Antonio Herodi datum Cæsar Augustus auxit.*⁷

Although a King, Herod was never independent of Cæsar, but frequently asked leave from him to exercise his authority in special cases. We find him going to Rome himself, or sending his ambassadors to defend him before his lord and master. Thus Josephus⁸ narrates how Herod went with his sons Alexander and Aristobulus to lay a complaint before Cæsar touching their conduct, and how by his order they were reconciled to their father. Following the historian from this point, we collect several facts, all showing the authority which the Emperor exercised over the Jewish monarch. At this very time Augustus left it in Herod's power to appoint one of his sons as his successor, or to divide his kingdom among all his children (as he actually did later by his will); and when Herod was minded to make such a settlement at once, Cæsar declared that he would not allow him to deprive himself during life of the power over his kingdom and his sons.⁹ When afterwards troubles arose between Herod and his offspring, Augustus wrote that "he was grieved for him, and that in case his sons had been guilty of any profane or insolent crimes against him, it would be his duty to punish them as parricides, for which he gave him power." Again, after Herod's war with the Arabs, Augustus wrote to him sharply. The sum of his letter was that, "whereas of old he had used him as his friend, he would now treat him as his subject,"¹⁰ a threat which he carried out by changing the King's will after his death. Herod divided his kingdom among three of the four sons who survived him.¹¹ Herod Antipas, with the title of Tetrarch, was made ruler of the northern province of Galilee, and of Perea to the east of the Jordan. Philip the Second, with the same title, had the north-eastern portion of the kingdom, that is, the districts of Auranitis, Gaulonitis, Trachonitis, Batanea, and Iturea; Archelaus as King was to rule over Judea proper. This was at least one item in which the will was changed by the Emperor. "He appointed Archelaus not indeed to be King of the whole country, but ethnarch of one half of that which had been subject to Herod, and promised to give him the royal dignity if he governed his

⁷ Tacitus, *Hist.* B. v. ch. ix. ; see also Appian, *De Bell. Civ.* 5.

⁸ *Antiq.* B. xvi. ch. iv. sect. 5.

⁹ *Ibid.* B. xvi. ch. ii. sect. 1.

¹⁰ *Antiq.* B. xvi. ch. ix. sect. 3.

¹¹ *Wars of the Jews*, B. i. ch. xxxiii. sect. 8, and B. ii. ch. vi. sect. 3.

part virtuously."¹² This he did not do, for in the tenth year¹³ of his government, "his brethren and subjects not being able to bear his barbarous and tyrannical usage, accused him before Cæsar, who, being very angry, and disdaining to write to him, sent for him to come to Rome at once, where, his cause being heard, he was banished to Vienna in Gaul, all his property was confiscated, and his ethnarchate was reduced to a Roman province."¹⁴ The first governor sent to rule it was Caponius: Pilate was afterwards sent by Tiberius, and his procuratorship lasted from the twelfth to the twenty-second year of that Prince's reign (from A.D. 26 to A.D. 36).¹⁵

How do the incidental allusions to the rulers of Palestine which we find in the Gospels agree with this history? St. Matthew¹⁶ tells us that "Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Juda in the reign of King Herod," and St. Luke¹⁷ says that this Herod was King of Judea, and brings out the fact that he was not independent of the Roman Emperor. For "it came to pass in those days there went out a decree of Cæsar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrolling was first made by Cyrenius, the Governor of Syria."¹⁸ Cæsar therefore exercises authority in Herod's kingdom, and his orders are executed by his own officials irrespective of any intervention on the part of the Jewish King. Again: "Herod being dead," says St. Matthew,¹⁹ "Archelaus reigned in Judea in the room of his father," but clearly not over the whole kingdom of his father, for, the Gospel²⁰ adds, Joseph returning from Egypt with the Child and His Mother, "was afraid on account of Archelaus to go into Judea, and being warned in sleep, retired into the parts of Galilee." Therefore Galilee must have had another ruler, hence Herod's kingdom had been divided. Who, then, ruled in Galilee and the other parts? St. Luke²¹ answers: "Herod (Antipas) being Tetrarch of Galilee, and Philip his brother Tetrarch of Iturea," which corresponds perfectly with what we learned from Josephus. According to the Evangelist, these sovereigns were reigning in the fifteenth year of Tiberius.²² This is also certain from the Jewish historian, who says of Herod Antipas that "he was removed by Caligula the successor

¹² *Antiq.* B. xvii. ch. ii. sect. 4, and *Wars*, B. ii. ch. vi. sect. 3.

¹³ *Antiq.* B. xvii. ch. xiii. sect. 2.

¹⁴ *Wars*, B. ii. ch. viii. ch. ix. ch. xii. ch. xiv.

¹⁵ *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. iii. sect. 2, and ch. iv. sect. 2.

¹⁶ St. Matt. ii. 1.

¹⁷ St. Luke i. 5.

¹⁸ St. Luke ii. 1, 2.

¹⁹ St. Matt. ii. 19—23.

²⁰ *Ibid.*

²¹ St. Luke iii. 1.

²² *Ibid.*

of Tiberius,"²³ and of Philip that "he died in the twentieth year of Tiberius, having governed for thirty-seven years."²⁴ But at this time, as we have seen, Archelaus was in exile, and his ethnarchate was administered by a Roman Procurator; and so St. Luke²⁵ adds, "Pontius Pilate being Governor of Judea." Thus Archelaus is allowed to withdraw from the scene, which corresponds very well with his banishment. Here we see the Evangelist incidentally, and almost unconsciously, treading his way with perfect accuracy, through these complicated political changes. A year or two earlier, and it would have been an error to speak of Pilate as Procurator; a few years later, and it would have been inaccurate to say that Philip was Tetrarch of Iturea.

At the period of which we are treating, the political condition of the Jews was somewhat abnormal. Before the time of Christ, the Sanhedrim, Synedrium, or Great Council, had power to try the gravest causes and to inflict the severest punishments, and we find Herod, when Procurator of Galilee, summoned before it (B.C. 47) on the charge of usurping its authority by condemning people to death.²⁶ Later, the "Jus Gladii" was taken from it by the Romans. It was allowed only to try causes of lesser moment and to award minor punishments, such as scourging."²⁷ Josephus²⁸ expressly says that the execution of St. James, which took place during the absence of the Procurator, was an illegal assumption of power on the part of the Sanhedrim. To the Roman official alone belonged the right to judge in capital causes.²⁹ The Council could indeed apprehend such criminals and examine them before witnesses, but this was merely to prepare the case, which was brought at once before the Governor, who re-examined it,³⁰ and if there was sufficient

²³ *Antiq.* B. xvii. ch. viii. sect. 1.

²⁴ *Ibid.* ch. ix. sect. 6.

²⁵ St. Luke iii. 1.

²⁶ Josephus, *Antiq.* B. xiv. ch. ix. sect. 4.

²⁷ Ulpian, B. xii. *De Jurisdictione*; Josephus, *Wars*, B. vi. ch. v. and B. ii. ch. xiv.

²⁸ *Antiq.* B. xx. ch. ix. sect. 1; *Wars*, B. ii. ch. viii. sect. 1. &c.

²⁹ *Wars*, B. ii. ch. x. sect. v. Conf. Philo, *De Legatione ad Caium*. The powers of the Roman Governors generally may be gathered from Ulpian *De Officio Presidis*, B. vi. sect. viii. and B. xiii.; Hermogenianus, B. x.; Marcianus, B. ii.; Proculus, B. xii. Compare Ulpian, B. iii. *De Jurisdictione*, and B. vi. *De Officio Proconsulis*, and Papianus, B. i. sect. 1.

³⁰ Marcianus, B. vi. *De Custodia*, cites a letter of the Emperor ordering cases to be re-heard before the Governor. See also Cicero, *Ad Att.* B. v. Ep. xiv. and Ep. *Ad Quintum Fratrem*, B. i. ch. ii. iii.

evidence for a conviction, generally gave judgment according to the Jewish laws.³¹ We can fix very definitely the time at which the power of the Sanhedrim was limited. The Jerusalem Gemara³² places it at forty years before the destruction of the city. This event was accomplished A.D. 70, consequently the former date will be a few years before the death of Christ. At this time also the high priest could be deposed by the Roman procurators or by the kings of Jews, and another put in his place. The first, however, often retained the title and honours of the Pontificate. Thus Valerius Gratus, Pilate's predecessor, made several high priests during the time of his government.³³ Herod the Great and Archelaus acted in the same way.³⁴ Here we have a civil organization of a most unusual kind and intricate in the extreme, embracing as it does the rights and procedure of two very different systems of government. The power and duties of each have to be nicely distinguished, a task so difficult that it seems almost impossible to suppose that a forger of a later age could be foolhardy enough to undertake it ; for how could he succeed, when painstaking and intelligent historians like Tacitus and Dio Cassius have failed ?³⁵

Let us see how the Evangelists fare in this matter. They tell us that, there were during the time of Christ, two high priests, Annas and Caiphas, the former retaining the title and dignity of the office no less than the latter,³⁶ that the Jews had their Council which planned the death of our Lord, seized Him in the Garden of Olives, and having examined Him before witnesses and thus prepared the case, took Him bound to the Roman Governor that sentence might be passed by him according to their law. There came "a great multitude with swords and clubs sent from the Chief Priests and the Ancients, and they led Him to the High Priest. Now the whole Council sought false witness against Jesus, and they led Him bound to the Governor," saying, "we have a law and according to that law He ought to die." They pronounce our Lord worthy of death, but they do not give the final judgment

³¹ Aulus Gellius, B. xiii. ch. xiii. ; Ulpian, B. xii. *De Jurisdictione*.

³² Quoted by Selden, B. ii. ch. xv.

³³ Josephus, *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. ii. and ch. v. sect. 3 ; and ch. vi. sect. 3.

³⁴ Josephus, *Antiq.* B. xx. ch. ix. Conf. B. xix. ch. vi. sect. 2 ; and B. xx. ch. i. sect. 3 ; also B. xvii. ch. xiii.

³⁵ For details see Rawlinson's *Bampton Lectures*, Lecture vii. note 21.

³⁶ St. Luke iii. 1. The same appears throughout the history of the Passion in the different Gospels.

or carry it into effect. "It is not lawful for us to put any one to death."³⁷ Pilate, who keeps Jewish prisoners in custody, among them Barabbas, appears to act according to the usages of the people. "You have a custom that I should release one unto you at the Pasch."³⁸ He does not, however, appeal to them as judges, but declares that he has the power of life and of death. "Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify and I have power to release Thee?"³⁹ He gives the case a fresh hearing, asking the Jews what accusation they had against Him. "Pilate, therefore, went out to them and said, What accusation bring you against this man?"⁴⁰ He examines our Lord himself. "Pilate went into the hall again and called Jesus,"⁴¹ and then tells the accusers "I find no cause in Him."⁴² At last he pronounces the unjust sentence. "Then, therefore, he delivered Him . . . to be crucified."⁴³ His soldiers carry it out, as accountable to Pilate alone.⁴⁴ He writes the title, and refuses to change it at the request of the Jews. "Pilate answered: 'What I have written I have written.'"⁴⁵ The Jews ask a guard from the Governor to watch the Sepulchre,⁴⁶ and Joseph of Arimathea begs the Body, not from the Sanhedrim, but from Pilate.⁴⁷ Can we imagine a more exact distinction between the powers of the Jewish magistrates and the representative of the Emperor?

Let us take another point. If we consider the continued subjection of the people of Palestine to the Greeks and Romans, it is only reasonable to suspect that some of the customs and laws of these nations, found their way amongst those of the Jews. This would be especially the case with regard to the usages of Rome, because Palestine was not conquered in the ordinary way, but passed under its dominion with the consent, and by the assistance, of a large portion of the Jews, whence it maintained for a time a kind of half-independence—so much *a priori*. What was the fact? In the first place we find the Greek and Roman currencies in use in Judea. "We have no public money of our own," says Josephus, "but only what belongs to God."⁴⁸ Thereby intimating, that

³⁷ See St. Matt. xxvi. and xxvii. ; St. Mark xiv. xv. ; St. Luke xxii. xxiii. ; St. John xviii. xix.

³⁸ St. John xviii. 39.

³⁹ St. John xix. 10.

⁴⁰ St. John xviii. 29.

⁴¹ St. John xviii. 33.

⁴² St. John xviii. 38 ; xix. 4 ; xix. 6.

⁴³ St. John xix. 16.

⁴⁴ St. Matt. xxvii. 27, 28.

⁴⁵ St. John xix. 22.

⁴⁶ St. Matt. xxvii. 64—66.

⁴⁷ St. John xix. 38 ; St. Matt. xxvii. 58.

⁴⁸ *Antiq.* B. xiv. ch. vii. sect. 2.

with the exception of the money in the treasury of the Temple, the ordinary coin was not of Jewish currency. Now the only occasion in which mention is made of the Jewish money in the Gospels, is in the selling of Christ by Judas, when a payment has to be made from the sacred treasury.⁴⁹ But the Greek money, such as the drachma, didrachma, and stater, and the Roman, the as, denarius, and quadrans, are not unfrequently spoken of. Their uses, too, are most exactly distinguished. The law required various money-dues to be paid to the Temple, more especially the tax imposed on every male Israelite, above the age of twenty, in the shape of the half-shekel annually. This was paid in Greek coin, as we gather from Josephus, who says that after the destruction of Jerusalem, "Cæsar laid a tribute upon the Jews . . . to bring two drachmas every year into the Capitol, as they used to pay the same to the Temple."⁵⁰ And elsewhere⁵¹ the historian tells us, "It is customary for each individual to pay to God the didrachma." And so, when our Saviour and His disciples "were come to Capharnaum," St. Matthew narrates,⁵² "They that received the didrachmas came to Peter and said to him, Doth not your Master pay the didrachma?" Christ knowing what was said, told Peter where he should find a stater, which he was to give for himself and his Master. Now this coin was equal to two didrachmas, or four drachmas, which equalled one shekel, the exact amount required for two persons. Here we have the most perfect accuracy in the smallest trifles. The Evangelist makes no mistake in the sum paid to the Temple, nor does he express himself in vague and general terms, such as would have concealed his ignorance or deceit, but he hits upon the very payment that was made, and the very name that was given to it. Various dues in kind were also exacted for the service of the Temple under particular circumstances, which, when Jews lived at a great distance, were to be changed into their value in money, and brought up in that shape. Now the Jews of the dispersion and the proselytes were liable to these tithes as much

⁴⁹ St. Matt. xxvi. 15.

⁵⁰ *Wars*, B. vii. ch. vi. sect. 6.

⁵¹ *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. x. sect. i.

⁵² St. Matt. xvii. 24. Notice how Josephus explains the use of the didrachma, while St. Matthew does not. Yet the argument of our Lord which follows, that "the children of Kings are free" (St. Matt. xvii. 24—26), would be quite unintelligible to those who did not know this. Had St. Matthew written after the destruction of Jerusalem, he must have given an explanation.

as those of Judæa, and they were living at this time in almost every city, and certainly in every country of the East.⁵³ Each of these places had its own currency, which could not be received into the sacred treasury. Hence the necessity of dealers in money, in or about the Temple, to break these several coinages into the current one of the sanctuary.⁵⁴ Thus occasion was given to our Saviour to turn these "changers" from the Temple, overthrowing their tables.⁵⁵ We perceive here, too, the consequences of the Roman power, and the influence of its manners, which allowed the "Argentarii" to establish usurious "mensas" by the statues of the gods, or even at the feet of Janus,⁵⁶ "In porticibus Basilicarum," "Pone ædem Castoris." We may observe, likewise, the Roman toleration which allowed no encroachment in the temples or religions of other nations, since Christ, who to them was but a private Jew, maintained unmolested the honour of "His Father's House," which He certainly could not have done in Rome itself. The Evangelists⁵⁷ mention among those driven from the Temple, "sellers of doves and oxen." The Talmud on this point narrates that about this time Bara-Ben-Bota, a person in great favour with the authorities, had established markets in the porticoes of the Temple, where sheep, oxen, and other animals used for sacrifice were sold,⁵⁸ so that the bleating and bellowing of these beasts resounded within the sanctuary itself. As the Jews had no currency of their own, except for sacred purposes, they invariably used for those of common life the coin of the nation under whose sway they lived, for they held, according to a principle quoted in the Talmud, that to be subject to a king and to use his coin, necessarily went together. It is, besides, a matter of history that when under the power of Greece they used the Greek money, a remnant of which appears in the payment of the didrachma, and when, during the time of Christ, they were under the Romans, they also made use of their currency. The Evangelists are most exact upon this point. When Christ asks for the coin in which ordinary tribute was paid, they give Him

⁵³ "Scarce any country of note can be mentioned in which there are not Jewish inhabitants" (Philo, *De Legatione ad Caium*). He is speaking not of the East only, but of the then known world.

⁵⁴ Talmud, *Shekalim*, l. i, 3.

⁵⁵ St. John ii. 13—22; St. Matt. xxi. 12, 13; St. Mark xi. 15—17.

⁵⁶ Horace, B. i.; Epist. i.

⁵⁷ St. Mark xi. 15; St. John ii. 14, 15.

⁵⁸ "At one time three thousand sheep were gathered in the porticoes" (*Talmud*).

one with Cæsar's inscription, the "denarius" or "penny."⁵⁹ When it is a question of trade, such as the buying of birds, the "dupondius," equal to the sum of two "asses," is mentioned.⁶⁰ Again, in the case of a day's wage, as in the Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, the penny, or denarius, is spoken of,⁶¹ which, according to Tacitus,⁶² was the usual price of a day's service at Rome. And so in other instances.

⁵⁹ St. Matt. xxii. 19—21; St. Mark xii. 15, 16.

⁶⁰ St. Luke xii. 6. "Make an agreement with."

⁶¹ St. Matt. xx. 1, 2.

⁶² *Annals*, i. 17.

(To be continued.)

An Englishman's Impressions of America.

NO. VII.—AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I THINK if I were asked to give an opinion respecting the future of any country, my first inquiry would be respecting the education of the young and the character of the schools in which they are taught. My second question would be about the nature of their popular literature, whether its tone is high or low, whether its tendencies are good or evil. From the teaching imparted at the schools I could arrive at a very probable judgment respecting the after career of those taught in them; from the literature most in demand I could gather the general standard of intelligence and morality prevalent among the young. If there are no special papers and magazines devoted to the instruction and amusement of boys and girls, I should conclude that education had not made much progress, and I should have to look elsewhere for a means of judging respecting the nation's future. If the juvenile literature was pure and healthy, I should have a good hope for generations to come. If, on the other hand, it were sensational and corrupt, I should be compelled to have the worst fears respecting the moral and religious tone to be expected in the future. In the same way, if there is an insufficient supply of schools in comparison to the population, I conclude that education has yet to be developed in the country; if the schools put religious teaching in the forefront, then I feel that the children will grow up faithful to the ancestral faith; if education is secular and religion is banished to Sundays and to home teaching, then I know that the younger generation is growing up to be godless men and women, whose attachment to their religion will be a very feeble one, even if it exists at all.

These principles I am going to apply to the United States. I do not profess to give any exact account of American education in general. I have not a sufficient knowledge of the subject to lay down the law respecting its excellencies and defects. I

am considering it only from one point of view. I am regarding it only so far as it affects religion and morality, and thus influences for good or for evil the history of the nation.

Every one has heard of the Public Schools of America, and Americans are proud of them and regard their system, and with some reason, as the best system of primary education in the world. Most readers of *THE MONTH* are aware that they are utterly different from those large Boarding Schools for the upper class which we call Public Schools in England. They correspond rather to the Board Schools in England, and to the National Schools in Ireland. They are supported out of the public funds. They give to all comers a thorough primary or elementary education. They are all free and there are no extras. The children are provided not only with gratuitous teaching, but with all the necessary *matériel*, with books, pens, ink, paper, compasses, &c. In the public schools rich and poor meet together, the son or daughter of banker, or lawyer, or physician, side by side with the child of labourers and of servants. There is no invidious distinction in free America between class and class, all are treated alike and fare alike. Rags and destitution are practically unknown in the States, and it is impossible not to admire the liberal spirit of equality which thus treats with equal consideration the children of rich and poor, of professional and business men, of those who are divided by a social gulf one from the other.

The teaching in these schools is, as far as I could judge, admirable so far as it goes. It differs considerably from the teaching given at board schools in England. There is more appeal to the senses, more education of eye and hand than in Great Britain. Drawing and modelling are very commonly if not universally taught; appreciation of beauty of form and colour enters more into the training of the children; the industrial and mechanical arts and the physical sciences play a more prominent part among the subjects of instruction. I must say that I think that in this respect American schools are very far in advance of our primary schools. With us the education of the masses is far too exclusively what its very name signifies, an *elementary* education—an education in the elements of literature and the elements of mathematics. It is the education of the higher classes stopping short at a certain point. When a boy or girl has learned what is absolutely essential to success in almost any employment or trade which may be adopted, the only advance

which a longer schooling implies is more literature and more mathematics, Latin, French, Algebra, and Euclid, and the result is that the child who is an advance of the average attainments, instead of being better suited for the work of an artisan or mechanic by a longer education, is filled with a foolish desire for a more genteel employment, and ambitious for the futile dignity of a clerkship, instead of the far more suitable and more remunerative work of a trade. Unfortunately, the occupation of a clerk leads to nothing, gives no opportunity for talent of a high order to develop itself, shuts off the hope of an independent position, does not give a fair chance to activity, energy, and the progressive faculties. But in America, where commerce has a more honourable position than in England, commercial success, and such success as a good workman is likely to attain, is far more the end and object of extra matter beyond the ordinary course than is the case in English schools.

There are, moreover, no Government examinations on which depends the amount of support given to the school. There is an inspector who comes round from time to time to see what the condition of the school is, and there is a leaving examination corresponding to the German *abiturienten-examen*, confined to the children of the first class. But of examinations which extend to the whole school, conducted by an inspector whose verdict determines whether each child shall receive the capitation grant allotted in England to the various Government standards, of these America knows nothing. I am not concerned in the present article with the respective advantages of the two systems, except so far as one or the other is successful in retaining the children at school until a more advanced age, and so more completely moulds their character and influences their future life. Now the school training of American children certainly lasts longer, on the average, than the school training of English children of the lower class, and is therefore a more important element in the life of the nation. For good or for evil the schools of America contribute a larger share than English schools in the formation of youth. I am not prepared with any exact statistics on the subject, but the results of the information I have gathered is that while the pupils of a board school or a national school rarely remain beyond the age of twelve or thirteen, the average is decidedly higher in America, and this in spite of the greater demand for labour and the greater precocity of youth in general intelligence and the capacity for independent action.

Very justly then is the American nation proud of its public school system. They reckon it the very best in the world, and I am not sure that they are wrong, looking at it merely from a material and worldly point of view. They do not attempt to claim the same superiority for their higher education. The work required of a graduate in honours at Harvard or Yale is not at all commensurate with that which is necessary for an equivalent distinction at Oxford or Cambridge. The best boys from Winchester or Rugby have a far better grasp of Greek and Latin than those educated at corresponding American Colleges. But in the training of the masses for practical every-day life, America is, I must confess, considerably in advance of most European nations. The system has been built up slowly and solidly. In some cities, indeed, it attempts too much. The acquirements of a clever girl of thirteen or fourteen, at one of the public schools of Boston, are enough to astonish the most zealous advocate of the higher education of women. It runs the danger of being showy rather than solid in its higher branches. It is accused of unfitting girls for household duties, and giving them a distaste for needlework and cookery and the drudgery required of a working man's wife. There may be some truth in the charge. I am not competent to express a decided opinion. But of this I have no doubt, that, as a system, it has a firm hold on the affections, sympathy, and convictions of the great mass of Americans. They regard it as approaching to an ideal excellence. It is sacred in the eyes of the people at large. No one can mix in the general society of intelligent men without recognizing the fact that it is turned around their hearts, and shares the affectionate devotion which the loyal American bears to the American Constitution and the American flag.

I am of course speaking of the non-Catholic portion of the community, of the various sects of Protestants, of the ever-increasing number of men who profess no dogmatic religion at all. The Catholic American, in spite of his veneration for American institutions and American ideas, must, in virtue of his Catholicity, put aside his love even for what is American, when it clashes with his supreme love for God, for Jesus Christ, for the Catholic Church; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he does not recognize a true but a false and an unreal patriotism in admiring any system, however essentially American, if it be opposed to the supreme law of Him whom to

disobey is to draw down upon the disobedient individual or community or nation a curse instead of a blessing. In the American school system he sees a system at variance with the Divine Law, and which therefore can never bring any solid or substantial benefit to the country, but, on the other hand, will introduce little by little elements of demoralization, decay, and death. Here it is that non-Catholics and Catholics are brought face to face in irreconcilable hostility. It is not that the Catholics object to the public school system for non-Catholics. It would be folly to do so. From a non-Catholic point of view it is perhaps the best thing possible, at all events for some generations to come. It is impossible that those who do not recognize the claims of the Church and the existence of the supernatural law should detect the mischief which must in the end be the necessary result of an education without God and without faith, without any of those safeguards for morality which are the exclusive property of the Christian and the Catholic. It would be unreasonable to expect that a Protestant, an Unitarian, or a Secularist should understand the paramount claim of religion to have a part in the education of the young. The Catholic must be content that non-Catholics should be brought up on that godless system which is the logical alternative of the Church's fostering care. But he is not content, he cannot be content, he must not be content, that his children too should be swept into the vortex, and exposed to what he regards as the ruinous influence of an education without God. Moreover, he is not content, and cannot be content, that he and his fellow-religionists should be taxed for the support of schools which they hate and detest, as inimical alike to religion and morality. He is not content and cannot be content that, while the public schools are supported with almost lavish generosity from the public purse, the denominational schools should be left to the precarious efforts of private charity, and thus placed at an incalculable disadvantage as compared with their secularist rivals. Here it is that there is a complete and an hopeless divergence of view, and despite the sincere desire of non-Catholic Americans to be fair and just to their Catholic fellow-citizens, the result of this divergence is, and seems likely to remain, that Catholic children are unjustly robbed of that Catholic training which is absolutely necessary if they are to grow up earnest and faithful children of Holy Church. It is not that Catholic children are forced into the public schools. They are perfectly free to attend Catholic

schools where such exist, and where the Government regulations are complied with. But the Catholic schools are at such a terrible disadvantage that, as a matter of fact, a large proportion of Catholic children are educated at public schools. I will briefly recite the reasons why this is necessarily the case.

There is a general principle from the influence of which no mortal man is free, and which makes an American citizen naturally and necessarily incline to the public schools as the place of education for his children. The fact that he is taxed for the support of these schools in order that his children may have a free education, gives him not only a right to make use of the gratuitous instruction afforded there, but a strong interest in doing so. He has paid for the schooling of his children when the tax-gatherer came round, and was compelled by law to do so. If he has the happiness of living in Boston, he knows that the average expenditure by the State Legislature for the education of each child at the public schools of Massachusetts is thirteen dollars twenty-one cents. If his place of residence is San Francisco, he knows that it is twenty-one dollars fifty-five cents, and in other States it is still more. A certain percentage of the millions of dollars expended on education comes out of his pocket, and he naturally desires to recoup himself for the money he has paid. The gratuitous instruction of his half-dozen children represents in Massachusetts some eighty dollars, in California some one hundred and thirty dollars annually. By sending his children to the public schools he has his money's worth for the compulsory taxation to which the liberal, if not the lavish, school expenditure has largely contributed.

These non-sectarian and secular State schools have an enormous advantage in many other ways over the private and denominational and Catholic schools. It is but human nature to be more generous in spending money which flows in of itself from the pockets of the public by legal enactment, than money which we ourselves have to collect year by year, often painfully and with difficulty, from the charity of individuals. Even supposing that the funds collected in each case are the same in any given year, yet the knowledge that an almost imperceptible addition to the State taxation will enable me to build a new school, or to provide the scholars with additional teachers, makes me very generous in introducing any improvement which my position enables me to suggest or to carry out. If a new classroom can be built by means of a representation to the education

department, I am not slow to represent the need. Those who have the control of the money know my laudable desire for the efficiency of the school in which I am interested, and make the grant without any hesitation, at my request. But if I am a priest and the new school means that I shall have to appeal to my congregation for funds, if I shall have to go round begging for more money, if I can only carry out the improvement required by an amount of personal exertion which is necessarily painful to myself, and which can attain its end only by an unfair strain on the generosity of those who have already been generous in the extreme, I am very slow in undertaking the work unless it be absolutely necessary.

In the daily expenditure it is just the same. At the public schools everything is gratuitous, and liberally gratuitous. Books are gratuitous, pens, ink, and paper are gratuitous, mathematical instruments are gratuitous. Not a cent has any parent to contribute to the various materials necessary for education. Everything is supplied from the State funds without stint or limit. But in a Catholic school the managers are often compelled, in these matters of personal expenditure, to require that books and pencils, pens, ink, and paper should be provided by the scholars themselves. The contrast between the liberal policy of the public school and the necessary economy of its denominational rival, tells very much in the eyes alike of children and of their parents, to the disadvantage of the latter.

I fear too that it cannot be denied that in many American cities the teaching of the public schools is better of its kind than that of any school founded by private charity. This is far from being always the case. I could mention Catholic schools in New York, Boston, Providence, Chicago, and other cities which are quite up to the average of the best public schools. But this cannot possibly be the case everywhere. A public school, with its magnificent building, its generous supply of public money, its teachers highly paid and chosen from the best pupils of normal schools and training colleges, starts with an enormous advantage. It has the superiority of numbers, of wealth, of social position. It has the certainty of never wanting for funds under any possible circumstances. It has the prestige of public authority at its back. The fact that it is a Government school gives its teachers a position that the teachers at a private school can never hope to attain. It numbers among its pupils the highest as well as the lowest, the sons or daughters of judges,

doctors, and lawyers, as well as of the mechanic and the artisan. It has everything in its favour as compared with the Catholic school. The numbers attending the latter are as a rule comparatively few, or at all events very much in a minority as compared with the flourishing public school hard by. The money for its support is collected only by the self-denying exertions of men who have their hands already full of other duties. The teachers cannot be paid at the same high rate as those at the public school, and lower pay means in general a lower degree of efficiency. The children all, or almost all, belong to the lower, not to say the lowest class, and though they are bright and intelligent, yet the absence of the refining element of those belonging to a higher social position is a decided disadvantage. Parents who are ambitious for their children's success in life, find out all this, and too often withdraw their children from the Catholic school in consequence. If the parents take no steps in the matter, the smart, precocious young American finds out for himself at a very early age where there is the highest standard of practical education, and one morning greets his mother with the remark that he does not "feel like" going to the Catholic school any longer; and those who are acquainted with the relations between parents and children in the States know too well that the mother has a poor chance of winning the day if the boy has set his mind on a change.¹

Another influence which tells in favour of the public schools is a general impression prevailing among the lower class of Government officials that they are expected, if not required, to send their children to the Government schools. In New York, for instance, a large number of the police are Irish, and I was told that nearly all of their children attend the public schools on account of the fear entertained by their parents that to send them elsewhere will act to their own disadvantage with the authorities. I believe the idea is a mistaken one, but it prevails nevertheless, and possibly here and there has some foundation

¹ A little boy of nine years old presented himself not long since at a large Catholic college in one of the American cities, and asked for the Prefect of Studies. When that official presented himself, the child informed him that he intended to study the Latin language, and would like to see the prospectus of the course of studies pursued at the college. It was handed to him with such explanations as were possible to such a youngster. He sat and read it for some time with a critical eye, and then quietly gave it back with the remark, "Don't feel like coming to your college. Good morning, sir," and off he went.

in fact. At all events, it adds to the prejudice against Catholic schools in many of the big cities.

All this tells against Catholic schools with almost fatal effect. But there is another point of disadvantage which I have not yet stated explicitly, and which is the centre of all the rest. Catholics are as a rule less wealthy than any other class in the States, and therefore need educational assistance for their children more than the rest. The average American could well afford to pay for the schooling of his children and to contribute towards the education of the poor besides. But the average American is a Protestant or Freethinker, and his children are well provided for in every respect according to his notions of sound education. But the Catholic American, if any, has need of State help for the training of his children. In the eastern cities, especially in New York and Boston and the other cities lying along the coast, the city arabs, the waifs and strays, are almost all the children of recent immigrants from Ireland or Germany. But instead of the Catholic population receiving any assistance for the Catholic education of their children, they are first of all compelled to pay the ordinary tax for providing secular and State education, which, however excellently suited to the wants of the population at large, is decidedly in advance of the requirements of the working class. After this they are taxed a second time for the support of Catholic schools, if their children are to receive a Catholic education. They are compelled to support the magnificent public school with its splendid buildings, well-paid teachers, attractive and ambitious programme, and its crowd of children belonging to the upper and middle as well as to the lower class, and then in addition to this they are asked to support out of their private purses the rival school which is set up to counteract its influence and neutralize its power of evil. This rival school has none of the external splendour and attractiveness of its secular competitor. It is a private, not a public school, and this very fact puts it at a disadvantage. In secular matters its standard of excellence is often quite inferior to that of its State-supported neighbour. It is not able to secure the services of the most efficient even of the Catholic teachers, on account of the higher salary that the public school is able to offer. The children are in many places comparatively few. They belong to a poorer class than those at the public school. The school is thus handicapped all round, and labours under a combined series of disadvantages against which the struggle seems almost hopeless one.

Yet there are Catholic schools, and those not a few, in the large cities of the States, which maintain a standard of high efficiency, and are not only formidable rivals of the public schools, but simply empty them of the Catholic children. In one of the parishes of Providence there is a splendid school for girls, which swept clear the public school, and if I remember right, led to its being closed altogether. The school in Fourteenth Street, New York, of which I spoke in a former article, has drawn into itself all the Catholic children of the neighbourhood except a dozen or so, and the zealous pastor of the parish has the happy consciousness that the souls of the children committed to his charge are almost without exception saved from the manifold dangers of godless education. A single parish in Chicago has over four thousand children in the parish schools. But these splendid results were attained only at the cost of an heroic energy and devotion, and imply, moreover, a power of organization and of raising large sums of money which can scarcely be expected of ordinary men. The question which we have to consider is whether, if we take the ordinary average of Catholic priests and Catholic laymen, we can fairly hope for the activity and zeal and wisdom necessary for placing the Catholic schools on so secure a footing that Catholics generally may be induced to desert for their secure shelter the manifold dangers of the public schools.

As a matter of fact, I believe that a majority of Catholic children in America at the present time attend public schools. There are many places where there are no Catholic schools within a convenient distance; there are others where the general opinion is in favour of the superiority of the teaching of the public schools. There are some where the poverty of the Catholic Church and the straitened means of its pastor make it impossible for him to incur the expense of building and supporting a Catholic school. Sometimes the pastor is himself, by some curious eccentricity of opinion, well inclined to the public school system, or at all events does not sufficiently appreciate its dangers to care to bestir himself very vigorously in opposition. In the public schools many of the teachers, especially the female teachers, are Catholics, and this affords a pretext to Catholic parents to send their children there. In some cities there is the prevalent impression that the social status of the children at the public schools is far higher than at the Catholic schools. These and other reasons mentioned above

have been so prejudicial to Catholic education in America, that one is inclined to ask whether there is any hope of the coming generation being trained in the principles of the Faith, or whether we must face the deteriorating influences which always accompany the resort of Catholic children to schools where no religion is taught, or where there is taught an "unsectarian religion," a mere feeble Deism, on the whole almost worse than no religion at all.

I need not remind my Catholic readers of the fatal effects on the interests of Catholicity which will infallibly result in the course of two or three generations, if the public schools swallow up our Catholic children in America. I tremble when I contemplate the unequal struggle, and when I remember that, in the natural course of things, the children educated at the public schools will grow up weak in faith, ignorant of their religion, unable to face the objections of the infidel, careless about the sacraments, unarmed against the manifold dangers that they must encounter in a Protestant country. It is a mere mockery to say that the parents ought to teach them their religion at their homes. What can be more absurd than to expect the mechanic or artisan to be the religious instructor of his little children when he comes home worn out by his day's labour? What can be more ridiculous than to expect their mother to undertake an office for which she has neither the time nor the talent? Even if the parents had the leisure, they would not have the necessary knowledge, and sometimes are on other grounds utterly incompetent for the task. At the Sunday school, even if the children can be persuaded to attend with regularity, comparatively little can be done. Faith is a delicate plant, and needs to be nourished day by day with unceasing care. You might as well expect a young child to be healthy and strong who was starved all the week through and had one hearty meal on Sundays.

But the poor children at the public schools are not merely starved all the week, but are unfortunately fed on poison or something very like it. There is no alternative in education between honouring God and dishonouring Him, between a religious and an irreligious education. A non-religious education is a contradiction in terms. Non-religious *instruction* is possible in many subjects, but instruction is not education. Education implies the training of the heart as well as of the head, of the will as well as of the intellect. Education can only proceed on a certain

definite basis—it must appeal either to mere natural or to supernatural motives—it must have a consistent theory if it is to be more than a jumble of truth and error, which is ineffectual because self-contradictory. It must either train the child with a view to this world or to the next—it must urge him to well-doing either on the inferior and baser motives of interest or necessity, or else on the nobler motives of love for God, of gratitude to Him, of reverential fear of His judgments, of all those sacred truths to which Christianity appeals with Divine persuasiveness. It cannot be indifferent to God, to the Divine law, to revealed religion, without teaching the child to despise that which ought to be the object of its intensest love and deepest reverence, and most absolute and lowly submission. In some subjects even instruction cannot be impartial. "He that is not with Me is against Me." In history it is impossible not to give a bias to the mind of a child one way or the other. Last autumn an order was sent to all the teachers in the schools of Rhode Island to say something about Martin Luther's tercentenary, about his greatness, his influence on the history of Europe, his work of enlightening mankind. It was impossible to do this consistently with a Catholic's conviction that Luther was a monster. A Catholic teacher indeed might, by a little ingenuity, paint Luther in his true light while nominally obeying the order given, but what must have been the effect on the Catholic children who heard the praises of Luther openly sung by their Protestant teacher? In imparting a knowledge of physical science, geology, &c., there are countless opportunities for shooting an arrow of scepticism into the childish mind if the teacher is inclined to do so. And if any moral teaching is to form part of the lessons taught, if any religion is to enter into the course of instruction given, how is this possible where neither teacher or taught are to admit any dogmatic religion or any ultimate basis of morality as exclusively true?

As a matter of fact no religious instruction worth the name is even attempted at the public schools. The superintendent of the New York schools has lately expressed his opinion that "the right of religious equality, guaranteed to all the people of the State, forbids the introduction of subjects on which the people of the State are divided," and consequently that there is no place for instruction in the system of which he has the administration. On this the Philadelphia *American* pertinently remarks that if the State is debarred from introducing the most

important of all topics and the most effective of all motives in the training of the young, then that training must devolve on some other body than the State.

The question at issue is whether there is any hope of the Church in America being sufficiently strong in the course of the next hundred years to take the education of her children out of the godless hands of the State. I have stated the difficulties which lie in the way, but I must not conclude without stating also the grounds of hope. But before doing so I must add one other source of danger over and above the public schools which threatens the faith of Catholic children in the United States.

Americans are proverbially generous, and scarcely a year passes without large sums of money being left for educational or other charitable purposes. A majority of the donors are men of wealth, who either have no religion at all, or that sort of religion which is called unsectarian. The result of this is the existence of a number of colleges and schools, refuges and homes, where religious teaching is practically non-existent. Thus in the magnificent and richly-endowed Girard College in Philadelphia there are the strictest enactments forbidding any definite religious instruction being given to the inmates. No minister of religion is even allowed to enter its precincts.² The poor boys educated there, twelve hundred in number, grow up in simple paganism. The morality of such a school can scarcely be anything but pagan or worse than pagan. The saddest part of it is that nearly half the inmates are the children of Catholic parents.

There is in New York, a reformatory for poor children, the City Refuge, where a similar state of things exists. It is not so utterly godless as Girard College, but the practical results are the same. It is in the hands of a Board of Managers, receives a grant from the State, and is partly supported by voluntary contributions. More than half the children are Catholics. Yet no Catholic priest visits it and his ministrations are allowed only in the case of dangerous sickness. It does not profess to be absolutely secular. It boasts a Chaplain, who informs the public that he "endeavours to present to the children only the great

² A story is told of a visitor presenting himself at the gate whose dress led the porter to take him for some sort of clergyman or minister. "Very sorry, sir, but no gentlemen of your profession are admitted to this College." The stranger lost his temper. "What the — do you mean?" was his angry rejoinder. The gate was at once thrown open, and the porter respectfully touched his cap. "Oh, excuse me, sir, I quite thought you were a minister of religion."

cardinal truths which are held in common by all religious denominations," by Episcopalians, Methodists, Unitarians, Jews, Deists, Swedenborgians, everything. The official report states the general character of the religious teaching imparted—

On Sundays the children attend services at chapel. Clergymen, of all Christian denominations, are welcomed by the managers, and while every effort is used to render the services simple, attractive, and impressive, no preference among religious doctrines is permitted. The children, in sickness, are attended by such clergymen as they desire. The Board of Managers, containing representatives of every Christian denomination, follows the example set by its predecessors, in carefully excluding any sectarian bias from the influences prevailing in the house. Their conscientious practice in this respect follows their fixed conviction that only complete religious freedom expresses the spirit of the law which confides to them the control of this charitable trust.

I mention this because it is a sample of the injustice which even in a free country like America, Catholics have to suffer under the name of religious liberty. I mention it, too, as a sample of the perils which beset American Catholicity. Of the hundreds of young Catholics who pass through the New York refuge, how many will retain their faith, to say nothing of their morals? When they become fathers and mothers is it likely that they will hand on to their children even the remnants of the religion which they were taught to regard as of no account in the unsectarian atmosphere of that home of liberty of conscience falsely so called? If on the one side of the Atlantic and in Canada Protestant bigotry manifests itself under the form of an aggressive Protestantism, on the other it assumes the still more dangerous form of utter godlessness veiling itself under the form of unsectarian religion.

But are we to give up as hopeless the task of a Catholic school system rivalling with success the now dominant system of the public schools? I hope by the mercy of God that the danger may be averted, though I cannot help mingling my hopes and prayers with many trembling apprehensions and fears. There are several hopeful signs, and though God only knows whether they point to a final triumph, yet they afford good reason for confidence and increased endeavours on the part of those who are fighting the battle of God in the field of education.

The growth of the organization of the Church within the

last fifty years is so magnificent that if the same onward march continues for half a century more, we may look for Catholic schools in every town throughout the States.

Hitherto, or at all events until the last few years, the growth of Catholicity in America has been in the teeth of the most depressing influences. Churches have been quite insufficient to the numbers of the people, priests and bishops more insufficient still, convents few and far between. All this has told on the education of children more than on any other work of the Church. It was the delicate young plants whose moral and religious health and strength were nipped by the chilling influences of the dominant Protestantism. The Church naturally came first and the school afterwards. The zealous pastor had enough and more than enough to do to keep together his flock, and to give such instruction as he could to the children in the Sunday afternoon catechism. It is no easy task in a struggling mission to undertake the building of a parish school with the State school hard by and already in possession. It required no ordinary courage to face the difficulties which such an enterprise involved. Zeal had to be tempered with prudence; funds had to be provided and the future expenses to be looked forward to.

But now, although in many a parish there is still the same difficulty, yet the task is a comparatively easy one in the large cities. There are laymen who have attained to wealth and influence, who are able and ready to help. There are Christian Brothers and Nuns of every kind ready to give their pious services when the school is built. Catholicity is every day more flourishing in the States, and I think its prosperity will tell more on the work of education than in any other direction. Besides this, the various sects, frightened at the progress of scepticism, conscious in their secret hearts that the Catholic Church affords a security for religious training that cannot be had elsewhere, are beginning more and more to cry out in favour of denominational and religious schools. This is especially the case with the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, both of them flourishing religious bodies. The necessity of eliminating *all* religious teaching from the public schools is beginning to alarm them, and I doubt whether the manifesto of General Grant against denominational education would find the same general favour now as it did when it was issued. In the coming struggle for the Presidentship, in which the Catholic vote seems likely to play a more prominent part than it ever did before, the claims

of religious education will, I hope, be recognized as an element in the contest. I hope we may soon witness a repetition of the application made some years back, though unsuccessfully, to the Government of the State of New York, for a grant in aid of voluntary schools. The present system which excludes all voluntary schools from any share in the public money is a flagrant violation of justice which I can scarcely understand in the freest country in the world.

I can understand that a certain standard of efficiency and compliance with Government regulations would be required, and justly required, as the condition of Government aid, but the almost prodigal expenditure on the godless public schools, side by side with the absolute refusal to give a cent in aid of denominational schools, can only be accounted for by the absolute incapacity of those who have not the Faith to understand its value or its preciousness in the sight of those who have the happiness to possess it. There is no Protestant country in the world where there is so complete a religious equality as in America, save only in respect of this method of education.

The fact is that the Americans worship their Public Schools with a devotion approaching to idolatry. They will discover one day that the false deity is ruining the bodies and the souls of their children, by the corruption of morals and the decay of faith, which their educational Moloch actively promotes. It is impossible to fix any time when we may expect that Catholics will be strong enough to wrest from those in authority a juster and fairer treatment. But I believe that sooner or later they will succeed in doing so. Meantime the Catholic schools must struggle on in the teeth of opposition, and of the difficulties which beset them, and we can only hope and pray that little by little they will prevail against the godless foe.

Breakspere.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE battle of Custoza had, as we have seen, influenced the plans of other personages in our story besides those who bore a part in the conflict itself. Not only was the Marchioness Pescara induced to leave the shores of Lake Garda, but Mr. Parr was decided to abandon the tour in Italy, which at its outset had proved so adventurous, and yielding to his wife's alarmed entreaties, to turn his steps northwards on taking leave of his courteous hosts at Villa Pescara. Whilst lingering in Paris he received letters containing certain financial news which disquieted him not a little, and obliged him to hasten the return of his party to England, where we shall find them again some time later, if we ascend the lofty flight of steps leading to the imposing portal of Premium House.

Mr. Parr is in the library waiting for Beatrice, whom he has just sent for. He looks grave and anxious, and when Beatrice comes in he motions her to sit down without a word. Poor girl, she augured no good from this summons to speak with her father, and entered with a downcast and almost timid air. Mr. Parr drew a chair near her and began. He was very fond and very proud of his daughter—perhaps more proud than fond—but his mind was too full of care and ambitious schemes to note her pallor and dejection.

"I want to speak to you, my dear, on very important business."

She knew too well its import.

"You are aware that our fortune is very large,"—this was uttered in a pompous tone—"and that money is a power, a great power."

She knew it was slavery sometimes, but she did not say so.

"It is a duty not only to accumulate it, but also to add to this power in every honourable way."

The bank oracle was silent to leave time for his words to produce effect.

"To this end, my love, I have always considered it right that you should be guided by prudential and honourable motives in forming a matrimonial alliance." Another pause. "You see, my love, it is our duty to build up our house into the highest walks. We may aspire to almost any position, to unbounded landed influence, to a seat in the Cabinet, to the peerage, for gold in our day unlocks everything, and now we have a chance of doubling our property and of attaining the highest position ; you are the instrument that can effect all this. But you can do more," he laid his heavy hand on her's, "you can be of still greater use because just now there is a very severe strain upon me and this alliance with Sir Walter would give me time to recover, and thus avoid disaster and prevent any public exposure."

She sat motionless and speechless by his side. He did not seem to seek an answer and went on with his lecture.

"But you have no sacrifice to make, no cherished wish or whim to put aside—the reverse of all this—you can gratify a young lady's fondest hopes and pride, and can also save the honour of our name. You will have a handsome husband devoted to you, a man of wealth and position, and I what I have longed for, a son who will relieve me from cares almost too burdensome for me."

Her face was very pale as she said : "I never wished to marry."

"Pooh ! pooh ! I know all your little fancies," he said, attempting to pat her on the head, like a spoiled child ; "you had a notion that all young men sought you for your money—a very good argument in its way—and Lady Mary stuffed your head with nonsense about romance and chivalry and unselfish love, and all that sort of thing. But take an experienced man's view of life, and believe me there is no such thing as chivalry and unselfish love. Self in some refined or grosser form, is at the bottom of all our actions, and Bentham's is the true philosophy. I verily believe our young friend, Sir Walter, is as unselfish as human nature can be. Why, didn't he save your life at the risk of his own ? And now again his large means, which would command the hand of almost any girl in England, he still lays at your feet."

"O papa, you know I care not for fortune, and do not for my sake regret any loss you may have had."

"Now this is nonsense, Beatrice, the pettishness of a wayward child. It is my duty to insist upon this step. Why gratitude alone to him——"

"Would that have moved you papa, when he had not any fortune?"

"I have not time to argue, foolish child. I am a practical man, and I tell you it is a capital match and I insist."

"O papa! give me a little respite. Let me go down for a month to 'The Cottage.'"

"What, to Hinchinbrook! to be tutored into disobedience by that antiquated old spinster? That is likely. No, you must make up your mind to marry him, and that immediately. In short I want money."

"Oh, dear father! let me stay at home a little longer," she clasped her hands as she uttered this entreaty.

"My child, you know how dear you are to me, but would you have me ruined for your whims? Rather than have myself and you all disgraced I would blow my brains out."

"Then do as you will with me, Father," Beatrice almost gasped out. She looked so pale that he thought she was going to faint, and a pang shot across the proud man's heart, as he thought perhaps after all he was sacrificing his darling's whole future to the golden image he had worshipped with a lifelong devotion. But he speedily shook off such unpractical weakness, and kissing Beatrice, dismissed her for the present. Yes, it was evident that Bentham was right; in the humanity of his world there is no other motive beside self.

In the meanwhile two elderly ladies are sitting in Mrs. Parr's morning room, which is overloaded like the rest of the mansion with gilding and bad taste. One of these ladies is fat, ruddy, and self-complacent, the other thin, pale, and intelligent-looking. They are contrasts in appearance, and only marriage connections.

"Upon what do you ground your evident dislike to this young man?" asked Mrs. Parr, bluntly.

"Does she love him?" rejoined Lady Mary Hinchinbrook, who was sister to the first Mrs. Parr, keenly glancing at her interlocutor over her knitting.

"How could she not love him, when he saved her life at the risk of his own?"

"And you believe he did?" The old gentlewoman seemed very incredulous.

"There is no possibility to doubt it. Besides is it not ungenerous to dislike this young man without reason, and I must say you have none? I think *you* ought to feel the value of a wealthy connection."

A flush came over Lady Mary's face. "At least you will acknowledge, Mrs. Parr," she rejoined, "that if my own income is very small, I have never been a burden on those who are richer than myself, or sought to connect myself with them from mercenary motives."

"For my part," continued Mrs. Parr, without heeding the remark, "I think Beatrice is a most lucky girl. Here she is sole heiress of the house of Parr, and instead of her money being thrown away to patch up some broken fortune, as is so often the case now-a-days, she is going to double the property by marrying the most rising young man of the day, who has just inherited a colossal fortune from his uncle, Mr. Samuel Breakspere, himself received the honour of knighthood, and is now about to enter Parliament. In fact with his talent and wealth he may aspire to anything."

The aristocratic lady drew herself up, and there was a slight curl of scorn on her lip as she replied:

"The privilege and honour is certainly great, to be wedded to this very knightly gentleman."

"Why you are always extolling those times of knighthood," retorted Mrs. Parr, nettled by the tone of superiority the other assumed.

"Yes, indeed, I do stand up for real knighthood, but not the cheap titles so liberally bestowed in the present time. The knights I value were men, not shams, their treasure was their honour and not their money bags, they esteemed women for what they were in themselves, and not from sordid and interested motives; they strove to shine and win their way by valour and by virtue, not by tricks of trade and strokes of smartness, and those, too, not always of the most creditable kind."

"Well, madam," said Mrs. Parr, "rising and speaking in a ruffled tone, "we all know you can be very rude."

Lady Mary gave her head a sorrowful shake. "I am old and old-fashioned," she said, "and shall soon return to my country home. It is of my poor niece I think, of whom you will make a victim—she is doomed to be unhappy."

"I have no such anticipation, and I must request you will not do so very wrong as to put these ideas into her head. It is by her father's wish this marriage is concluded."

"Well, as all these arrangements have been made without consulting me, her mother's sister, I hope it will be for her happiness; but if I had been allowed a voice in the matter, I should have wished the engagement to be deferred till Beatrice was quite assured that it would be for her happiness, and had become rather better acquainted with the character of this Sir Walter Cummins. You know there is an old saying: Marry in haste and repent at your leisure."

"This cannot be termed a hasty marriage, Lady Mary," retorted Mrs. Parr, with all the dignity she was capable of assuming; "it is advantageous in every respect, in *every* respect, though I am aware you have had no part in bringing it about."

Here Beatrice entered, and Mrs. Parr bustled out of the room in what she herself would have termed a "huff."

Lady Mary pressed Beatrice in her arms. "My sweet child, you don't look well, London air and London hours kill the roses in your cheeks."

A sigh was the girl's only answer.

"Would you like to come to me for a little quiet and change?"

"Like it? I should indeed, dear aunt, above all things. You know how fond I am of the country, and how I hate all the artifice and pretension of everything here. What a miserable thing it is to be an heiress!"

"You are your mother's child, after all, dear Beatrice, and I daresay the friends you met with abroad taught you that there are distinctions more to be coveted than those of mere wealth. But now tell me about your present prospects, and this marriage upon which your parents seem to have set their heart."

"You know, aunt, that Walter preserved my life, so that I owe him a debt of gratitude to begin with. Then my father has always encouraged him very much . . . and I really have no definite reason for refusing to marry him."

"Except that you feel no possible affection for the man to whom you are going to entrust the happiness of your life, is not that it, Beatrice?"

"He has always seemed very fond of me, and anxious to secure my hand—and I know nothing against him."

"Is he quite in earnest?" pursued her aunt; "I always

thought there was something false about him, so different to that other son of Mr. Breakspere, though people did say he broke his poor father's heart by his disgraceful doings."

Beatrice turned scarlet, and looked out of the window. But she controlled her voice as she replied :

"I am young, dear aunt, and my penetration may be at fault, but he is apparently thoroughly sincere and attached to me."

"Is it not perhaps to your fortune or prospects?"

"I too, thought so once, and classed him with the multitude of mercenary men, who play with the holiest affections and ties as they play with stocks and funds. He was then poor, but since he has risen to fortune and position the case is changed ; I think, yes, I think, I can trust him."

"You only *think*? Does this promise the confidence and affection there ought to be between husband and wife?"

"No, it is not enough, but there is something more. I love my father." . . .

"And he loves you, child, fondly, and would never let you throw yourself away."

"Never! Nor would I let him sink into disgrace, if my life would save him.' I must tell you my father is in a measure compromised, and his name and credit depend upon my marriage not being deferred."

Some minutes elapsed before either spoke. At length the elder lady, opening her arms, said, fondly : "Beatrice, you did not tell me this before."

The poor child threw herself into her aunt's arms and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. Presently she looked up, and smiled through her tears : "I cannot tell you more," she said, "many motives compel me to yield to my father's wish. Besides, have not you yourself taught me that there are higher and better things than earthly prosperity and mere enjoyment ; that true happiness is found in self-sacrifice, and real peace in the path of duty?"

Lady Mary was very much astonished at what she heard. Could this be Beatrice, over whom she had often wept as being heartless and worldly, as having imbibed the arrogance of her father, the vulgar pride of her step-mother? Where had she learnt sentiments so superior, views so virtuous? And was it possible that the fortunes of the city magnate, whose wealth seemed unbounded, were really in so precarious a position?

Ere she could speak again, Mr. Parr entered the room. His expression was careworn, she thought, but he assumed an air of joviality as he advanced to shake hands. "Well, aunt, you have heard all the news, eh?" he asked. "You must come and help this young lady to choose her trousseau. Everything of the very best money can purchase, you know. Beatrice, Sir Walter is coming to take you out riding, the horses will be round directly, so run and put on your habit."

Lady Mary had risen to take leave, and Mr. Parr followed her to the door, speaking in a semi-whisper, intended to be confidential: "Very excellent match this," he said, "most satisfactory in every way. Capital thing for my girl, Sir Walter has just come into a fine fortune. Quite the gentleman he is too, and a most respectable, well-principled young man, not like that half-brother of his, the young scamp we saw tricked out in Austrian toggerie, worse luck to him. He got me out of a sorry fix, so I was bound to hold my tongue, else I could have asked him a few questions he might have found it awkward to answer. But he got his deserts, I hear, in the battle of Custoza. You won't stay to lunch? Well, good-bye."

Beatrice was going upstairs, and she caught the last words. Her heart seemed to stand still, as she thought of the handsome, gallant, young soldier, who had looked at her with such pleading eyes, and borne her repulses with such generous patience, laid low amongst the dead and dying. Was it, could it be true? She would write to Gertrude von Stahremberg, and learn if it were really so. And as she rode in the Park her thoughts wandered back to that evening at the Villa, when Christopher and Max had ridden away to the battle, and she had been so cold and unkind. Bitterly she regretted her foolish pride. "Is it possible," she asked herself, "that one so frank, so manly, so affectionate, could have been so wicked, could have robbed his own father?" Then, as she turned to the accepted lover at her side, she noticed a look of sinister cunning in his dark eyes that she had never observed before, and involuntarily she drew a mental contrast between him and his half-brother, not wholly, we fear, to the advantage of her affianced husband.

Although that affianced husband enjoyed the favour of fortune to the full, the success of his schemes did not seem to sweeten his temper. When he went home to dinner that evening, he was in no very pleasant mood, and though he laughed and joked with some city gentlemen who of late had

been frequent and willing guests at his well-spread table, yet when they were gone, and he went upstairs to his drawing-room where his mother, Mrs. Breakspere, was sitting, his countenance wore an ominous frown.

Mrs. Breakspere now occupied a grand house in one of the most fashionable squares in London, having left the suburban villa which Mr. Breakspere had purchased, immediately upon the accession of wealth which had come to her son through Mr. Samuel Breakspere's death. This fortune, as she continually reminded Walter, would never have been his had not she married the brother of the millionaire, and therefore she insisted on sharing the advantages that fortune procured. Besides, had not she suggested to Walter how he might supplant Christopher, and craftily obtain the inheritance destined for him? Had she not consented—for Walter's sake—that her husband should be temporarily immured within the gloomy walls of Crazybank? Had she not endured a martyrdom of alarm and anxiety when she heard that asylum was burnt down? Had she not, solely to please her son, abandoned her favourite preachers at the Tabernacle, in order to attend Matins and Evensong at a Ritualistic church? Could maternal love do more? And was this devotion to be rewarded with cross looks and disdainful words?

"You are flushed to-night, Walter," she said, "how hot you look!"

"Oh, do I? I suppose I am a blushing bridegroom, flushed with success."

"Is all settled at Premium House, then? I am so glad. Beatrice is a sweet girl."

"I have had sweet news to-day. That villain Fuggles has been at the office, threatening me with exposure. He says Mr. Breakspere was not at Crazybank at the time of the fire; I believe he got him out himself, and has him in hiding somewhere in Clapham. Devilish unpleasant for me! It all comes of your obstinacy in not letting me send Mr. Breakspere out of the country."

"Why, Walter, you said Crazybank was such a safe place. But what did you say to Fuggles?"

"Say? I had to do more than *say*, I had to *pay*, and pay largely, to make him hold his accursed tongue, and keep the old man out of the way till after my marriage. You can have him all to yourself then, for I shall not want your company any more."

Mrs. Breakspere was accustomed to ungenerous taunts and did not retort. Not the least disgusted with her son's utter selfishness, she busied herself with making plans for his future comfort.

"You will make a wedding tour after your marriage, Walter?"

"Yes, hang it."

"And you will want servants, I suppose?"

"Probably."

"I have such a good thought. You might take with you the people who were at Crazybank; Churchyard, I mean, he is a most trusty servant, silent as the grave; and Mrs. Brainerd too. She was once a lady's maid."

Walter stared in blank astonishment. "Whatever put such an idea into your head, Mother?" he asked.

"Why, you see, you might grow tired of your wife after a time, and want some one trustworthy to look after her, and they understand the business of keepers very well."

Walter Cummins was forced to own within himself that his mother's talents in roguery far surpassed his own. Bad as he was, he felt that but for her he would not have gone such lengths, and for a moment he almost revolted from the Mephistopheles at his side, always suggesting some evil. But he only replied, "Well, you can see about that. There's no great hurry, and I have been bothered quite enough for one day."

So saying, he walked out of the room, leaving Mrs. Breakspere to weave in solitude her discreditable, if not criminal schemes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEATRICE wrote to Gertrude, but she received no answer, for the country was in an unsettled state, the Villa Pescara was deserted, and the letter never reached its destination. Moreover, the delay consequent on the accident at the Splugen Pass, had had the effect of materially altering the Marchioness' plans. Instead of proceeding at once to her Austrian estate, she determined to see what the waters of some German bath would do to restore her own shattered health, and expedite the cure of her sick guest.

In a basin watered by many sparkling streams, supplied

by the surrounding limestone ridges, clothed with dark Tannenwälder, and a lighter drapery of deciduous trees, lies the little town of Rehbrunnen, which has surprised Europe by springing to life after the sleep of ages in the thickest shades of the Heidenwald.

It had indeed been obscurely hinted in past times that treasures were contained in its waters, and the primitive peasantry of the uplands round about had gone to drink and bathe in these waters to get rid of their rheumatism and skin diseases. But the real life of Rehbrunnen was evoked by the magic wand of a young German professor, who in the early half of the nineteenth century, roving about the Heidenwald, hammer and herborium in hand, found himself suddenly in this *terra incognita*. Charmed with the scenery and the simplicity of the people, our professor took up his abode in the place, and while exploring its precincts, ascertained that it had mineral springs of considerable virtue. The beauty of the site added to the attractions of the place, and eventually bright Anlagen were planted, a *kur-saal* opened, ball-rooms, and stately hotels erected; the place became fashionable and frivolous, though a corner of the old primitive life was still left in the village.

The waters had much renown for the cure of gun-shot wounds, and here, after the short but fierce campaign in which our hero had taken part, many wounded officers repaired, who were to be seen limping about with crutches and well-banded heads. There were also a few British visitors in the place, and among the number our old friends, Dr. and Miss Bogue, who had taken up their abode, not in a fashionable hotel, but at the quiet, clean, old-fashioned *Gasthaus zum Löwe*.

Dr. Bogue's long and mysterious illness in England had left him in a state of general debility, and since his arrival at Rehbrunnen, he had experienced considerable benefit from change of scene, from the fine upland air, from the use of the waters, and, above all, from the judicious advice of our excellent old acquaintance, Dr. Franck, who belonged to the place. Another distinguished arrival had recently taken place, and on a bright morning at the close of October, two gentlemen might be seen to issue from the stately Germanischer Hof, escorting a lady, and proceeding on foot at a slow pace through the Anlagen, to a gently rising path that led through a succession of plantations, presenting bright and

picturesque views over the valley. The *Philosophen-Gang*, as the path was called, was a charming walk, inviting to repose and reverie, presenting many rustic arbours and seats, within earshot of running waters, in view of vistas of fine scenery and vineyards still bright with fast-fading autumnal tints. Occasionally, on a conspicuous point, commanding a fine prospect, stood one of those quaint kiosks and pavilions that enliven the hill-sides, in chosen haunts, about the Rhine-land.

All was soothing and sweet in the scene and its surroundings. No poisonous carbon blackened the purity of the air, no discordant screech of machinery deafened the ear. Occasionally the distant tones of a well-appointed German band reached the listener from the gardens, and the murmur of the little river below kept up a monotonous but most harmonious accompaniment.

The lady and the two gentlemen, one of whom seemed weak and suffering, and leant for support on his friend, proceeded up the path by a slow ascent, broken by many halts, apparently to give breathing-time to the invalid, until they reached a point where the road widened to a kind of terrace, shaded by a fine group of aged Linden-trees, and overlooking the valley and the woodlands. The three stopped here by common consent, and sat down to rest upon one of the benches. Both the gentlemen had the look and carriage of military men, though they were in plain clothes, and the lady had that unmistakeable air and bearing which generally proclaims high breeding and noble birth. For a time all remained silent, but at length the lady, in sweet and plaintive accents, made some remarks on the beauty of the scene.

"Very different from Italy, yet very charming," the sufferer answered languidly; "I like these German woodlands, but nothing will ever in my mind equal Villa Pescara."

Gertrude looked at him with her deep thoughtful eyes, in which a tear seemed for a minute to glisten, but she said nothing. Max was looking away down the valley, but a quiver passed over his frame at the name of Pescara.

"I wish there were a modern Lethe to steep our past in oblivion." Poor Max! There was not the old merry ring in his voice, and his looks were dejected. "I will take a stroll through the woods while you rest," he added.

"It is best so; let him go," whispered Gertrude, as her brother bent his steps towards the higher ground; then after

a pause she added, "I wonder why he wants a Lethe's stream; there is some mystery, poor Max is so changed."

She looked at Breakspere, but he to whom the dreadful past was known, had to lock up the secrets of his memory in the closest keeping. He avoided meeting her eyes, and only sighed.

"Life is full of trouble," she went on to say, "except for the very young, to whom the mere act of living is in itself a pleasure. Every one has his own griefs, either secret or open; and if there are some who enjoy immunity from trouble, unless they are very indifferent and hard-hearted even they must confess—

The sorrow of others casts its shadow over me.

What sorrow my dear aunt has seen! She is not old, but her life will not be long. This grief about poor Lorenzo, and the uncertainty as to his fate, is eating out her heart. Then Max is so strange and unsettled now—any day he may leave us. You know I am an orphan: my parents died within three months of each other—that was my first trouble. I used to think I would go into religion, but my aunt wanted me to live with her, and for some years I was very happy. At one time I imagined Providence destined my lot to be linked with that of another——"

She stopped abruptly, her eyes full of tears. Christopher was pleased by this confidence on her part. "Poor Gaston!" he mentally ejaculated, "if you had lived, your love would not have been hopeless. What a prize would have been yours!" And as he gazed at his companion, a feeling of regret stole over him that his invalided condition and disparity of fortune precluded him from offering her the homage of his heart, and entreating her to allow him to take the place of the lover she had lost. But even had his circumstances been different, could he let his admiration for and sympathy with this noble Austrian render him unfaithful to his early love, to the English girl whose pride indeed repelled him, but whose beauty still held him spell-bound?

He was painfully divided between two powerfully contending emotions, for frequent intercourse with this privileged nature had awakened the strongest sympathy for her in his heart. She saw a struggle in his mind, and, referring it to his past disappointments, she added: "You have better things in store and much sunshine after recent darkness; while there is life there is hope. For me there is no comfort left."

"Cannot true, strong friendship supply some comfort?" he said, looking appealingly at her with his kind blue eyes.

She turned upon him a face pale but beautiful for its extreme tenderness and purity of thought and feeling. "Oh, yes! Friendship is a great and glorious thing, though so rare in our day. It may be even exalted into a noble passion, and then it becomes sublime, divine, for it is the only affection quite free from self. True friendship is certainly a lessener of sorrow."

"Ah," he exclaimed, touching her hand, "such friendship may still exist; try to make me worthy to be your friend, and feel that my poor sympathy is some mitigation to your distress."

She looked at him with gratitude, and a slight but most lovely smile lighted up her charming face. She said nothing, but he felt that she valued his sympathy, and this consciousness thrilled him with delight. He did not analyze his feelings, but the struggles we have mentioned before waxed fiercer within him.

Meanwhile Max, unconscious of all save his dreadful memories, wandered up the path, lost to the lovely scenery about him. He had reached a little dell overhung with a thick growth of trees and by the frowning walls of an old Burg, and was walking slowly on with his eyes bent on the ground, when a turn in the path brought him unexpectedly almost face to face with a lady, escorted by two or three gentlemen.

She too was walking alone, some distance in advance of her companions, and though attired in a plain walking costume, there was an air and look of command about her that almost challenged homage. She had well-cut features and a fine figure, and there was about her face and bearing that queenly air which, when combined with feminine grace, gives an unusual charm to the rare individuals possessing it. Her companions appeared to treat her with great respect, and it was evident that she was some lady of high position.

Max drew courteously aside to let her pass, lifting his hat as he did so. She inclined her head with a graceful salute, and as her eyes rested on him in passing, a gleam of half-recognition seemed to light them up. She appeared disposed to pause, but on second thoughts went on her way.

Max too seemed to recognize her, and in the confusion of his mind was trying painfully to recall scenes and persons who

came back on his memory like the unsubstantial figures of a distant dream, when a step was heard behind him, and a man of middle age, grave appearance, and Southern type, accosted him.

"Pardon, sir," he said in French, with an Italian accent, "her Majesty bids me demand your name, and if she is not mistaken, your presence."

Max was not one whom the notice of royalty could either abash or electrify. But his very nature was chivalry, and any noble lady's wish would have been law to him. So he turned courteously to the stranger, and replied :

"I am Max von Stahremberg, of the Austrian Lancers, and entirely at her Majesty's command," and as he turned back, he added : "May I ask the name and title of the royal lady, who has been good enough to notice me ?"

"The Queen of Calabria," replied the stranger. "She thinks you were once a distinguished champion of her rights."

At these words the past came back suddenly and fully to the memory of Max.

"Her Majesty does me too much honour. I only did my little part to save a cause and throne, most unjustly betrayed."

The Italian bowed, then adding : "Permit me to proceed and announce you," he conveyed the message to the Queen, who was waiting for them.

As Max approached all his chivalry and admiration were roused again, and if possible redoubled by seeing her in a reduced and dependant position. He bowed low and waited respectfully to hear her bidding. She, too, bowed, and then, holding out her hand, said : "Allow me to greet and once again to thank a faithful friend and true champion. I have not forgotten Otranto."

Max bent low over her hand, and raised it to his lips.

"It was poor service, Madam, and availed little. Would it had effected more !"

"Herr von Stahremberg, if all had done as you I should not be here. Treason had eaten deep into the heart of Italy. I have little hope for that country now that Germany abets it and Austria is silenced ; we must look to higher sources of hope."

She spoke calmly ; her resignation touched the heart of the young Austrian.

"Would that the time might come when my sword could once again be laid at your Majesty's feet."

"And so it will be; not yet, perhaps, but the enemies of right and legitimate rule have yet to suffer, and if some day Suabia strikes at them, you can join her hosts and follow her banner on the road to victory."

She spoke as one inspired, and her eye kindled with a noble enthusiasm as she looked into the future.

"It shall be so; I swear it." The words escaped him almost unconsciously as his mind was ruled and swayed by the imperial presence and grace of that heroic nature.

"I will tell you more another time and give you audience at my hotel. You will leave your address with my suite. I must know more of the war. I have heard you were a hero at Custozza."

He turned deadly pale, and she looked anxiously, almost fondly, upon him.

"You were not wounded?" she inquired.

"Not so, your Majesty," he faltered, "but war is very terrible."

She looked inquiringly at him, but seeing no signs of weakness in his manly face, she said: "More terrible is a weakly truckling to oppression and injustice."

"I am the last to do that," he spoke proudly, adding in a softer tone: "Your Majesty's commands are laws to me. I am at your bidding."

She passed on, Max bowed low, and as she went the sunshine seemed again to leave his life. But the impression made by this noble Queen had a most happy influence on his distracted mind, and helped to mitigate the pangs of his remorse, so that when he came back to Breakspere and Gertrude, they were surprised to notice the brighter look and more cheerful tone of one, for whom they had of late entertained serious apprehensions.

Yet when the gallant Austrian saw the languid drooping looks of his sister, and the lines of suffering on her face, and when the fact came back in all its force that he, her brother, was the cause of this change, through his reckless conduct on the field of Custozza, his enthusiasm for the cause of a wronged and persecuted Queen, seemed almost a dereliction of duty to his sorrowful and self-sacrificing sister.

Reviews.

I.—OCCASIONAL SERMONS.¹

THESE remains of Dr. Conroy form a worthy monument to a great Bishop, who, to speak in our human way, was too soon snatched away from his useful labours. As the title will suggest, the book presents a miscellaneous collection of subjects, which, however, bore the unity of a common religious purpose. Out of the number of topics we select, to illustrate the writer's manner, an Essay on Dangerous Reading.

The catch-word "Liberty" has been so taken up and uttered from mouth to mouth, that it is hard, in its worst abuses, to say anything against it that shall obtain a hearing. And of all liberties that of free printing and of free reading is most extolled by a certain class, who profess to see here the highest mark of an intelligent race; while, as a matter of fact, it is sad lack of intelligence not to perceive how few are fitted to go by their own lights in the matter of writing and reading. Licence, however, has won the victory and now prevails, as well in our own country as abroad.

An evil so crying as this, and fraught with such consequences to the religious and social condition of our country, imperatively demands a remedy. It is not in our power to propose a remedy which should meet all the exigencies of the case; but, at least, we can remind Catholic readers of what their duty requires from them in this matter. We say to them, therefore, that they are not free to roam at will through the world of books, reading whatever they please, no matter how pernicious to their faith or morals; but, on the contrary, they are bound to subject their reading to a wholesome discipline, steadfastly refusing to themselves and to those under their charge, not only such books as are positively hurtful, but even such as are dangerous (p. 339).

In support of some restraint being put upon the perusal of books the Bishop appeals to pagan practice, and to the Jewish rule of holding back certain portions of Scripture from

¹ *Occasional Sermons, Addresses, and Essays.* By the Right Rev. George Conroy, D.D. late Bishop of Ardagh. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1884.

the perusal of those who had not reached a sufficiently mature age.

The early Christians were still more remarkable for the caution with which they avoided dangerous books. Of this we have a notable example recorded in the Acts of the Apostles (xix. 19), how many of those who had followed curious things, brought all their books together, and burnt them before all ; and so many or so valuable were the bad books thus consumed that, the price of them being computed, the money was found to be fifty thousand pieces of silver. Nor did this spirit decay as time progressed. When heretics were converted to the faith they were not received into the Church except upon the condition of giving publicly to the flames suspected books of which they were in possession. The General Council (second) of Constantinople, and the General Council (second) of Nice, issued one common anathema against heretics and their books (p. 340).

The Church, continuing as she began, has consistently legislated throughout the centuries against the spread of free thought. Her principle will be admitted by some, who, however, so blinding is the force of self-love, will not see that in their own case any restriction is necessary. These persons, therefore, Dr. Conroy warns of their danger, which is all the greater because objections are proverbially so much more easily started than set at rest, and because the poison may be drunk in so gradually and so unconsciously from the mere reiteration of false maxims. The victim often does not know how completely he is severing his faith from its reasonable basis, till severe temptation comes, in the sensual often rather than in the intellectual order ; and then passion triumphs, and belief is gone. To run even the risk of such a misfortune is wrong.

Faith, no doubt, is a gift of God ; but God exacts from us for its preservation a faithful correspondence on our part. Who can tell how far he may go without endangering that precious gift ? Woe to us if by rash curiosity to know what may be urged against the doctrines of the Church, or by imprudent dallying with difficulties which we are not prepared to meet, we imperil our secure possession of that priceless blessing which ought to be dearer to us than life (p. 343).

An excellent answer is given to the excuse that one ought to read the irreligious books of the day in order to be a match for the enemy. The reply is that the mere reading of the false view will not teach the right. An adequate understanding of what is to be said on both sides of the question is, under a limitation presently to be stated, proper enough in some who

have the capacity, the time, and the patient industry to master the subject all round. But how small is this class? How much easier is it, for instance, to read a book like *Supernatural Religion*, and gather thence a vague suspicion that revelation is doubtful, than to follow the author into all his alleged facts and his inferences and to judge each point on its own merits? Not without justice does Dr. Conroy express a fear that "the desire to know both sides of the question in practice becomes little else than an excuse for reading remarkable works written to advocate what is false."

We must now put in the limitation which above we promised to supply. The faith of Catholics does not stand in the ordinary position of those subjects on which arguments for and against may be handled without danger to truth, provided the manipulator be simply a man of intelligence and candour.

Even if you were willing to carry out conscientiously this rule of reading books on both sides the danger attending it would forbid its use, save under exceptional circumstances. To be for ever receiving impressions unfavourable to the Church; to be constantly reading false statements of fact concerning her doctrines and her acts; to witness the incessant sneers and derision with which her holiest things are received; to bring one's self to listen to daily charges against her as being in opposition to all that is free and generous in the modern world, and yet not to bear away any injury, is altogether morally impossible. *Gutta cavat lapidem*. It is vain to quote your past experience; how the freshness of your faith has never faded; and how whilst, as you admit, thousands fell around you on the right hand and on the left, the evil came not near unto you. The soul is not always conscious of the wounds she receives in this struggle; it is only when trial and temptation come on, and when she has to exert her best strength to repel them, that she finds to her cost how, like Samson, she has been robbed of her vigour while she slept (p. 344).

So far as to dangers in respect of faith. But there are other dangers that directly affect morals, and these dangers, as coming from the literature of the day, are pointed out by Dr. Conroy. Even when the book is not positively vicious, it may have a demoralizing tendency by over-exciting or abnormally developing the imagination, and by weakening the power of serious thought. Understanding and will have to be fed like nerve and muscle, and the food should in both cases be substantial, though a subordinate portion may helpfully be of a less substantial character.

Another Essay bears on a subject closely allied to reading,

namely, The Right to Educate : to Whom does it Belong ? To parents, in the first place, replies the Bishop. But parents must remember, if Catholics, that by Baptism both they and their children are subject to a Church which is the divinely appointed guide in all religious truth, and in secular truth so far as this is bound up with the integrity of religious truth. But the Church looks to see whether the baptismal contract has been entered into, before she proceeds to act on the rights thence claimed by her.

In the thirteenth century, when the temporal power and influence of the Popes was at their highest, when the brightest diadems in Europe paled before the glory of the tiara, when Innocent the Third, and Gregory the Seventh, and Boniface the Eighth, ruled the world from the chair of St. Peter, it was proposed by some that the infant children of Mahometans and Jews should be forcibly separated from their parents, baptized and educated as Catholics, to the great increase of the Church and the salvation of souls. This proposal met with a determined opposition from St. Thomas of Aquin, who urged that such was not the usage of the Catholic Church. There had been, he argued, many most powerful Catholic sovereigns, such as Constantine and Theodosius, who had many saintly prelates like Sylvester and Ambrose to advise them, and such men as these would not have neglected to recommend the proposed plan had it been conformable to reason. But it is not conformable to reason. It is even repugnant to natural justice. For nature has made the child a thing belonging to the father, and has decreed that, until it attain to the use of reason, it should remain under the father's care. Hence it would be contrary to natural justice that the child, before he has the use of reason, should be withdrawn from the parents' care, or anything done in his regard against his parents' will. But when he begins to have the use of his free will he begins to be his own, and is able to consult for himself in whatever concerns the divine or natural law, and then he is led to the faith, not by violence, but by persuasion (p. 377).

Within the baptized family, then, the Church claims to exercise a guiding and a controlling power over the education of the children. But her position is now largely usurped by civil governments who, professing to act on principles purely naturalistic, really prove themselves positively and aggressively irreligious, and that in a high degree. To guard against such usurpations where they have not yet crept in, and to keep alive right principle where they have unfortunately established their tyranny, the words of such writers as Dr. Conroy are eminently in season.

2.—LIFE OF JEANNE DE LA NOUE.¹

It is impossible to read this little book, which is one of no ordinary interest, without acknowledging that the title given to it is eminently appropriate; the story it contains may indeed well be called a marvellous history, not only on account of the marvels which grace wrought in the soul of Jeanne de la Noue herself, but also with regard to the work she originated, the progress and maintenance of which may equally be said to be of a supernatural and marvellous character.

The subject of this short biography was not one of those persons who from their earliest infancy seem to be saints. She sustained a long struggle with strong passions, with avarice, pride, and self-will, and a mighty battle was fought ere grace conquered, and all things were made new. As a child she displayed a domineering character, and when at the age of twenty-four, her parents both being dead, she found herself mistress of the business by which they had gained their livelihood, although she was pious and devout, loved prayer and penance, and was frugal and industrious, she loved money, she loved dress, she loved her own way; and soon—

The passion of avarice, which had always been strong in her heart, took possession of her, so that any sort of almsgiving became perfectly abhorrent. No beggar could hope to find a crust at her door. Jeanne's piety was of the scrupulous kind. She was very anxious to be truthful, so she told the poor people she had no bread in the house; and she calculated exactly what was needed for each meal, bought it at the time, and had not a scrap over. Avarice led her to keep her shop open on Sundays and holidays. This was the general custom in France then, as now; but then, as now also, the practice was looked upon by devout Catholics with horror. Yet, with all her piety, Jeanne clung to her Sunday gains. In the winter of 1693, the distress in France amounted almost to a famine. On all sides were to be seen bands of unfortunate people, pale and wasted with hunger, begging for a morsel of bread. But not one of these could touch Jeanne's hard heart (p. 4).

The words of a poor woman, to whom she had refused a night's lodging, were the means of effecting a marvellous change in her heart. She spoke of the beauty of poverty, charity, almsgiving, and while she spoke, the scales fell from Jeanne's eyes. She entreated the pilgrim, as a favour, to remain under her

¹ *A Marvellous History, or the Life of Jeanne de la Noue, Foundress of the Sisters of St. Anne of the Providence at Saumur.* Burns and Oates.

roof; she instantly set out to succour a family in distress; she gave away with a lavish hand, and more eagerly than she formerly tried to amass gain did she now try to succour the miserable. For Jeanne was not one who could do things by halves. She appears to have combined the energetic, vigorous character of the northern nations with the ardent, impassioned nature of the south. Her will was good and her courage great; she gave over the care of her shop to a niece; her house, from which formerly all suppliants were roughly repulsed, now became a *hospice*, or as she called it, a *Providence*, where the poor, the sick, the desolate, might freely come and find a refuge.

Her whole life was now spent in the service of the poor, in her house and out of it, and at the same time her love of penance grew stronger than ever. Her food now consisted of the leavings of the poor, or of refuse picked up in the streets. She never went to bed, but took a brief repose on a hard wooden chair; and her fasts were long and frequent. Another mortification presented itself, and we can realize how strong was the pride of this heart, which God was so rapidly conquering for Himself, when we find that to go out in a plain, coarse dress was the bitterest trial that she could be asked to endure. She did it, and when she went to church, hid herself in corners that she might not be seen (p. 18).

It will readily be imagined that the poor came to her in crowds, and Jeanne de la Noue got into debt for the first time in her life. She met with a storm of adverse criticism, and great difficulties beset her path. But she was one of those persons, rare in every age, who undertake and succeed in doing great things with little means—we had almost said with no means at all. A rock fell and crushed the dwelling in which twelve little orphans were lodged, nothing was saved but their lives, and all, the kind with regret, the cruel with triumph, declared her work was at an end; the *Providence* had perished. But Jeanne would not abandon her little ones: some charitable souls, touched by her faith, gave her food for the day, and her work struggled on.

A Congregation was destined to grow up around this wonderful woman, which she was to train in devotion to our Blessed Lady and the poor. In forming the community she was greatly aided by Father Genneteau, her confessor, a man of experience and sanctity, who for twenty-five years was the devoted spiritual Father of the community. When it had been predicted to Jeanne that daughters would gather around her,

she had listened with an incredulous smile. Belief in so extraordinary a future was impossible to her, but the time came when it was to be accomplished. In 1703 the first aspirant presented herself. "I will accept you willingly," replied Jeanne, "if you will bring with you entire self-detachment and self-denial, and if you are ready to bear all sorts of humiliation and contempt." Others followed; permission to put on a religious habit was obtained, and rules were drawn up. The same coarse food was to be for the community as for the poor inmates of the house, but the Sisters were to be served last. Wine was never to be used, except for the sick. The Superior was to bear the title of head-servant. St. Anne was chosen as the patroness, and when community life began, a little oratory was arranged, to which a lady gave a pretty altar. But it was not until twelve years later, on removal to a new house, that the desire of their hearts was granted in having our Lord among them in His Sacramental Presence, and at a still later period, the privilege was obtained of having Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on four days in the year.

The protection of Providence was manifested to this work in a most wonderful manner. From day to day they lived upon charity, and miracles were their daily food. In the year 1709, when the richest persons complained of the high price of provisions, owing to the extreme scarcity in France, more than two hundred persons were supported in the *Providence*, without funds and without income. No single child was ever refused admittance, however over-crowded the house, and however great their embarrassments. It was a rule not to deny an alms to any one who came to the door, and if the Sisters ceased relieving all comers, the alms on which they depended ceased also, and the inhabitants of the hospice were on the brink of starvation.

One evening the Sister who was housekeeper came to her Superior to say that there was not enough food left in the house for the morrow's consumption, and no alms had been received during the day.

"Has any one who begged at the door been refused?" asked Jeanne.

The Sister had to confess that, seeing her provisions were running short, she had refused many beggars that day.

"Then this is your fault," said the Mother severely, "see how God has repaid your want of faith! . . . You should have waited till *nothing* was left, and then you could have said: Lord, we have nothing. We cannot help Thy children if Thou dost not help us" (p. 41).

One bitter winter's day, a number of poor women came crying to the door of the Providence. Their children, they said, were perishing with cold and they had no fuel. Jeanne stood a moment dismayed: her own store of wood was just out, and she had but one penny in the house. She went straight to a merchant and ordered a large quantity. "I will pay you," said she, "when our Lord sends me the money, do not fear, He always pays His debts."

The day following, in the ashes of the grate, in which some of the wood thus procured had been burnt, was found a piece of gold (p. 23).

Again and again both food and money multiplied under Jeanne de la Noue's own hands. "I have seen our Mother," says one of the Sisters, "feed two hundred poor with one loaf." She was also endowed with powers of healing. One of her religious had a tumour, for which an operation was declared necessary. Jeanne said: "Be patient, child, it will soon be cured." Next day all trace was gone.

Many are the instances recorded in this interesting biography wherein simple faith in God was rewarded in the most remarkable way, and supplies came from most unlooked-for quarters. On one occasion, when money was needed to defray the expenses of building, the director of the hospice took the office of beggar, and went about among the priests.

Only one refused, and he said: "You know I am going to leave a legacy to the Providence; it is down in my will, and you are the executor."

"What!" said Father de Tigné, laughing merrily, "you won't give us anything till after your death! Why it is a temptation to us to ask our good God to take you soon, because we want money so badly. You had better give us something at once."

The good old man was offended at the joke, and would not give anything.

By a singular coincidence he died within a week. He had left one thousand francs (£40) to the *Providence*—no inconsiderable sum in those days (p. 105).

The *Providence* was not too poor or too simple to be overlooked by the Jansenists. They endeavoured to get one of their adherents accepted as director, giving presents, and promising that the house under their support would become "a brilliant success," money and influence would not be wanting. At that time Jeanne had six hundred poor to maintain; she was living on alms and was not out of debt. The temptation was great, but she preferred anxiety, privation, calumny, she would rather have seen all her community perish than fail in

her obedience to the Ruler of the Church. She was always on her guard against spiritual pride, and loved to practise that obedience which is the safeguard of humility. She took upon herself the hardest charges, she chose the worst of everything, practising penances of which it is difficult to find a parallel. Towards the close of her life she had to pass through severe spiritual trials, as well as to endure acute bodily sufferings; darkness and desolation came upon her soul, temptations to despair assailed her. But at the time of the evening there was light and her end was full of peace.

Space fails us to give extracts from the excellent instructions she addressed to her Sisters; they will be found to display good sense and sound practical piety. After the foundress' death, the Congregation continued to flourish, though it suffered in the Revolution; and it now possesses five hundred Sisters, distributed into ninety houses; hospitals, orphanages, asylums, schools, exist under their care in many parts of France. So has the mustard seed grown into a mighty tree; such is the fruit which the faith and perseverance of one woman, once penniless and despised, have brought forth.

3.—LIGHT FROM THE LOWLY.¹

It is the glory of the Church of God, that she draws her saints from every class, from the ranks of the highest nobility and of the lowliest peasantry, from the regal palace as well as the humblest cottage. Every one is familiar with the Kings and Princes who have added to their earthly dignity the heavenly crown of exalted sanctity. St. Louis and St. Edmund and St. Elizabeth are known to all, but the saints of humble station, who have sanctified themselves amid their daily employments and labours, are often scarce known by name to the majority of Catholics. It is this that makes Father Butiña's volumes so interesting and also so encouraging. There is scarce a humble trade which has not its representatives in the list of those whose lives are narrated. It is no high-flown account of monastic or solitary life to which we are introduced, but to the story of lives such as ordinary men lead, as far as outward appearance goes. Some of the saints whose story is told began

¹ *Light from the Lowly*: or, Lives of Persons who sanctified themselves in humble positions. By the Rev. Francis Butiña, S.J. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. W. McDonald, D.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1884. Two vols.

by being anything but saints, like St. Francis of Sienna, whose early life was a continuous series of crimes and debauchery of every kind. His youth was not only stained by the most abominable vices, but was utterly lawless and openly criminal. Thief, adulterer, gambler, blasphemer, murderer, he was converted by means of the fulfilment of a sacrilegious prayer to God to strike him blind. His corporal blindness seemed to open the eyes of his soul, and by a miracle of grace he became as holy as he had once been vicious and degraded. Of course he had temptations and struggles without number, but the grace of God brought him safely through, and after a long series of pilgrimages to various shrines all over Italy and Spain, he returned to his native place to make satisfaction by the most austere penance for the scandals of his youth. He was subsequently led to adopt a hermit's life, and having thus mounted step by step the ladder of sanctity, our Lady at length ordered him to enter the Order of Mount Carmel, in which he died at the age of eighty, and at his tomb innumerable miracles testified to his exalted holiness. What can be more consoling than such a story as this? Who need despair of being a saint, with such an example before him?

Many of the other lives in these most interesting volumes derive their charm from the very commonplace occupations and employments of the saints whose story is narrated. St. Nevolon was a shoemaker, whose sanctity was aided by the patience he displayed to his wrangling wife. The Blessed William of Brabant was a baker. Like St. Francis of Sienna, he led a wicked and dissolute life, and moreover, unlike St. Francis, he relapsed after his conversion into his former sins, and yet ended by being a great saint. St. Notburga was a cook, St. Guiborata a priest's housekeeper, St. Gualfard a harness-maker, St. Godrich a pedlar, Blessed Margaret of Louvain servant in an inn, St. Alexander a charcoal burner of Comana. When St. Gregory of Thaumaturgus desired to place a bishop on the episcopal see of Comana, he called together the chief inhabitants and instructed them not to look to worldly position in their choice, but simply to the humility and virtue of the candidates.

To this discourse of the Saint one of the principal men in the assembly answered, with a sardonic smile: "If you reject men illustrious for their birth and riches, and will select the dregs of the population to rule the Church of this diocese, there is no use in losing time or words ;

we will unanimously give our vote to Alexander the charcoal maker." We might here say with the Scripture, that he prophesied without knowing what he said; for, although a loud laugh followed his words, St. Gregory seeing the finger of God in it, asked: "And who is this Alexander whom you refer to?" One of the bystanders went in search of the charcoal maker, and brought him to the assembly, which received him with laughter. But the Saint, accustomed to bear other humiliations and insults for love of Jesus Christ, paid no attention. He was dirty and ragged, his begrimed skin in several places appearing through the rents in his clothes; his horny hands and black face told the electors the candidate's trade.

Despite all these appearances, St. Gregory, with the eye of a prophet, discovered beneath the charcoal crust a valuable diamond, worthy to be inserted in the Church's crown (pp. 69, 70).

He was accordingly ordained priest by St. Gregory, and then consecrated bishop, and was martyred during the persecutions of Decius. We cannot attempt even to enumerate all the Saints whose Lives are given in these beautiful little volumes. We hope that many a copy may find its way into all parish and guild libraries. Old and young will read the histories they contain with interest and edification. They seem especially intended for the consolation and encouragement of great sinners and of those whose lot in life is humble and commonplace and full of crosses and trials. Are there any of our readers who do not come under one or other of these categories?

4.—LA DÉMOCRATIE.¹

The earliest dawn of the history of the Teutonic people, to say nothing of the other branches of the great Aryan family of nations, reveals to us a rude form of government, largely democratic, wherein, to use the words of Tacitus, "the chiefs consulted together of minor matters, but of greater the whole multitude." In peace, the same author tells us, the business of a rudimentary and purely local administration was carried by means of moots or gatherings, greater or lesser, and an individual commander was chosen only in time of war. But with the growth and consequent pressure of population, and the growing complexity of social, civil, and political life, there arose the necessity for a

¹ *La Démocratie et ses conditions morales.* Par le Vicomte Philibert D'Ussel. Paris: Plon et Cie.

permanent ruler; the amalgamation of petty princedoms gave an increased preponderance to the king, and what remained by way of survival of the old democratic institutions owed its preservation to the conflicts of the king with his nobles, and the desire of one or other party in the struggle to secure the alliance of the people. But the ages which saw the gradual extinction of popular liberties have passed away, and after centuries, during which the tendency was sometimes one way and sometimes another, a steady inverse process has now definitively set in, and is advancing with rapid strides under our eyes. The spread of instruction, if not of education, among all classes of society, far more than keeps pace with such increase as may still be in progress in the complexity of civil and political life; and it naturally and necessarily follows that on every side the masses are pressing for an increased share in the conduct of affairs. For, government being intended for the benefit of all, and there being under all circumstances a certain measure of truth in the proposition that every class is the best judge of its own interests, the thousand and one circumstances which have led to and accompanied the ever wider diffusion of knowledge, have given to the humbler classes a not unreasonable claim, and a most unquestionable determination, to make their voices heard in the councils of nations.

Such, barring the illustration from Tacitus, is the view—very roughly sketched—of the Vicomte d'Ussel, who in his able and very thoughtful essay on *La Démocratie*, sets himself to study the moral conditions under which the democratic institutions of the future may be expected to conduce to true prosperity, or, on the other hand, to plunge the nations which live under them into well-nigh incurable disorders. M. d'Ussel's essay is perhaps rather too abstract in method and terminology to suit the taste of the average English reader, but we do not think any the worse of it on that account. The average English reader would generally be the better for a little exercise in abstract reasoning. But we do think that the author, while professedly making every allowance for the mutual clashing and consequent limitation of general principles, does not always make sufficient allowance, in the actual application of theory to concrete facts, for the historical elements of the problem before him. This is notably the case in the illustrations which he draws from England and America. Thus, with respect to England, while he greatly overrates the numerical proportion of the aristocratic element

in the House of Commons (which he says is more than half composed of members of noble families!), he does not seem to have appreciated the extent to which the electorate has been extended without materially affecting the average social standing of the English members of the Lower House. In America, on the other hand, he seems to be quite unaware of the existence of a strong reaction against that vulgar form of caucus government which has been epigrammatically described as "the government of the people by the people, for the benefit of senators," a reaction the strength of which has been unequivocally indicated by very recent events in America. Had M. d'Ussel studied Mr. Bagehot's very able comparative discussion of the English and American forms of polity as carefully as he has read his Thierry and his Michelet, he would have shown a firmer grasp of this branch of his subject. But if in a particular line of illustration the Vicomte d'Ussel falls short of so able a political writer (using the word *political* in its higher and Aristotelian sense) as Mr. Bagehot, on the other hand his sterling sense and sound principles have preserved him from the one-sided and somewhat sentimental theories of the historical school of which Mr. Freeman is the most distinguished representative. The author of the essay before us has fully grasped, and successfully aims at setting in the clearest light, the truth that the most perfect political system, safe-guarded though it may be by the most elaborate mechanism of checks and balances, is powerless to ensure true prosperity unless the moral qualities of the individual members of the body-politic are such as would of themselves ensure considerable prosperity under almost any form of government. However unexceptionable may be the architect's plans, you cannot build a durable edifice with rotten and crumbling stones.

In the earlier chapters of *La Démocratie* the author, with a touch of Aristophanic humour, depicts the homage of flattery which is daily paid to Demus; the fiction which (as in the case of constitutional monarchy) makes the sovereign people incapable of wrong-doing and throws all blame upon its Ministers; the necessity which this ruler imposes upon his servants of making large promises to gain his favour, and of breaking them to keep it—a necessity which loses half its mischievousness by becoming recognized; the assiduous efforts of historians to find an honourable ancestry for the *parvenu*—and their success; the failure of Demus, on the other hand, to enlist in his service the drama and the arts.

Then, after discussing the method to be adopted in dealing with the subject, and the fundamental characteristics which are common to all forms of democratic government, the author proceeds to exhibit some of the excesses and abuses to which an unreasoning worship of those ill-defined shibboleths Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality of necessity must lead. This is a theme which in England has been somewhat fully treated, from different points of view, by Sir J. F. Stephen, Mr. W. R. Greg, Mr. H. Sidgwick, and recently among Catholic writers by Mr. N. J. Synnott. But M. d'Ussel, dealing with the subject chiefly on its moral side, has something to add to the somewhat harder criticisms of the writers just named.

The oppression of minorities, the decay of mutual respect, accompanying and helping to bring about the destruction of the social hierarchy, and too apt to invade the sacred precincts of the family, exaggerated competition and the self-assertion of a mere plutocracy; such are some of the disorders, arising from an excess of the democratic spirit, which the author discusses. He next proceeds to the consideration of countervailing agencies, preventive rather than remedial, from which a mitigation of such disorders is alone to be hoped for. In some eloquent pages he shows how Christianity, while proclaiming the equality of men before the Creator, teaches them to think of their duties rather than of their rights; allays the fever of competition for this world's goods by putting forward the eternal rewards which await the poor in spirit; inculcates respect for authority as delegated by God; and affords a true basis of genuine fraternity. He next deals with the family as the firm prop and foundation (next after religion) of all national prosperity; and then, in a chapter of far less power, dwells upon the advantages, as a make-weight against socialistic influences, of an equable distribution of wealth. In the portion of this chapter in which he deals with the French system of *partage forcée*, we miss the earnest denunciations of the moral results of this system, the pitiless exposure of which is the distinguishing merit of M. Le Play. It is not that M. d'Ussel questions the existence of the abuses (Malthusian let us call them) which Le Play denounced, or that he fails to trace them to the same source; but we should like the condemnation to have been a little more vigorous and trenchant. The limits of our space preclude us from following the author through the later chapters of his interesting volume.

5.—GREY OF GREYBURY.¹

This is an exceptionally strong novel, yet at the same time, we must confess, somewhat disappointing. The author has, we are inclined to think, compressed his story too much, or rather he has not worked out the very difficult and complicated situations of which the novel is one long succession. He has not taken sufficient trouble to analyze and discuss the motives of the startling personages that appear upon his stage at sufficient length to persuade us that they are true to life. We believe they are so, and in this we entirely disagree with other reviews of *Grey of Greybury*. We believe, further, that the book is likely to have much more than the ephemeral life of most novels of the hour. It shows great power of observation of character in many different lands, no mean literary skill in point of style, and a keen if somewhat merciless insight into the darker recesses and hidden springs of human life and conduct. But the outlines of the characters presented require much more filling in, the incidents of the plot more elaboration. It is rather the skeleton of a very powerful novel than a complete story that we have under review, and in saying this we indicate how very far above the ordinary run of novels *Grey of Greybury* stands. And we are largely induced to make this remark by the fact that there is abundant evidence in the story, as it stands, to show that the defect we have noticed is owing neither to lack of power or of literary skill. Perhaps the author has taken from much reading of fiction a very wholesome fear of "book-padding." If so, it is a fault on the right side, but none the less a fault for that.

There is, however, another point on which a word of caution is necessary. In a Catholic, and to a large extent controversial novel, though it is by no means unpleasantly controversial, we think it ought to be taken as a canon that nothing should be found which could not safely be given *virginibus puerisque*; or, at least, if the plot for realistic purposes require the introduction of unpleasant incidents, that these incidents should be stated as plain matter of fact, and not left to be inferred from suggestive words and still more suggestive scenes and incidents. The real blot on a really fine picture of life and character is, from a Catholic standpoint, that to which we here refer. A

¹ *Grey of Greybury*. A Novel. By the Marquis Biddle-Cope, of Rome. Burns and Oates.

little care and correction would remove the blot we speak of and in no way mar the story, the interest of which does not centre in the frailty of individuals, but in the gradual revelation of Catholic truth in all its fulness, to heart as well as head. In revising for a second edition some pains might also be profitably taken in avoiding an unpleasant "cast-back" during the progress of the story to facts and incidents that should have been previously introduced. We can quote only one or two of the many passages which show the author's style and power of observation.

The following (vol. i. pp. 197—8) is very true, even though it might be more tenderly put.

English men and women are not happy in their manner with strangers. English *manners*, especially where it is an affair of eating and drinking, are magnificent; but, if we may be allowed a delicate verbal distinction, the English *manner* is unfortunate, most of all with foreigners. Englishmen talk to a stranger of what interests themselves, not of what interests him; they let him see that they thoroughly despise everything about him which does not correspond with their own insular ideal; and they show by their manner that they do not care at all whether he likes them or hates them, whether he stays among them or goes away. This is unkind and impolite; it may be candid, but it is not quite Christian. The "unenlightened foreigner" is apt to mistake it for mingled arrogance and stolidity. It is not so; but Englishmen dislike strange things and strange people, and let this aversion appear even when they try to put on "company manners" and conceal it.

Here is a picture of a worldly Catholic (vol. ii. pp. 167—8).

Sir Roland Bramble was not an atheist, he was not a "scientific materialist." If he had a little of the cant of Darwin and Huxley, he had picked it up for the most part from the racy articles of pernicious "monthlies"—a class of publication universally employed to-day to poison the minds of people who cannot plunge deep, who cannot appreciate the refinements of profounder sophistry. Sir Roland had led the life of a pleasure-hunter. He went to confession once a year; but we may fairly doubt if he ever sincerely repented the unlawful revels of his youth, or the selfishness of his riper manhood. All his life long his thoughts were busy with table and cellar, with horse and dog and gun; he had his yacht, his moor, his deer-forest, and his house in town. He had played at Baden, shot pigeons at Nice, and backed his favourites for the Grand Prix at Longchamps. He spent his life like that, and had little time left for churches or charities.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S short, but most comprehensive and conclusive, exposition of the real teaching of Luther has, we are glad to observe, passed into a second English edition.¹ Its extended circulation and usefulness have been secured by the publication of a third and American edition, from the press of the well-known Benziger Brothers. The change of title is evidently intended to give greater effect to the point urged, that Luther's own words supply the only evidence which both friends and foes are bound to accept as thoroughly reliable. In his preface Father O'Connor proves how wide and detailed has been his selection of different works and editions, and how accurate and painstaking have been his quotations from them. That all this has been fully appreciated we may gather from the testimonies which he has received not only from our Bishops at home, but from Bishops in the United States, and from the American press.

There is a singular charm about every word that St. Bernard has written, and when he writes of the Love of God, he seems to rise even above himself. His *Opusculum*, or little work on *The Love of God*,² is not generally known to English Catholics, and we rejoice to see it in English dress, translated by Mrs. Coventry Patmore only a short time before her death. It is a most beautiful little book for spiritual reading, teaching us, as it does, in St. Bernard's touching words, the obligation, the advantage, the happiness of loving God, and then describing the steps by which the soul advances in that love from self to God. This little treatise is followed by a translation of the

¹ *Luther's own Statements concerning his Teaching and its Results.* Taken exclusively from the earliest and best editions of Luther's German and Latin works. By Henry O'Connor, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

² *St. Bernard on the Love of God.* Translated by Marianne Caroline and Coventry Patmore. Second Edition. London, 1884.

last that St. Bernard wrote, *Fragments from a Fragment*. It is an explanation of the mystical meaning of the Cantic of Canticles. We give just a few lines of extract which illustrates the practical beauty of St. Bernard's thoughts.

The bunch of myrrh between the breasts is the memory of the Passion of Jesus Christ. The breasts of the Spouse are congratulation and compassion: according to the doctrine of St. Paul, who bids us rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with them that weep: but in rejoicing and weeping there is danger of extremes, against which the bunch of myrrh, thus understood, will be the best safeguard (p. 112).

The translation was finished by Mr. Coventry Patmore after his wife's death. It is needless to say anything of its scholarlike character and exact rendering of the force of the original.

We have received from Messrs. Herder an useful and cheap edition of Cornelius Nepos,³ for the use of schools. It has the advantage of an English vocabulary of all except the most ordinary words, and its low price (1s.) greatly recommends it. It is one of the best school books we have seen, and we are glad to see that it is the first of a series. It is shortly to be followed by Plato's *Laches* and by Cæsar's *Gallic War*. It is beautifully printed and very carefully got up.

Every one who has visited Rome has admired the beautiful medallion mosaics in the Church of St. Paul, outside the walls. They are the official portraits⁴ of the Popes from the days of St. Peter to the present time, and are as accurate as was possible under the circumstances. They are now being reproduced in chromo-lithography, and published by Messrs. Plon, with a short biography of each Pope from the pen of the well-known Canon Pallard, who has already done so much for the cause of sacred art. The whole series will occupy thirty-three numbers, and will form a magnificent work of art which ought to be found in every Christian library. The first number contains the portraits of the first eight Popes. Subscribers will receive the work in monthly numbers, and the terms offered to them are far below the price at which the completed series will afterwards be sold. The execution and finish of the work seems as good as it can possibly be.

³ *Cornelii Nepotis Vitæ*. Recensuit et indicem addidit Dr. M. Gittbauer. Fribourg: Herder.

⁴ *Portraits Officiels des Souverains Pontifes depuis Saint Pierre jusqu'à Leon XIII.* Réproduction par Chromo-lithographie des Médallions en Mosaique de S. Paul hors-les-Murs à Rome. Paris: E. Plon, Rue Garancière 8.

Mr. James' little volume of *Poems*⁵ is the work of one whose strong poetic instinct seems unconsciously to express in verse the thoughts which suggest themselves amid the moving scenes of nature's beauty or life's tragedy. There is a gentle tone of melancholy, or perhaps we should say a tone of plaintive sensitiveness, which makes itself felt on almost every page. Not an unpleasant melancholy, but that soft, dreamy love of shadow which takes more kindly to the churchyard than to the village green, to the fading autumn rather than to the youthful spring. We half suspect that the author is telling his own story of his own life when he says :

Sorrow hath laid a heavy hand on me,
And with such weight of care hath pressed me down,
That all the circle of my mortal path
Is rounded to a dull and level grey.

As we read one poem after another, this sadness makes itself very distinctly felt. It adds, we think, to the merit and charm of those thoughtful and graceful *Poems and Fragments*. If we are right in thinking that they are a reflex of the author's experience, we can understand what it is that has inspired his pen and given it reality and interest.

The Granville Popular Library continues its good work of providing the young with wholesome, attractive literature. A collection of stories, founded on the French and entitled, *Lost, and other Tales*,⁶ has a freshness and reality about its tone which will make it a certain favourite with the little ones. The narrative is simple and the conversations natural. It is out of the common run of story books, and has a valuable practical bearing without "goodness."

II.—MAGAZINES.

Until the current number of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, no notice of the Papal Encyclical *Humanum genus* has appeared in its pages. Before speaking on the important subject it treats of, Father Meschler has waited until most other speakers have had their say, until reply and counter-reply have been elicited ; and now in an able article he points out that the utterances of

⁵ *Poems and Fragments*. By Charles James. London : Alex. Gardner, 12, Paternoster Row.

⁶ *Lost, and other Tales for Children*. Adapted from the French. London : Burns and Oates.

the Holy Father are directed less against Freemasonry than against all systems contrary to supernatural and revealed religion, principally against that widespread and fatal indifference which is the curse of the present day. If England is the cradle of the craft, Germany is its stronghold; and the principles of the Freemason, as lately defined by the Grand Lodge in Hamburg, are to profess no definite creed, only morality and humanitarianism; to acknowledge a Supreme Being, but one of so vague and indefinite a nature that each individual may form what notion of Him that he will. Father Meschler shows the disastrous consequences to which such principles must inevitably lead, and regrets that the harmless form under which Freemasonry disguises itself in a well-governed and orderly State should delude so many as to its real character. Father Langhorst, continuing the subject of the religion of agnosticism, gives a sketch of the Spencerian system of philosophy; the most striking characteristic of which he asserts to be the sharp distinction drawn between the knowable and the unknowable. The latter, according to the apostle of agnosticism, is a neutral ground where religion and science—which he insists are irreconcilable enemies—can meet in harmony. Father Baumgartner invites the reader to accompany him on another stage of his journey northwards, an invitation which, coming as it does from so agreeable and entertaining a companion, no one will be loath to accept. Father Baumgartner certainly possesses the happy art of describing the scenes he visits and his own personal experiences in a most attractive manner; he is, moreover, master alike of humour and pathos. Everyone will be deeply interested and touched by the account of his hurried visit to three faithful Catholics, alone amongst bitter Protestants, on one of the remote Faroe Islands, far from any means of grace; their joy and gratitude at the unhopèd-for opportunity of approaching the sacraments may well put to shame many who know not what it is to be deprived of this privilege. Molière's play, *Le Tartuffe*, is certainly a *pièce de tendance*, a satire upon the religious sects of the day, but whether, as some opine, it was intended to be an attack upon religion in general, and the Jesuits—not as they are but as they are supposed to be—in particular, or merely upon an hypocritical profession of religion, is still matter of debate. The question is discussed at some length in the pages of the *Stimmen*.

Scholastic philosophy has already been the subject of several

excellent articles in the *Katholik*, which now undertakes to confute some Protestant misconceptions concerning Thomistic philosophy, which is often held to be a mere reproduction of that of Aristotle. The reader is shown where the teaching of Plato and of the Stagyrice respectively concerning the definition of ideas, and the creation of the universe, are erroneous and defective, and how St. Thomas corrects and amplifies both systems of philosophy. That the liturgy of the Church was committed to writing previous to the fifth century is no longer disputed, but the antiquity of the first MSS. of the Mass is still open to discussion. A passage in the writings of St. Basil is generally brought forward in support of the opinion that the prayers of the Mass did not exist in writing until the end of the fourth century, as well as the fact that no direct mention is made of such MSS. at a previous period. Dr. Probst, writing in the *Katholik*, considers the evidence of St. Basil to be rather of a contrary nature, since he does not assert that no copies of the liturgy are made, but that they are not made public; and the *argumentum ex silentio* may receive a similar construction, since the necessity of concealing such copies from heathen and persecutors was urgent in the early ages of Christianity. From the arguments and evidence adduced by Dr. Probst, it may be concluded that the precaution of committing the liturgy to writing—so essential to secure uniformity—was taken as early as the first century, though the codices were carefully concealed, "The Bible and the Bible only," is the sum total of the teaching of Wicklif and his followers, and this so-called Reformer found it necessary to publish a translation of the Scriptures which should tally with his doctrines. The *Katholik* proposes to answer three questions, viz.:

1. Was there no English translation of the Bible before the Wickliffite version?
2. Was the Bible really withheld from the people by the Catholic Church and her clergy?
3. What service did Wicklif render as a translator of the Bible, and what were the merits of his translation?

The first of these comes under consideration in the number before us. The pages of history bear undeniable testimony that in comparatively early times translations of the Scriptures, or parts of them, were made into the vulgar tongue, and every year in greater numbers; thus the eulogium given to Wicklif as the first translator is a modern fiction, at variance with historic

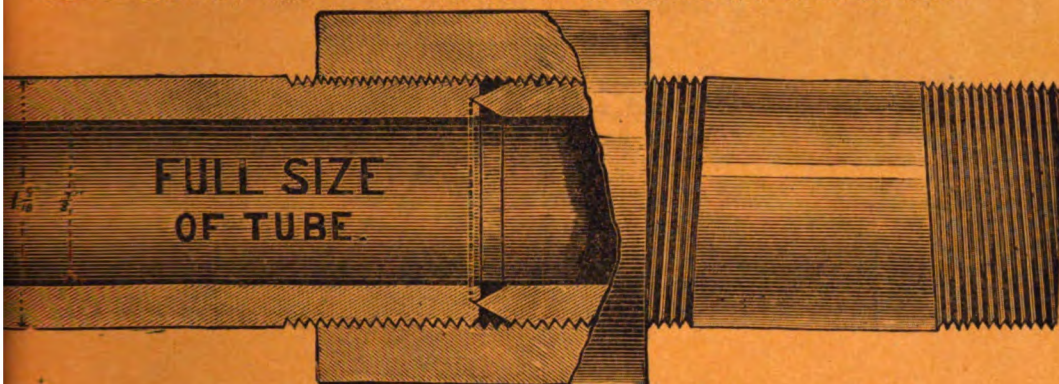
truth, and contradicted even by the Fathers of the English Reformation.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (819, 820) comments on the zeal shown by Freemasons for the abolition of capital punishment, their disapproval of which arises, it is asserted, not from motives of philanthropy, but from their desire to bring the laws into discredit and disuse, and bid defiance to the Divine right of disposing of life and death vested in the person of the king. Italian Liberals have begun to lift their voice against the system of parliamentary government, which they aver, tends to injustice and tyranny, the nation not being properly represented, and the welfare of the people sacrificed to the interests of the dominant party, to political utility. The *Civiltà* complains that the same statements, uttered by its voice long ago, met with indignant denial, since it had the courage to point out the principle which is at the root of the evil, viz., the desire of individual independence, which works the disintegration of society. After defining legislative power as the power of making a decree enjoining or prohibiting certain actions in accordance with reason and for the public good, and judiciary power as the power to apply those laws to the acts of individuals, and judge whether they are in conformity with them, the *Civiltà* proceeds to show that both these powers are possessed by the Church, that her power is of the supernatural order, that it extends to belief and practice, that it resides in the Episcopate, and is exercised externally in spiritual matters, without detriment to the civil authority. Poets are generally the precursors of civilization and culture, and their divine art tends to elevate and refine; Italy was, after ancient Greece, pre-eminently the land of song, but during the last seventy years her muse has been degraded into a weapon against the throne and the altar, it has been taught to adulate the sovereign people, to decry rulers as tyrants. In the two numbers of the *Civiltà* for August the principal modern Italian poets are passed in review, and quotations given from their works, most of which—with some laudable exceptions, the writings of Leopardi dal Pellico, for example—tend to inflame the popular passions and arouse the spirit of revolution. They would have the renovation of Italy depend upon a return to the past; not indeed to the principles of Christianity, but to the heathen maxims of Greece and Rome.

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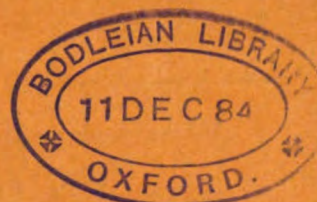
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OCTOBER, 1884.



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John Wyclif, his Life and Teaching.

PART THE THIRD.

FROM the moment that he became "the peculiar clerk" of the English Sovereign, Wyclif entered upon a new phase of his existence, of which we know very little and respecting which therefore it is necessary that we should speak with all becoming reserve. Yet he does not escape our observation so entirely as to become absolutely invisible; for he himself has drawn aside a corner of the curtain behind which he is hidden so far as to let us see how he is occupied in his new avocation. The paper which he drew up for the guidance of the anticlerical party, with which he now identified himself in the debate about the payments claimed by the Pope, shows us what his new masters expected him to do for them. And it shows something more than this, it shows that he was contented to do it, and to accept the reward, such as it was, which was given for this dishonourable employment. He did not work for nothing. The advantages which his new office held out more than reconciled him to the disgrace which went hand in hand with it. At this we are not surprised, for his previous history shows him to have been a man upon whose conscience the duties and obligations of ordinary life would sit so lightly as to occasion him small discomfort when self-interest demanded that they should be disregarded. He was now on the highroad to obtain the emoluments and honours which were at the disposal of the Crown, so that he became to a great extent indifferent to the approval of the Bishops, perhaps even of the Pope himself. He could now gratify those feelings of hostility to the Church and the clergy at large which have been ascribed to him—correctly, as I think—by more than one of his contemporaries. These exhibit themselves but too plainly in the ill-disguised rancour, the covert insinuations, and the open attacks which are everywhere so painfully conspicuous in his later writings. Wyclif seems to have entered upon the discharge of his new duties

with zeal and energy, and, as far as we can judge, he did not eat the bread of idleness. We trace his hand in the different measures which from time to time occupied the attention of the Parliament, and the consideration of which now claims the attention of the reader. But here a few words of introduction become necessary.

The reign of Edward the Third, after a succession of triumphs almost unexampled in our history, was doomed to end in the humiliation of the people and the disgrace of the Sovereign. The splendid successes which had attended his arms in France and Scotland faded out of sight without having conferred any permanent advantage upon the nation; while the enormous sums which had been so uselessly lavished upon the armies which had gone forth to die in France and Spain had drained off from home the wealth of England and the best of her population. More than one unproductive harvest had raised the necessities of life to famine prices, and they were succeeded by the great pestilences which devastated the realm in 1361 and again in 1369.¹ To add to these troubles, hostilities with France were resumed, and of necessity led to a considerable outlay of the public money. The nation was impoverished, and as a consequence discontented, and it received with an ill-grace the application which was made by the Pope for the payment of the arrears due to him. From the discussion of financial questions Parliament proceeded to inquire into other matters connected with public business, and finally was induced to organize an attack upon the clergy, which in 1371 led to results of considerable significance. It seems to me that in this movement the influence of Wyclif is distinctly perceptible.

In this Parliament "all the earls and barons and the commonalty of England" presented a petition to the King, in which—after reminding him that the "men of Holy Church" by whom the government of the realm had for long been carried on, were not in all cases liable to be judged as others were, whence great mischiefs and damages had arisen in times past, and more might happen in time to come, to the great prejudice of the kingdom—they requested that if laymen who were sufficient and able could be found, they and none other, from henceforth should be made Chancellor, Treasurer, Clerk of the Privy Seal, Baron of the Exchequer, or any other great officer of State. To this request the King made answer that he would

¹ See Walsingham, i. 296, 309: Knyghton 2626.

consider the matter and discuss it with his council.² The result showed that the ecclesiastical party was the weaker. Sir John Knyvet was appointed Chancellor in the place of William of Wykeham,³ Sir Richard Scrope ousted Thomas de Brantingham, as Treasurer of the Exchequer,⁴ and in furtherance of the same policy the entire Privy Council of the realm passed into the hands of laymen. No more significant intimation could be given as to the spirit in which the government of England was to be carried on for the future. These sentiments find their expression in a small treatise written by Wyclif, as yet unprinted, and of which no copy seems to exist in England.⁵ In it he attacked the mission of the Papal Legate who had been sent by Gregory the Eleventh to collect the sums due to Rome, although this individual had obtained the royal safe-conduct before landing and had taken an oath by which he pledged himself not to infringe upon the rights of the Sovereign.

In this treatise Wyclif suggested that the Papal Nuncio had committed perjury, and that the oath and the office were contradictory. One of its distinguishing features is its frequent reference to the English Parliament, of whose feelings and intentions the writer constitutes himself the representative. It is exactly such a paper as we should expect from the pen of "the King's peculiar clerk." He enlarges upon the duty of providing "pious foundations in behalf of the Church and the poor," as if that duty were inconsistent with another duty, the duty of observing earlier obligations, such as those which had for long existed between Edward and the Papacy. To elevate the temporal power at the expense of the spiritual was the aim of the secularists of the age, and Wyclif did his best to forward the onward progress of the movement.

In the year 1374 another step in the same direction was made by the appointment of Wyclif as a royal commissioner to treat with certain Papal Nuncios who were expected to arrive at Bruges during the course of the summer. The English delegates were John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Simon Sudbury, Bishop of London, the Bishop of Bangor, and certain other personages of inferior rank. Wyclif would seem to have attended in virtue of his position as "the King's peculiar clerk," and his duty was to supply the English Commissioners with such arguments as might overthrow the Papal claims, should any such

² Rot. Parl. ii. 304.³ *Id.* p. 309.⁴ Le Neve, i. 372.⁵ See Lechler, i. 248, to whom I am indebted for all I know about this tractate.

be advanced. The Embassy was provided with authority to conclude such a treaty as should best secure the honour of the Church and preserve the rights of the English Crown and kingdom.⁶

In this capacity Wyclif embarked in London for Bruges on July 27, 1374, and he remained in Flanders until the conclusion of the conference, returning about the middle of the following September. We are in ignorance as well respecting the subjects which were there and then discussed by the Commissioners as the conclusions at which they arrived. It is probable, however, that the meeting led to one important result; it brought together two individuals who, from that time forward, pursued the same line of policy, and were united by the common bond of hostility to the Holy See. John of Lancaster and John Wyclif had much in common. Both desired to introduce into England nearly the doctrines and usages which, at a later period, were systematized by Luther and Calvin, Martyr, Bucer, and Cranmer. Yet on the other hand the Convention of Bruges was not without better results. It contributed in some degree to bring about arrangements which tended for a time to mitigate the bitterness with which the political party in the English Parliament regarded every movement on the side of the Roman Curia. Gregory the Eleventh made certain concessions, which were intended to meet the more urgent of the complaints which had been brought under his notice;⁷ and it was hoped that a better understanding had been attained by the compromise. This, however, would not have satisfied the intentions of the more extreme party among the parliamentary agitators, whose progress I am attempting to illustrate, of whom Wyclif was the most conspicuous; and again we trace his presence in the Parliament which met in the month of April, 1376.

That Parliament began its attack upon the Holy See by presenting a memorial to the Sovereign, in which it attempted to show that the impoverished condition of the realm was the necessary result of its connection with Rome. It complained that prebends and other benefices founded by the Kings of England had been given by the Pope to aliens, who keep no hospitality,

⁶ *Foed.* vol. iii. p. ii. p. 1,007. The allowance made to him from the Treasury for the expenses of the journey was a handsome one, being at the rate of twenty shillings a day. He received in all £52 2s. 3d.

⁷ *Id.* p. 1,037.

do not reside, and spend nothing in the neighbourhood whence these revenues arise. They were intended to be employed in support of the honour of God, in the maintenance of churches, in hospitality, in alms, and other works of charity. So long as these good customs existed the nation prospered, but covetousness and simony had come in and the result had been fatal to the country.

The Parliament went on to speak, in violent language, about the amount of gold carried out of England by the agents of those foreign ecclesiastics who had been provided with English benefices by the corrupt liberality of the Holy Father. It estimated the sums thus collected and sent abroad at twenty thousand marks a year, and it urged the passing of a law which should prevent the residence among us of any such collector for the future upon pain of death. Upon each article in its long array of complaints, this petition enlarged with bitter vehemence; and it concluded by assuring the King that his loving subjects who thus addressed him were moved only by an honest zeal for the glory of God and the honour of His Holy Church. Measures of a practical nature were suggested, the acceptance of which was urged upon the King, and all was done by the more extreme section of the agitators which a feverish ingenuity could suggest, in order to bring about a collision between England and the Holy Father,—a collision which it was hoped would end in a separation.⁸

The King endeavoured to allay the agitation. He replied that he was in amicable communication with Rome upon the grievances of which his Parliament had complained, and that the subject should not be forgotten. This reply did not satisfy the revolutionary party, which, in the January of 1377, renewed the agitation with increased vehemence, in the exhibition of which, if I am not mistaken, I again recognize the influence of "the King's peculiar clerk."⁹ But the growing infirmities, mental and bodily, of the English Sovereign held matters for a time in suspense; and the death of Edward the Third, which happened in the course of the year just mentioned, threw the management

⁸ Rot. Parl. ii. 337, seq.

⁹ I do this with the greater confidence since I may here fall back upon the authority of Lechler, who writes as follows: "The proposals of the Good Parliament of 1376, the echoes of which we still catch in 1377, are of such a character, that I am bold to maintain that they afford strong evidence of the influence of Wycliff" (ii. 240). The difference between us is, that the line of conduct, which to the German professor is commendable, to me seems base, treacherous, and worthy of all censure.

of affairs into a different channel, and for a time at least seemed to have acted as a curb upon the further development of the growing heresy.

As early as the month of April, in the year 1374 (shortly, therefore, before his mission to Bruges), John Wyclif had been presented to the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, by the King, into whose hands the right of presentation had lapsed, in consequence of the minority of the patron, one of the family of Ferrars of Groby. Wyclif occupied the honourable position of incumbent of Lutterworth when he was summoned by the Convocation which met in February, 1377, to appear before it, in order that he might there answer certain charges which had been brought against him as the teacher of heretical opinions. It was evidently intended to be a trial of strength between the two rival parties, between the adherents of the revolutionary Duke of Lancaster and the Conservative Archbishop of Canterbury and his episcopal brethren. The Duke accepted it in this sense, and he resolved to support the man who had been marked out for censure as his representative; and he did so in a manner and a spirit which were equally offensive and illegal. Accompanied by Lord Henry Percy, then Grand Marshall of England, and supported by a large body of armed retainers, the Duke forced his way into the Lady Chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which the clergy had assembled. The Marshall addressed the Archbishop in unbecoming terms, in which he was seconded by Lancaster, who soon resorted to threats and insults. Certain of the citizens of London, who stood near, overhearing this language, cried out that they would not permit their Bishop to be treated thus disrespectfully, and the feeling on both sides grew so embittered, that an immediate collision was apprehended. Happily this was avoided, and the meeting broke up before a word of argument, of accusation, or defence, had been uttered by either the accuser or the accused.¹⁰

The citizens of London, who thus had stood forward in defence of their Bishop, were speedily made to pay the price of their loyalty. On the very day of the stormy meeting in Convocation a motion was made in Parliament to the effect that the Mayor of London should be deprived of the government of the city, which should be transferred to a nominee of the obnoxious Duke of Lancaster. The indignation of the citizens, thus attacked on a point respecting which they naturally were

¹⁰ Wals. i. 356.

most sensitive, now rose to fever heat, and a wild tumult was the result. The mob was with difficulty prevented from demolishing the Duke's palace, which was saved only by the generous intervention of the Bishop of London, the man who had just before been insulted.¹¹ The turmoil, however, had been productive of one result. It had diverted for a time the inquiry into Wyclif's heretical opinions; and so had encouraged him to believe that he was safe, not only for the present but the future, under the protection of the great Duke of Lancaster.

In this supposition Wyclif was mistaken. The heresies which he had taught for long, and with increasing audacity, could no longer escape without attracting public notice; and now they fell under the cognizance of the Bishops, whose duty and privilege it is to watch over the Divine deposit of the truth. These heretical opinions of his, either propounded by him in the University, or extracted from his writings, had been noted and transmitted to Rome, and the Holy Father, dealing with the charge according to the usual forms of ecclesiastical law, directed that further inquiry should be made into the truth or falsity of the accusation. Five Bulls were issued upon the subject, which directed the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to ascertain privately whether certain articles (nineteen in number) contained in a schedule attached to the document had really been propounded by the accused; and if this should prove to have been the case, they were told to forward to Rome a notice to that effect, and then wait for further instructions. Pending this interval, however, the Pope ordered that Wyclif should be detained in prison. The other Bulls contain directions as to how the prelates should act under certain circumstances. Throughout the whole of these instructions to the Bishops, the King, and the University of Oxford, the Pope assumed, as he naturally might do, that each and all would act in support of the civil and ecclesiastical law of the kingdom.¹²

Although these five Bulls bear the date of May 22, 1377, no action resulted from them until the end of that year. In the meantime King Edward the Third had died; this change in the Government, and various other political causes, contributed to the delay in the execution of the Papal writs. When at last they were put in operation, they were not carried out in the exact terms in which they had been conceived. Wyclif, instead

¹¹ Wals. i. 325.

¹² *Id.* p. 345; *Fascic. Zizan.* p. 242.

of being thrown into prison, was cited to appear within the space of thirty days before the Commissioners in St. Paul's Church in London. Apparently it was considered impolitic, perhaps dangerous, to proceed against him with that degree of stringency which at first had been intended.

At the time and place appointed Wyclif presented himself to defend the nineteen theses which had been condemned by the Papal Court. This he did in a written document which is still extant.¹³ The proceedings of the day were interrupted, however, by two events which effectually barred the administration of justice. The Princess of Wales sent a message to the court forbidding the Commissioners to pronounce any final judgment against the accused; and the citizens of London forced their way into the place of meeting (although it was the Archbishop's chapel in Lambeth Palace), where their conduct was so violent and so threatening that the meeting was brought to an abrupt conclusion; a measure which we cannot but regret as being at once undignified and unsatisfactory.

This second failure in the administration of justice, ominously startling as it was in itself, became more so when taken in connection with the events by which it was followed. Shortly after the turbulent gathering at Lambeth, Gregory the Eleventh died, and then followed the great schism, which apparently would have overthrown the Church had not that Church been founded upon the Rock. This combination of evil circumstances contributed, more than aught else, to the progress of the heresy of Wyclif. The disorders which it introduced into the State crippled the action of the Bishops; and during the anarchy which may be dated from this period, error made easy and rapid progress in the overthrow of the old faith of England. While men slept, the enemy came and sowed the tares in God's field, and from that time both have been growing together, and will continue to do so until the harvest.

From this time forward Wyclif is known to us chiefly as a man who had a legal claim to be considered as a parish priest. He left his comfortable rectory only when some urgent occasion demanded, but with comparatively few exceptions Lutterworth formed his chief residence. Yet we must not permit ourselves to imagine that the latter years of his life were spent in quiet repose, much less in dreamy idleness. On the contrary, they were marked by an energy of action which

¹³ Walsingham, i. 357; Lewis, p. 382. See also *Fascic. Zizan.* p. 245.

surprises us not only by its ceaseless activity, but also by the facility with which it originated and carried on to their completion various schemes, all of which are subservient to the gigantic project of evil to which he henceforth devoted the declining years of his existence.

Of these various occupations in which he engaged himself, one of the most important is the preparation of that collection of sermons which passes under his name, and of the most of which he is undoubtedly the author.¹⁴ There is about them a unity of style, a peculiarity of treatment and diction, a personality, so to speak, which enables us to identify them as his own, although no title announces the name of the author. They are well calculated to create a permanent impression; and they cannot but have been very telling productions when delivered with the energy and the rapid eloquence which we are assured were the distinguishing marks of his oratory.

On the other hand, however, they present many difficulties, one especially for which I find no satisfactory explanation.

Wyclif was the rector of an English parish, to the emoluments of which he became entitled in virtue of his promise to discharge the duties attached to it. These duties were well known, they were invariable and inviolable; and no human authority could dispense him from their obligation. One of these duties was to teach the Catholic faith, to practise the Catholic ritual, and to live in obedience to the polity of the Catholic Church. He could not have been put in possession of his benefice without having pledged himself solemnly and in God's Name to discharge these various duties. The precise terms of these several obligations, drawn up with cautious forethought and expressed with a technical skill and precision which makes evasion or subterfuge all but an impossibility, were well known to our Reformer, for he had given his deliberate assent to them at each successive change of benefice; and these changes had been frequent. Yet to all appearance they had no hold upon his conscience. As far as we can judge he violated them without hesitation, and continued to do so till the last day of his life. Perhaps, however, there may be an explanation of this difficulty, which will place his character in a more satisfactory aspect than that in which it now stands before us. It would be unbecoming to discuss this subject at

¹⁴ A large collection of these sermons may be seen in the first and second volumes of the *Select English Works of John Wyclif*, edited by Tho. Arnold, M.A., Oxf. 1869.

the present stage of the inquiry, for our information about the honesty of the belauded rector of Lutterworth is scanty and unsatisfactory. We, therefore, refrain from inquiring on the present occasion into the truthfulness and honesty of Wyclif's conduct as rector of Lutterworth. Ere long it will doubtless engage the attention of the learned members of the society which passes under his name; and we shall be curious to see how these boasted manuscript treasures discovered at Vienna will remove the dark cloud which at present veils the bright rays of "The Morning Star of the Reformation."

The religious and political doctrines advocated with so much energy and perseverance by our Reformer and his assistant preachers gradually permeated the lower grades of society, and found a ready response among the more ignorant of the common people. Many of the labouring classes were ripe for insurrection, and nothing more was needed to call it into activity than some trifling provocation. The fatal pestilences which had desolated England in 1349, 1362, and 1369, and the failure of the crops which followed thereupon as a necessary consequence, led to a formidable insurrection. Its proximate occasion was the misconduct of one of the tax-gatherers in Essex, the excited population of which took up arms in vindication of their supposed rights. Having been joined by a corresponding mob of the men of Kent, the united body, which is said to have been about one hundred thousand strong, marched upon London, of which it took possession. There it indulged in the grossest excesses, among which it may be enough to specify the murder of many of the unresisting citizens, the seizure of the King, and the beheading of the Archbishop of Canterbury.¹⁵ It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the atrocities which were perpetrated under the name of Liberty; the question with which we are more immediately concerned at the present time leads us to inquire how far these insurrectionary movements were naturally and necessarily the outcome of the teaching of Wyclif.

We have not far to go in search of evidence, for the story of a leading mover in the outbreak has been chronicled by two independent authors, both of whom are entitled to the highest credit. They tell us that a certain priest of the name

¹⁵ Further details respecting this bloody outbreak are given in a paper which appeared in *THE MONTH*, vol. xlv. p. 213 (February, 1882.), entitled, "The English Lollards, what they taught and what they did."

of John Ball (or Balle) had adopted these heretical opinions, which he had preached for more than twenty years, whenever and wherever the opportunity presented itself. He made himself popular by advocating revolutionary doctrines, such as affected not only the State but the Church also. He told the people that no one need pay tithes to his curate or rector, if that curate or rector happened to be richer than the man by whom the payment was to be made: leaving every one to settle the point for himself. No tithes or offerings were due by an individual whose life was better than that of his curate, the question of the relative excellency of the two being left to the decision of the individual by whom the payment was due. As it was found that he had promulgated these and certain other Wyclifite doctrines he was suspended by the Archbishop; and remaining stubborn in his heresy he was excommunicated and cast into prison. While he was still in custody the insurrection broke out, and the men of Kent, in their march up to London, bethinking themselves of their favourite apostle, freed him from custody by violence, and appointed him one of their counsel. He accepted the post and preached to them on Blackheath, where he took for his text the favourite proverbial couplet:

Whan Adam dalf, and Eve span,
Wo was thanne a gentilman?

Wasingham has preserved an outline of his sermon. He began by an attack upon distinction of ranks. All men, said he, were equal at the beginning, having been so created by God, and at that time there were no masters and no servants. That there should be such now is against the will of God. He entreated his hearers to be brave and resolute, and to act as the farmer does in the cultivation of his field. Just as the farmer cuts down and roots up noxious weeds, so should they deal with the men of the present day. They should kill the chief nobility, and the Archbishop of Canterbury; they should deal out the same measure to the lawyers, justices, and the jurors; and in the last place they should thrust out of the way every one whose life was injurious to the public good. Then, and not till then, would there be peace and security in the land; for there would be equal liberty, equal nobility, equal rank, and equal power.

These doctrines made Ball very popular with the mob, who, by acclamation, appointed their favourite at once Archbishop

of Canterbury and Lord High Chancellor of England. To clear the path for this rapid promotion they voted that Simon Sudbury, the present Archbishop, was a traitor to the Commons and the kingdom, and as such ought to be beheaded—a sentence which they were not long in putting into execution.¹⁶

When the insurrection was quelled, Ball (who had been recaptured in the meantime) was brought up for trial at St. Alban's before Robert Tressilian, Chief Justice of England. The evidence against him was so conclusive that he was speedily condemned to be drawn, hanged, and quartered. At the approach of death the boastful spirit of the insurgent abandoned him, and he had the grace to ask for an interview with the Bishop of London. He made a public confession, which seems to have been reduced to writing and attested by a notary.¹⁷ It was to the effect that for two years he had been Wyclif's disciple, from whom he had learnt the heresies which he had promulgated. He stated that there existed a certain organized band of Wyclifites, who had agreed to perambulate the whole of England with the design of preaching everywhere their master's doctrines at one and the same time, so that every corner of the realm might speedily and surely be brought under the influence of these emissaries. His belief was that, unless active measures were adopted to prevent it, the mischief would be done within the space of two years. The entire plan was under the management of Wyclif, who was aided by Nicolas Hereford, John Aston, and Laurence Bedenam, all of whom were Masters of Arts.¹⁸

Ball was drawn, hanged, and beheaded at St. Alban's on July 15, 1381, in the presence of the young King Richard the Second, and his quarters were sent to four of the chief towns of the kingdom.

In the face of such evidence as this it is not easy to defend Wyclif from the charge of having been in his day a preacher of sedition. I do not accuse him of any actual participation in the terrible scenes which were at this time enacted in London and the neighbourhood. While they were being perpetrated our hero was placidly enjoying the safety afforded him by his comfortable rectory in Leicestershire, there penning the tractates which furnished men bolder than himself with arguments for insurrection, pillage, and murder, which they were not slow in

¹⁶ See Walsingham, ii. 32.

¹⁷ *Fasc. Zizan.* pp. 273, 274.

¹⁸ For the evidence on this point see *Fasc. Zizan.* p. 274.

reducing to practice. My contention is that the theorist who excogitates principles which naturally lead to crime is morally and legally answerable for that crime when it is committed. It is vain to tell us that Walden's account of the transaction was drawn up forty years after the transaction itself. Walden's narrative is founded upon official documents, besides which the Editor of the *Fasciculus Zizaniorum* adduces arguments and proofs to show that in all probability "the basis of the collection was a fragment of a history of the Lollards written by an earlier hand," who seems to have been at work in 1382, when Ball made his confession and was executed.¹⁹

From this period onwards the life of Wyclif was one of seclusion, seldom interrupted by any incident which brought him before the observation of the public. But he was not idle; on the contrary, the numerous writings of which he was the author during this period, show his unwearied energy and unimpaired activity. They are all animated by the same spirit of bitter hostility towards the Holy See, the Prelacy, and the Church and her teaching. Some of the most caustic of his numerous sermons are to be attributed to this period, and the growing violence of his language becomes more and more perceptible. The Papal schism, which unfortunately took place at this time, gave him but too favourable a subject for the display of his eloquence. The Pope and all connected with him are spoken of with a spirit of malignity which labours to find terms sufficiently expressive of its depth and intensity.

It must have been during this period of his life that Wyclif busied himself in preparing that version of the Holy Scriptures which passes under his name, and on which his reputation among us is chiefly founded. Had he been contented with writing dreary books in Latin, such as his masterpiece the *Dialogus*, or intemperate sermons, such as those by which he sought to ruin the faith of his unhappy parishioners at Lutterworth and elsewhere, his name would soon have fallen into merited obscurity. But more mischief yet remained to be done, and he set himself to do it. His theory was that every man is a priest; and what is a priest without a Bible? And if the

¹⁹ We may put aside the document printed by Foxe (iii. 49), the claims of which to be considered as a letter have been conclusively disposed of by Lechler (ii. 284). Even less worthy of credit is the legend that Wyclif was banished from England and found a refuge in Bohemia, where his opinions had already made considerable progress.

Lollard preacher could not read the Bible in the Latin, it was fitting that he should be provided with it in English. Protestant England tells us that it is for this gift above all else that she holds the name of Wyclif in veneration, and we believe her. But upon this subject a few remarks become necessary.

The Catholic Church is said to be an enemy to the diffusion of the knowledge of Divine Truth, and especially to the general circulation of the written Word of God in the language of the people. This is a mistake, or rather it is a misstatement. Our objection is not to the Bible, but to falsified versions of the Bible, versions prepared for the purpose of perverting the truth and teaching falsehood. In doing this the Catholic and the Protestant act alike. The Church of England objects to circulate the Douay version;—why should she wonder if we, on our side, object to the use of “The Holy Bible translated by his Majesty’s special command, and appointed to be read in churches” by the same supreme authority?

We assert, then, that from a very early period of our history the people of England were familiar with the leading facts and doctrines of the Sacred History. The story of the Saxon Caedmon, so admirably told by the Venerable Bede,²⁰ is known to everyone. This Yorkshire cowherd composed a poem which embraced an outline of the Old and New Testaments. He sang of the creation of the world and of our first parents, and told the subsequent history of the children of Israel, as recorded in Holy Writ. Then followed the narrative of our Lord’s Incarnation, His Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension, the descent of the Holy Spirit, and the teaching of the Apostles. He described the terrors of the Last Judgment, the horrors of Hell, and the joys of the heavenly Kingdom, in language so forcible that men were weaned from their evil ways and led into the paths of holiness. Fragments of this remarkable poem are still extant, and have been more than once published.

At the time of his death the Venerable Bede was employed in translating into the Saxon language the Gospel of St. John. King Alfred’s biographer, Asser, assures us that if the more necessary parts of Holy Writ were not made accessible to his subjects in their own tongue, it was only because the King had no opportunity of carrying out his wishes on this point. Long before his time the entire Book of Psalms and the four

²⁰ *Hist. Eccl.* iv. 24. Caedmon seems to have lived about the year 680.

Gospels had been translated into Saxon.²¹ We are spared the necessity of further research into the history of the vernacular Scriptures among our Saxon forefathers by quoting the following passage from the Preface of the Rev. J. Forshall²² to the Wyclifite translation of the Bible: "The writings which are still extant show that the Anglo-Saxon Church must have had in its own tongue a considerable amount of Scriptural instruction."

The same observation holds good as to the period after the Norman conquest. Before the end of the thirteenth century an important step had been taken by turning into verse the whole of the Psalter. The translation is a tolerably close rendering of the Latin, and has the additional merit of being simple and expressive. During the reign of the first three Edwards there appeared a great variety of poetical compositions upon sacred subjects containing large extracts from the Scriptures. Long before Wyclif's translation, writes Archbishop Ussher, there existed an English version of the entire Bible, an assertion in which he is supported by Dr. James, keeper of the Bodleian and Cottonian Libraries, and a devoted admirer of Wyclif.²³

These facts, with many others which might be quoted, may suffice to show that translations of various portions of the Old and New Testaments had been familiar to Englishmen long before the days of John Wyclif, and that he cannot be considered as the originator of this grand idea. Nor is his share very considerable, even in the work which his admirers of the present day are anxious to assign to him as his exclusive property. If any portion of the undertaking belongs to him, it is the version of the New Testament, and even on this point his Oxford editors, Forshall and Madden, speak with considerable reserve. "This translation," write they, and their remark applies only to the New Testament, "might probably be the work of Wyclif himself." Possibly he had no

²¹ See the Anglo-Saxon and Early English Psalter, now first printed from MSS. in the British Museum. London, 1844. 8vo. 2 vols. Surtees Society.

²² Four volumes, 4to, Oxford, 1850. A work to which I express my grateful obligations. The Preface is a model of patient research and judicious criticism.

²³ See Ussher's treatise, *De Scripturis et Sacris Vernaculis*, p. 155. London, 1690. Dr. James was the author of the well-known "*Apology for John Wickliffe*, showing his conformity with the new Church of England. To which are added two tracts of John Wickliffe." Oxon, 1608, 4to. It is just, however, to add that the accuracy of this statement of James and Archbishop Ussher has been questioned, among others by the editors of Wyclif's Bible.

share in the translation of the New Testament; certainly he had nothing to do with the version of the Old Testament. Probably while the New Testament was in progress, or within a short time of its completion, the Old Testament was taken in hand by one of his coadjutors. That this was the case is proved by a note written at the end of one of the Bodleian MSS.,²⁴ which ascribes the version to Nicolas de Hereford, and Wyclif's recent editors (though naturally anxious to preserve his reputation where possible) tell us that they "have no hesitation in giving full credence to its statement." It comprises all the Apocryphal Books, so called, excepting the fourth Book of Esdras. Hereford's version was extremely literal, occasionally obscure, and sometimes incorrect, and a revision was considered necessary. This, however, cannot be ascribed to Wyclif, for it was not issued until some time after his death.

These details, interesting in themselves, have led us to two important inferences. We see, in the first place, that the idea of a translation of the Bible into English did not originate with Wyclif; and that in trying to carry it out he was merely continuing an idea long familiar to his countrymen. We see, in the second place, that little of the practical work of the undertaking can be ascribed to him with any certainty. Perhaps the version of the New Testament may be his, perhaps not; certainly no more. So, then, neither the design nor the execution were his. It was not a congenial occupation. The duties of a translator were too humble, and too clearly defined to suit the more aspiring genius of our Reformer. It afforded him no scope for the exercise of the spirit of railing and invective in which his soul delighted. Abandoning the work of translation to others, he found more congenial occupation in writing a ponderous work which he called his *Summa*, in rivalry to that of St. Thomas of Aquin, and death surprised him while so occupied. He preferred his own wild speculations to the less exciting duties of the translator. The translation of the Holy Scriptures into English did not hold the primary place in the estimation of John Wyclif.

Dominated by this spirit of hostility to the Church, of which he still claimed the protection and enjoyed the revenues, Wyclif spent undisturbed the last years of his dishonoured existence. A paralytic seizure which occurred about two years before his death ought to have been an eloquent warning of what was so

²⁴ Preface, p. xvi.

speedily to follow. The Divine patience was exhausted, and the blow **which** now followed was decisive. Neither the date nor the **circumstances** of Wyclif's death admit of doubt. Thomas Gascoigne, D.D., Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1442, and the two following years,²⁶ gives us the particulars of **this** event with a precision which admits of no question. He tells **us** that Wyclif died on the festival of St. Sylvester, being the **Vigil** of our Lord's Circumcision, A.D. 1384. The attack **which** terminated thus fatally had its beginning on the day of the **Holy** Innocents (December 28), while he was hearing Mass in his **parish** church of Lutterworth. His tongue was especially affected by the attack, and he never recovered his power of **speech**. It is a circumstance which is recorded as being worthy of **remembrance** that he was stricken down at the time of the **Elevation** of the Host. This statement is confirmed, as far as the **day** of Wyclif's death is concerned, by an entry in the **Register** of the Bishop of Lincoln; and the other particulars **given** above rest upon the evidence of John Horn, who was **assistant** priest at Lutterworth at the time of Wyclif's death. He **recounted** them to Gascoigne, by whom they were written **down** on a paper whence they were printed by Lewis.

Thus ends the life of the great heresiarch. He left behind him **an** inheritance of evil to the nation which has had the **misfortune** to reckon him among her children. She professes to **be** proud of him, and would have us believe that for his own **sake**, as well as for the work which he did, she holds his name in **honour**. To me this seems to be more than questionable. If **the** name of John Wyclif has been forced of late into **prominence**, it is less out of regard to the individual himself than to the **doctrines** and opinions of which he is falsely presumed to **be** the representative. It lends something of a colour of **anti-quity** to the modern imposture which passes by the name of the **Church** of England, but, which is really the Church of Calvin, **Martyr**, and Bucer. England never accepted as a whole the **doctrines** which Wyclif taught; and profoundly Protestant as she is at the **present** moment, she would not accept them now if she **could** have them for the asking. But they are useful in so far as **they** tend to widen the breach between England and Rome, and to keep alive the feeling of hostility which has too long **existed** between men who ought to be brethren. We would **remind** our countrymen that the present warfare comes not from

²⁶ Lewis, n. 25, p. 336, from MS. Cott. *Ortho. A.* xiv.

us, nor have we provoked it. Our wish is to live at peace with all men. But if the strife be forced upon us, and we are thus openly attacked, we claim the privilege of acting upon the defensive. And we are not ashamed to stand forward in defence of the truth as our ancestors knew it, and with them to recognize it as the faith once delivered to the saints, and which, despite all that can be done to crush it, shall continue to exist until the end of the world.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

Father Curci and the Roman Congregations.

EVERY loyal Catholic throughout the Christian world will have rejoiced at the announcement of Father Curci's unequivocal submission to the authority of the Holy See. He has proved that in spite of his aberrations on matters political and disciplinary, he has not lost the light of faith. If a cloud seemed long to obscure his intellect and lead him astray from the path of obedience, yet it was not a cloud so dense as to prevent him from loyally recognizing in the voice of the occupant of Peter's See the supreme authority of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. He has now proved undeniably his sincerity when he said that if ever he recognized the maternal authority of the Church as being at stake, he would not hesitate at once to submit his will and obey. Through the mouth of Leo the Church has at length spoken to him with a voice in which he could not fail to acknowledge the exercise of his Mother's right to command, and prompt obedience has been the happy result.

Father Curci's submission is the more remarkable, by reason of a letter signed with his name which appeared in the *London Times* only a few days previously. In it he appeals to the English public against the attacks and misrepresentations of the Catholic papers of England and English-speaking countries, as well as of his opponents in Italy itself. The Catholic papers of England are so few in number that the misrepresentations of which he speaks could scarcely have escaped our notice. We can certainly answer for it that in the most conspicuous among them nothing of the sort has appeared. In other English-speaking countries there may have been a certain amount of misrepresentation in Catholic journals, but we do not believe it. We suspect that this charge is an instance of that inaccuracy and carelessness of thought which we shall have occasion to notice as characterizing the defence of his conduct contained in the same letter, but which now we may presume that he has happily abandoned. This inexactness of mind is perhaps his best excuse for the many foolish and

disloyal things that he has written about the Holy Father and all things Papal during the last ten years.

It would indeed have been a sad thing if Father Curci had not by his subsequent submission cancelled a letter in which, while professing to remain a faithful member of the Church, he seems to court the friendship and crave after the sympathy of the Church's enemies. The *Saturday Review*¹ calls it a "piteous" appeal, and piteous it certainly was, though perhaps in rather a different sense from that in which it was used by our anti-Papal contemporary. It was a piteous thing to witness the sad spectacle of an old man, who, for the greater part of his long life, had been not only a loyal son of the Church, but a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, appealing, at a time when the shadows were gathering round the evening of his days, to the Protestant press of an heretical country for sympathy and support. Perhaps it was pitiable rather than piteous. He had indeed a claim on our pity by reason of his own unhappy condition of mind, and his culpable refusal to obey, but he had no claim on our pity, much less on our sympathy, in the rebellious attitude of wilful independence which now, through God's mercy, he has happily abandoned.

It is our object in the present paper to show how illogical and untenable this position was. We can do so the more readily, in that the good Father is now on our side, and our opponent is not Father Curci, but (if we have an opponent) the writer in the *Saturday Review*, who writes, as it seems to us, rather with the malice of the disloyal Catholic than with the customary prejudice of the ill-informed Protestant.

At the same time we shall take the opportunity of explaining to our readers what sort of obedience is required of the loyal Catholic to Roman Congregations. There is often a great deal of loose talking and loose thinking about the so-called voice of the Church, and men are prone to confound together the different degrees of obedience due to the various utterances which are included under this common name. The letter signed with Father Curci's name was calculated to throw dust in the eyes of the careless reader in this respect, and, we hope quite undesignedly, to leave an impression which we cannot but characterize as a false one.

The teaching of theologians respecting the obedience due to the decrees of the various Roman Congregations is a

¹ *Saturday Review*, September 13, 1884.

matter of the highest importance and interest to the student of Catholic theology and to the faithful generally. These Congregations were instituted with the view of relieving the Holy Father of some portion of the enormous weight of business which presses on him day by day, and of assisting him with suitable aid and counsel.² They are in fact a number of committees concerned with the regulation of the affairs of the Universal Church, and they advise the Pope on matters of doctrine and discipline and ritual, on the government of Regulars and Seculars, on the appointment of members of the Hierarchy, on questions relating to Indulgences, relics, censures, on the validity of disputed marriages, on a thousand and one different subjects arising out of and connected with ecclesiastical law. We are at present concerned with two only out of those various Congregations, the Congregation of the Inquisition and the Congregation of the Index. The former of these was established by Paul the Third in 1542, to check the poison of the Lutheran heresy. It is a criminal court, and it is concerned with all causes and matters relating to heresy, schism, apostasy, witchcraft, and the abuse of the sacraments.³ It judges as a supreme court on all strictly religious questions, and has to examine into and punish offences against faith. It takes cognizance of appeals to the Holy See on such matters. Its chief office is to watch against the spread of false doctrine, whether by means of oral or written teaching. Hence all books suspected of containing unsound or dangerous matter fall under its jurisdiction.⁴ But the examination of such books was found in its early days to involve an amount of labour requiring some subsidiary congregation to share its work. In the year 1557, by direction of Paul the Fourth, a general Catalogue of prohibited books was issued by the Congregation of the Inquisition, and eighteen Fathers were shortly after appointed by the Council of Trent, at the suggestion of the same Pontiff, to revise and complete this Catalogue, which was published all over the world in 1594. To add to it and correct it a permanent Committee soon became necessary. It was altogether beyond the power of the Congregation of the Inquisition to do the work, at a time when the number of printed books issuing from the press was increasing day by

² Plettenberg, *Notitia Cong.* in præf.

³ Plettenberg, *Notitia Cong.* 619, ed. 1693.

⁴ Bouix, *De Curia Romana*, p. 153.

day. To meet this difficulty, St. Pius the Fifth instituted a new Congregation, of which the special and sole function was to examine suspected books, and to issue a list (*indicem*) of those which it found reason to condemn.

From the list which it thus issued it derived its name of the Congregation of the Index. It was not in any sense a criminal court. It merely announced to the faithful in general that such and such books were forbidden and could not be read without sin. The judicial function of dealing with the author of the book rather than with the book itself never passed into its hands. The Congregation of the Index had indeed this relation with the author, that it gave him notice, while the book was under examination and before it was placed upon the roll of condemned works, and he thus had an opportunity of removing from the condemnation by submitting to the judgment of the Sacred Congregation. In this case a note was appended to the book when it appeared on the proscribed list, "The author has sent in his submission"—(*auctor se subiecit*); or if he did so with ready compliance and without any pressure, "The author has made his submission in a way deserving of all praise"—(*auctor laudabiliter se subiecit*). But it did not belong to the Congregation of the Index to impose pains and penalties. This was left to the Congregation of the Inquisition, which still retained to itself the function of judging of the contents of books suspected of false or pernicious doctrine, and of passing sentence on the author if the charge were duly established.

It was Benedict the Fourteenth⁵ who laid down in detail the method of proceeding to be adopted by the Inquisition in judging of suspected books. First of all, the book is to be read and carefully weighed by one of the Consultors or advisers of the Sacred Congregation, who sends it with his opinion, and with the chief errors marked in it, to the other Consultors. At the next meeting of the Consultors the book is discussed; each Consultor states his opinion and gives his vote as to the justice of the charges brought against the book, and the theological vote of censure it deserves, if they are proved against it. The results of the voting, and the opinions of the various Consultors, are then forwarded to each of the Cardinals who compose the Congregation of the Inquisition, and they have to pronounce sentence definitively about the whole matter. The sentence,

⁵ In the Constitution *Sollicita*, §§ 3 seq., July 9, 1753.

however, and the whole proceedings, have still to be submitted to the Holy Father, before the judgment passed finally takes effect. In important cases the mere sanction of the Pope is not enough, and the matter comes before the meeting of the Congregation which takes place on a Thursday, and at which the Pope himself presides. In this case the Pope acts as Prefect of the Congregation, and passes sentence in his own name, after the Cardinals have voted as to the reality of the charge and the punishment to be inflicted.

In the sentence passed, whether by Cardinals under Papal sanction, or by the Pope himself with the Cardinals as his advisers and assessors, there are three constituent parts which need not all be actually and explicitly present, but which must all of them be virtually and implicitly contained in it. To distinguish these is a matter of very great importance in forming an opinion respecting the justice of the proceedings of Roman Congregations in general, and in the special case which is now before us.

1. There is the dogmatic decision respecting the truth or falsity of the opinions expressed in the book, respecting its general tone and spirit, its loyalty or disloyalty, the effects it is likely to produce on the minds of the faithful at large, &c.

2. There is the command issued to the author or to Catholics generally, based on this decision, and enjoining on the author the withdrawal of the book or some similar act of submission to the authority of the Congregation, and on the faithful the duty of neither reading of it themselves, nor of doing anything to promote its circulation.

3. There is the penal sentence passed on the author which may be either absolute, or conditional and dependent on his compliance with the command enjoined upon him.

The dogmatic decree deals with a speculative question, and one in which a fallible man or body of men may err, and to which intellectual assent can be required under pain of heresy only where the prerogative of infallibility is manifestly present to the judge passing sentence. If this is not the case, or if there is any reasonable doubt about it, the author of the book may be firmly convinced that his judges are wrong and he is right as to the opinions expressed in his book, without being necessarily liable to the charge of heresy, or of false and pernicious doctrine. He may be blind, presumptuous, ignorant; his blindness may be the just punishment of pride and disloyalty;

but if in his heart he is convinced that the thesis upheld is in accordance with facts, no one has in this case any right to condemn him as a heretic. But would he be guilty of grave sin? The case is one rather of theory than of fact. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the inability to recognize the falsity of the doctrines condemned arises from pride or obstinacy or some other grave moral fault. The mere fact of a single individual preferring his own opinion to the carefully weighed and authoritative decision of a body of grave and learned theologians, Cardinals of the Roman Church, helped by the learning and prudence of carefully chosen consultors, and acting, not as individuals, but as constituent members of one of the Church's recognized tribunals, would in itself indicate, at least in a large majority of cases, a guilty and overweening pride and presumption; and when that decision receives the sanction of the Holy Father himself, the preference given by a single individual, whatever his ability and knowledge, to his own judgment over the combined voice of Cardinals asserting and Pope approving, could scarcely under any possible circumstances be excused. Still the bare possibility exists. It is quite true that these decrees are, as Father Curci says, not irreformable nor infallible, according to the verdict of all the best theologians of the Church.

But this has reference only to those decrees which are issued in the name of the members of the Sacred Congregation, without any express confirmation or approbation on the part of the Roman Pontiff being mentioned in the decree. The reason why such decrees are not infallible, and may be retracted, is that the Pope cannot delegate his infallibility. He may have been present at the meeting of the Congregation when the decree was passed. He may have given his formal sanction to the issuing of it, but as long as he does not make it his own by any words inserted in it to that effect, it does not come within the province of infallibility. Although in individual cases the probability of its truth amounts to a moral certainty, yet the familiar case of Galileo shows that the Congregation of the Inquisition may pass a decree which is not in accordance with fact. That out of the thousands and tens of thousands of the decrees issued, there are but one or two cases which can be quoted against the Congregation, is sufficient evidence of the authority of its decisions. The exception proves the rule. Men who rely upon these one or two exceptions to

prove that the decrees are not irreformable, and that consequently they are justified in clinging to their own opinion as against the decision of the Congregation, are like speculators who risk their all in a lottery where the chances of failure are a thousand or five thousand to one.

But the Holy Father is not always satisfied with being present at the meetings of the Congregation and sanctioning their proceedings in general. He sometimes goes a step further, and not only sanctions the issuing of the decree, but personally approves and confirms its contents, although it is still issued in the name of the Cardinals composing the Congregation.⁶ By so doing he makes the decrees in some sense his own, or at all events makes himself responsible for their truth. Are the faithful therefore bound to receive them as infallible and irrefragable utterances which they must believe, under pain of heresy, and which do not and cannot depart a single hair's breadth from the perfect truth? Are they bound to accept them with that perfect interior assent and submission which is due to every *ex cathedra* utterance of the Vicar of Christ? This is a question about which the careful theologian hesitates before he answers in the affirmative. There is just the shadow of a doubt whether the Pope, in confirming these decrees, acts as Head of the Congregation or as Head of the Universal Church. If the former is true, there is just the bare possibility of their not being marked with the mark of infallibility. However strong our own conviction of their universal and their irrefragable truth, we have no right to condemn any one who may see in them a want of that fulness of authority which is necessary to stamp them as outside the possibility of error. No case has ever been known in which there has been any ground for doubting their absolute truth, and we may have a moral certainty that no such case will ever occur. To assail any of them would expose the assailant to a grave theological vote of censure. But we do not think that he could be convicted of heresy for doing so, since it is possible that in them the Pope speaks with the *Supreme* authority, but not with the *Infallible* authority committed to him by Jesus Christ. For the exercise of Infallibility it is necessary that he should make it manifest to the

⁶ "Eminentissimi decreverunt, negative ad formam decreti feriae V coram SS. diei 13 Jan. 1655. Eadem die et feria SS. D. N. D. Gregorius div. prov. pp. XVI. in audientia assessori S. Officii impertita resolutionem Eminentissimorum approbavit" (Denz. *Enchiridion*, n. 1495).

faithful that he is speaking as Teacher and Doctor of the Universal Church. Unless this is clear, we cannot with absolute certainty conclude that the utterance is infallible. It may be a grievous sin to doubt its truth; it may be an act of rebellion to say a word against it, but we cannot be infallibly sure that it is infallibly true.

There is still another class of dogmatic decrees, which consists of those which the Holy Father issues in his own name, and to which He imparts the fulness of his authority as Head of the Universal Church. In these he speaks in a way that makes it manifest to all that he not only adopts the decree as his own, but puts it forth as proceeding from Himself as its author in his capacity of Head of the Catholic Church. The Cardinals composing the Congregation are merely his advisers and assessors. In this case he uses language such as follows: "Having heard the opinions of the Cardinals, We, by their advice and also of our own accord, condemn," &c. Among decrees of that nature are that in which Innocent the Tenth condemns the opinion respecting the equality of SS. Peter and Paul,⁷ and in which in recent times Gregory the Sixteenth passed sentence on the philosophy of Hermes.⁸ Here there can be no possible doubt about the binding character of the decrees. In the one case the Pope, as Head of the Universal Church, and speaking on a matter of faith and morals, condemns certain propositions as heretical, and therefore his utterances are infallible, and any one refusing interior assent to them, or doubting of their truth, cuts himself off from the communion of the faithful, and is *ipso facto* a heretic. In the other he uses the fulness of his Apostolic power to condemn and reject certain

⁷ "Sanctissimus, relata unanimi theologorum ad hoc specialiter deputatorum censura, et auditis votis eminentissimorum et reverendissimorum DD. Cardinalium Generalium Inquisitorum, propositionem hanc: S. Petrus et S. Paulus sunt duo Ecclesiæ principes, qui unicum efficiunt, vel: sunt duo Ecclesiæ catholicæ coryphæi ac supremi duces summa inter se unitate conjuncti, vel: sunt geminus universalis Ecclesiæ vertex, qui in unum divinissime coaluerunt, vel: sunt duo Ecclesiæ summi pastores ac præsides, qui unicum caput constituunt, ita explicatam, ut ponat omnimodam æqualitatem inter S. Petrum et S. Paulum sine subordinatione et subjectione S. Pauli ad S. Petrum in potestate suprema et regimine universalis Ecclesiæ, hæreticam censuit et declaravit" (Denz. *Enchiridion*, n. 965).

⁸ "Nos itaque auditis præfatorum Cardinalium suffragiis et omnibus plene perpensis, de eorum consilio ac etiam motu proprio, deque Apostolicæ potestatis plenitudine, prædictos libros, ubicunque et quocunque idiomate, seu quavis editione aut versione hucusque impressos, aut in posterum, quod absit, imprimendos, tenore præsentium damnamus et reprobamus, ac in indicem librorum prohibitorum referri mandamus" (Denz. *Enchiridion*, n. 1487).

philosophical works, and he who doubts and denies the justice of the condemnation passed, if he is not actually guilty of formal heresy, is at least guilty of an act deserving grave theological censure.

So far we are quite at one with Father Curci in the letter now practically withdrawn, but we have not yet touched the real point at issue. It was within the bounds of possibility, until the Holy Father himself spoke in his own name, that Father Curci was right and the Congregation wrong in the decree which condemned his writings and the opinions therein expressed. At all events he thought so, and though we may regard him as having been presumptuous and insolent in clinging to his own opinion in opposition to the collective voice of the Cardinals composing the Congregation, we have no right to assert that, with such a conviction in his mind, he was bound in conscience to adopt their opinions instead of his own, or to give interior assent to their decrees.

But this was not the real question. The letter in the *Times* signed with his name, the substance of which is repeated in the *Saturday Review*, would have the reader believe that because Father Curci did not accept as his own opinions which he was not bound to accept and could not accept, he was unjustly punished, contrary to all reason and justice. We will quote the exact words, lest we seem to be among those who "misrepresent" him.

I am a priest, who by disciplinary measures is forbidden to say Mass, but I am not deprived of the participation of the Sacraments, and at all events not expelled from the communion of the faithful. The fact which has caused this disciplinary animadversion is my disobedience to a decree of a Roman Congregation. These decrees, according to the doctrines of the best theologians, are not irreformable, and the ecclesiastical censures do not bind in conscience or in *foro interno*, when deprived of a good reason. This is the verdict of theologians from St. Gregory the Great down to St. Thomas and St. Alphonsus de Liguori.

I am therefore neither that heretic which the Clericals dream, nor that *transfuga* which according to Protestant opinions has already left, or is quite near to leave Rome. I am a dutiful son of the Church, who hesitates to obey an order of this mother because he does not see clear enough the maternal authority in it. I am yet so disposed in my heart that, should any one persuade me that maternal authority is at stake, I would not hesitate for a single minute to surrender my will and obey.

Now this passage is distinctly misleading. It confuses

together the decree which condemns speculative opinions and the decree which gives a positive and practical command. It would have us infer that because the speculative decree might according to the opinion of the best theologians be mistaken, therefore the practical decree might be disobeyed even by a dutiful son of the Church. The inference is an wholly unjustifiable one. The theologians say that the bare possibility of error in a decree frees the individual Catholic from the absolute obligation of interior assent. But this is a very different thing from saying that it frees him from the obligation of obedience when the Congregation orders this or that. If such disregard of positive commands were justifiable, there would be no such thing as obedience to a superior. It does not need any knowledge of theology to see that interior disagreement from speculative opinions is a very different thing from a refusal to obey a practical command. Dissension from the grounds on which an order is given by a lawful superior does not absolve the subject from obedience to the order, so long as there is nothing sinful in it. Suppose that a subordinate officer on the field of battle were to refuse to obey the general's order because he disagreed with the system of tactics pursued, would he not be justly tried by court-martial and shot for his disobedience? Would it avail him to quote the best authorities on military tactics to show that the general was wrong? The obvious answer would be, "Wrong or right, you were bound to obey. It is not a question of what you were bound to *think*, but what you were bound to *do*. You are going to suffer, not for disagreement with the opinions of a fallible man, but for deliberate disobedience to the commands of your lawful superior." In the same way Father Curci was condemned, not because he internally dissented from the decree of the Congregation, but because, and that on his own showing, he openly refused to obey it.

The letter moreover attempts to throw dust into our eyes by telling us that ecclesiastical censures do not bind in conscience or in *foro interno* when deprived of a good reason, leaving us to infer from this that he was quite at liberty to disregard the censure if he chose to evade the penalty of suspension which it involved. But was the censure deprived of a good reason, even on his own showing? It was not imposed because he used the liberty conceded to him by theologians of refusing to regard the decision of the Congregation as binding on his assent; if this were so, he would have good reason to complain; but it was

imposed because he refused to obey the positive order of the Congregation. He would have us think that the Congregation sought to force his conscience, and because he upheld the liberty of conscience conceded by all the best theologians, therefore he was condemned. The Congregation never interfered with the liberty of his conscience at all. It simply said, Here is our order, you may keep your opinions, but you must hold your tongue about them. Father Curci answered, No, I will not. I believe I am right and you are wrong, and so I am not going to obey you !

We have spoken above of three different kinds of decrees issuing from Roman Congregations—the dogmatic decree, which pronounces on the truth or falsity of opinions submitted to it ; the directive or regulative decree, ordering this or that to be done ; and the disciplinary decree, inflicting punishment for disobedience. Our readers will now see that the fallacy of Father Curci's argument lay in this, that he imagined that because the dogmatic decree did not, in the opinion of the best theologians, necessarily bind in conscience or in *foro interno*, therefore the command contained in the regulative decree might be disregarded, and the censure imposed in punishment for disobedience be set at nought. This confusion of thought is his best excuse for the false position he has so long occupied. Now that he has generously confessed his error, and abandoned his untenable line of defence, he will be the first to perceive where his mistake lay.

It is the voice of Peter ringing out clear and distinct, so that none can fail to recognize its authority, or find a subterfuge for rejecting its teaching, that has brought Father Curci to his senses. We see in the letter of Leo the Thirteenth, which confirms and makes his own all that the Congregation have decreed respecting Father Curci and his books, a magnificent instance of the ever living power of the Church striking down error with wise decisiveness and well timed severity. We see in the submission of the culprit a most edifying example of the instinctive loyalty of the Catholic prevailing, through the grace of God, over a long continued habit of wrongheaded criticism and the mistaken desire for a false liberty.

The Story of my Life.

A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS THE HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS
OF THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

IT has been well said that the story of almost any man's life is worth reading, if only it is faithfully told. History is but the aggregate of the lives of individual men and women, and its value mainly depends upon the completeness with which it enables us to realize their struggles and sufferings, their hopes and joys and sorrows. I have lately published some recollections of my own, illustrating the rise and progress of the great religious movement of the last fifty years, confining myself to the outward aspects of my personal history. I now propose to make those recollections complete, by relating those inner aspects of my story, without which the narrative is no real autobiographical record of the growth of an individual human nature. I have something to tell which may be of use to others of my generation, both in the way of guidance and warning. And with this end in view I venture to take them into my confidence, trusting to their friendly sympathy in return for my frankness and unreserve. Englishmen are often blamed for the cautiousness and pride with which they shut themselves up in the innermost recesses of their own thoughts. Often they are not deserving of the censure, for there are perhaps no people in the world so shy and shame-faced as Englishmen, and shyness is often mistaken for pride, and an excess of sensitiveness for jealous hauteur. At any rate, the experience of a long life has led me to the conclusion that habitual reserve is generally a mistake and does no good to any living being. With this conviction I appeal to my readers' sympathetic judgment upon what I am about to write. And I count upon that sympathetic judgment with all the more confidence, because I believe that there

are thousands of persons who like myself have been affected by the various currents of thought which have long been flowing with so much energy amongst us, but who have kept silence while I am venturing to speak.

It is difficult for those who are still young or middle-aged to realize the actual condition of English society during the Regency and the reign of George the Fourth, and to understand the exact character of the obstacles which stood in the way of the religious movements of fifty years ago. Only those who, like myself, are drawing near the end of their earthly life, can comprehend the greatness of that astonishing change whose full results it is impossible to foresee, but whose present fruits seem to point to some coming renewal of the faith and the practices of apostolic and post-apostolic times.

Setting aside the trivial events of childhood, my earliest recollections are connected with the old Church of St. Mary, Newington, long ago pulled down. It was a fair specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the eighteenth century, and was destitute alike of beauty and of symbolical meaning. Nevertheless, its wooden portico, its painted galleries, and organ-loft decorated with the royal arms, bright with obtrusive gilding, were suggestive in my boyish eyes of ideas of Christian belief and reverence. So, also, with its services. They were such as were universally in favour with the old-fashioned clergy, who were unaffected by the advancing Low Church or evangelical principles. The nickname of "High and Dry" has since been invented for them. Dry, indeed, were the services which satisfied these old-fashioned clergy. If they had any special characteristic, it was their exclusive use of Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms, with the addition of Bishop Ken's morning and evening hymns—the hymns for Christmas and Easter which were printed at the end of the Book of Common Prayer. A strange testimony was also frequently borne to the function of music, as an instrument of devotional thought. It was a common practice for the congregation to sit quietly down at a certain point in the morning prayers while the organist played a solo upon the organ at his own discretion. This was called the voluntary. It was probably a survival of the Catholic Offertory, sung at Mass in the old days before the Reformation.

Music, in fact, has been, apart from the direct teaching of hymns embodying the great truths of Christianity, the most powerful of all instruments for breaking down the barrier which

separated English Protestantism from the Catholic Church. It cannot be doubted that a familiarity with the musical compositions in use in the Catholic Church, softens the bitterness of anti-Roman feeling, and predisposes people to believe that the faith which can thus express itself in harmonies of exquisite beauty, cannot be that hideous union of formalism and superstition which popular prejudice associates with the very name of Rome. It is doubtful, indeed, whether Dissenters would have tolerated the use of two hymn tunes which had found their way into their books, with the titles *Tantum Ergo* and *Alma*, had they known that these titles were not connected with some mysterious musical origin, and that *Alma* was the first word of Webbe's setting of the *Alma Redemptoris Mater*. Webbe, the greatest of English glee writers, was a Catholic, and his Masses and motetts were well known to the humble choirs of the little Catholic churches (then timidly called chapels), in different parts of the country.

A marked musical influence upon old prejudices was exercised by the publication of the collection termed *German and Italian Sacred Music*, by Mr. C. J. Latrobe, a minister of the Moravian community living in England, and a man of refinement and good musical and general education. This collection gave the original Latin words of the pieces which it contained, many of which were of great beauty. No complete Masses were given, for in those days "selections" were all in vogue. But these selections were made from the purely musical point of view, and nothing was done to adapt their words to Protestant sensibilities. The publication had considerable success, and found its way into many families, familiarizing them with Catholic phrases and ideas, associated with agreeable emotions, all tending to create sympathy in place of the old ignorant aversion.

If, however, an acquaintance with Catholic music has gone far to enlist the feelings of Protestant families in favour of the Catholic Church herself, what is not to be said of the effect of the singing of Catholic hymns which has now become common wherever the English tongue is spoken? For myself, when I look back upon the services which were general in the churches of the Establishment in my young days, I cannot but recognize in the popularity of collections like *Hymns Ancient and Modern* an instrument for the conversion of all English-speaking races, whose power it is not easy to exaggerate. If there are any two

doctrines which are distinctly taught in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, these are the Divinity of our Lord and His Real Presence upon the altar. In connection with these two fundamental doctrines of Catholicism, there runs through this little book a recognition of the claims of the Immaculate Mother of Jesus, and of the essential unity of the whole Christian Church, including all those Christians who have passed into the unseen world. While congregations sing these hymns, preachers may say what they please from the pulpit. The hearts of their people are led to cling more and more closely to the Eternal Son incarnate for man, and present in the Adorable Mystery of the Blessed Sacrament. As the days go on, all the arguments in the world will not persuade minds once imbued with these great truths that they are to be found realized in any conceivable form of Protestantism.

And it was after these doctrines, or rather this one doctrine, that Jesus is God and Mary is still His Mother, and that from His Sacramental Presence there constantly flows out upon the soul, as from a fountain, the fruit of His Redemption—it was, I say, after these truths that our fathers were feeling with trembling hands, when the great religious movement began some fifty years ago.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

IT is difficult for those who know Anglicanism only by the religious services which are now general, to understand what they were when George the Third was King; it is almost as difficult for those who only know our public schools as they now are to understand what they were when I went to school at Westminster. Few people would believe me if I told them what were the morals, the manners, and the ordinary talk of most of the boys, whether those who were in College, that is, on the foundation, forty in number, or the town boys, as the others were called, whether they lived at home, or in one of the boarding-houses in Great and Little Dean's Yards. It was held in general English society that men must begin to "sow their wild oats" while still boys, and that the birch-rod was the instrument ordained by nature for the punishment of all offences. Consequently, such writers as Horace were placed in the hands of boys unpurged from their occasional grossness, and the

comedies of Terence were acted at Westminster just as Terence wrote them for the ears of a Pagan Roman audience. As for mere discipline in the schools, it was only nominal, while in the way of religious instruction, we learnt once a week a page or two of Grotius' once famous treatise, *De Veritate Religionis Christianæ*, and those boys who had no friends in London whom they could visit, attended the ordinary services at the Abbey on Sundays.

For myself, as I went home every Sunday, I do not think that the injurious influences of the school had much effect upon me, little as it did for me in the way of general education.

CHAPTER III.

OXFORD.

WHEN I went up to Oxford to reside at Balliol, the University was deeply stirred by the early influence of the *Tracts for the Times*. The publication of Keble's *Christian Year*, the success of which was immediate, had prepared people's minds to receive some sort of devout spiritual teaching in connection with the ecclesiastical routine of the Book of Common Prayer. At length the first notes of the trumpet were sounded, and the first Tracts were issued, bearing for their motto the text, "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?"

With no uncertain sound the writers, most of whom were Fellows of Oriel, taught the doctrines of the new school. They asserted that the Established Church was not a mere Establishment, but that in its essence it was a branch of the Universal Church of Jesus Christ, by virtue of the succession of its bishops from the Apostles, and that it was the duty of its members to live as far as possible in harmony with the practical system of the early Christian Fathers.

Those Dissenting communities who, like the Scotch Kirk, did not possess a ministry deriving its vitality through an Apostolical succession of bishops, were necessarily regarded as heretical and schismatical societies, and their sacraments were rejected as not being sacraments at all.

Outside Oxford an idea prevailed in those sections of society which took an interest in theological matters, that the religious force of the new movement lay in this controversial element, and

considering the subjects treated in the *Tracts for the Times*, it is not surprising that this notion should have been as common as it was.

When I went up to Oxford I was in no way under the influence of the new school. I held moderate Evangelical opinions. I had no fondness for the ways of Dissenters, but I thought it monstrous to deny them the title of Christians. Besides this, I had a great love for music as an instrument of devotion, in its more elaborate forms as well as in simple chants and hymns. Above all, I was a firm believer in the Thomist doctrine of the immanence of God in all nature. To the last, both as an undergraduate and when I left Oxford, I was unconvinced by the controversial reasonings of the early Tracts, and was thus a dispassionate observer of the real elements of vitality in the movement. At this distant period I still think that the estimates which I then formed were correct, and may be accepted by the future historian as the true explanation of the rise and progress of the new Reformation in England.

The real life of this new Reformation was, in a great measure, the result of Mr. Newman's sermons, which he preached on Sunday afternoons, as vicar of the parish of St. Mary the Virgin, after the University sermons, preached in the same church, were concluded. No one who heard these sermons can ever forget them, or the subdued intensity of the convictions which showed itself in every tone of Mr. Newman's voice as he addressed the crowd of University men, Masters of Arts, Bachelors, and Undergraduates, who flocked to hear him. "What we see," he seemed to be always thinking, "is only an empty show, if regarded as the habitation and the home of immortal creatures." This is the thought which runs through so many of the short poems which from time to time he published :

The storm, the flame, the quaking ground,
Earth's joy, earth's terror, nought is thine ;
Thou must but hear the sound
Of the still voice divine.

Penetrated with this conviction, Mr. Newman presented to his hearers the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ with a vividness and force which, to most of them, seemed like a revelation from Heaven, and which was practically almost new in the teaching of the English clergy. In connection with this fundamental truth, he taught the doctrine of the Real Presence in the

Eucharist, of course without the fulness and exactness of the Catholic Church, but yet in such a manner as to move men's hearts with strange sensations. So, too, in his efforts to comprehend and explain all that is involved in the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. Those who heard him caught the intensity of his own thoughts, and began to feel that the Church of God is one, and that the living and the dead can never be disunited.

This, then, was the true source of the vitality of that movement which gradually began to stir hearts in Oxford, and wherever the famous *Tracts for the Times* were welcomed. In these sermons, moreover, the preacher took his parishioners and friends into his confidence, and described (to a great extent unconsciously) the stages by which his own inner life grew and expanded in the warm light of Catholic doctrine, irradiating his mind while he was still engaged in the hopeless task of defending the position of the Anglican Church as a living branch of the one Church of Jesus Christ.

Akin to this influence was that of Dr. Pusey's Tract on Baptism, and of his occasional sermons in the University pulpit. It was this Tract which first opened the eyes of people in general to the terrible reality of that doctrine of the spiritual nature of the Christian Church which was assumed in the Tracts generally, and set forth in their defence of what came to be known as the Anglo-Catholic theory. The accumulation of Scripture texts which Dr. Pusey produced in defence of the view which he expounded startled alike the Evangelicals and the old-fashioned High Churchmen who had been content to teach Baptismal Regeneration according to the exposition of the Church Catechism and the "moderate" notions of the divines of the eighteenth century. Can it be possible, people asked, that these Oxford doctrines involve questions of life and death to immortal souls, and are not mere weapons put into the hands of Churchmen for fighting the Dissenters? If Dr. Pusey's Scriptural views of Holy Baptism were really Scriptural, one thing was clear. Absolution was a necessity, and with it the practice of real Confession to a real priest. By degrees these conclusions were arrived at in many quarters, both in Oxford and elsewhere. Not women only, but men of mature understanding, called upon Dr. Pusey himself to act as their confessor and spiritual director, and to give them the absolution which they sought. Dr. Pusey consented; and from that moment the movement towards

Rome practically began. Speculations became convictions. Doubts as to the validity of Anglican Orders which until now had been quietly set aside, came to be regarded as calling for searching investigation. Supposing there is any latent flaw in the Apostolical Succession of the Anglican Bishops, was it not safer for a soul burdened with grievous sin to seek absolution from a priest, about whose right to absolve there could be no possible question, corrupt as might be the Church to which he belonged in matters of less vital moment?

And thus the ties of affection and veneration which had hitherto attached so many devout hearts to the Established Church were one by one loosened and then broken, and the first steps were taken in the course which in 1845 led Mr. Newman himself and so many others into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER IV.

ROME.

AFTER taking my degree, I was ordained, and became the curate of the Rev. E. W. Estcourt, at Newnton, in North Wiltshire. His memory has ever been dear to me, as that of a man of unusual simplicity and sincerity of character and of unaffected piety and seriousness. My connection with him tended to deepen my sense of religious obligation, though my opinions were slowly changing in a direction which he disapproved. I was unaffected by the arguments of the Tracts in defence of the exclusive claim of the Anglican Church, and was still what may be called a moderate Evangelical. But I continued to read Mr. Newman's volumes of sermons with ever increasing interest, together with his articles in the *British Critic* and the sketches of Patristic life which he reprinted from the *British Magazine* in a small volume with the title, *The Church of the Fathers*.

In those days High Churchmen were greatly troubled in their minds by the question of pew rents, as against free and open sittings in churches, and my first practical adherence to the Oxford movement was in this matter. I built a church at Bridgwater (St. John's, Eastover), in which pew rents were to be unknown, and where I imagined that a great effect upon the

religion of the district would be the immediate result. While the church was building, my health having given way, I went abroad for a year, travelling through Germany and Switzerland to Florence and Rome.

It was in Rome itself that I first realized, in some degree, the essential unity of the Christian Church as a visible organization. Those who remember what Rome was in 1843, will understand me when I say that the general aspect of the city was one of ruin and decay, I do not mean in its material and architectural elements, so much as in the impression of the powerlessness and want of intelligence of the ruling authorities. Paganism was gone; but what was the power which had succeeded to Paganism? Old Rome had conquered the world, and the very dust of the city seemed a heap of fragments which told how mighty its power had been, and what a race of men had once worshipped its own gods in these fallen temples; but into what feeble hands had the inheritance of these giants of the world now passed! This was my predominant feeling, as I wandered to and fro among those marvellous ruins and almost silent solitudes.

Yet the religion of the Crucified One still ruled in the midst of these relics of the mighty dead. The sight of Trajan's column especially moved me. Where were the triumphs of victorious emperors now? In vain they had sculptured the story of their conquest, and perpetuated the memory of their sacking of that Jerusalem which had slain Jesus and the prophets. On the summit of this boasting column stood the figure of the Apostle of Jesus, a symbol of the might of that spiritual kingdom which Rome had striven to destroy, and had failed.

But with all this, Rome was to me a city sad and melancholy. No one seemed to have inherited the masterful vigour of the ancient paganism, and the sceptre, as I thought, was in the hands of those who could not wield it, either for the temporal or the spiritual good of mankind.

Impressed with these feelings, I looked forward to the last week of Lent, when I should hear the singing of the Papal choir in the Sistine Chapel, and should witness the great functions in St. Peter's on Easter Day.

Then Holy Week came, and my sense of the extraordinary and spiritual beauty of the music of Palestrina and Allegri was deepened by the symbolical ceremonial with which it was accompanied. At any rate, I thought, this is religious worship,

and an attempt to embody man's faith in the invisible. I had been deeply moved by the Gregorian chanting of the Gospel in St. Peter's on Palm Sunday, for which I was not prepared, though the floor of the church near me was crowded with chattering French and English strangers and sight-seers. But it was not till Easter Day that any real impression was made upon my mind. The vast multitude were gathered together in the piazza in front of St. Peter's, waiting for the appearance of the Pope (Gregory the Sixteenth) in the balcony. At length he appeared. A sudden silence seized the throng before him. He gave his blessing, of which of course I could hear nothing, and in a few minutes all was over.

But the arrow had penetrated my heart. Here, at any rate, I felt, is power and unity. Whatever else the Roman Church may be, she is a reality. The multitude who bow their heads as a feeble old man lifts up his hands and prays to God to bless them, represent the allegiance of millions and millions of Christians in all parts of the world. Clearly, this kingdom is a reality, in a sense that is impossible in any variety of Protestantism. Thus I thought and felt, scarcely putting my convictions into words, and still less understanding the full argumentative force of the beliefs latent in my breast. However, the impression was made, and it was with these undeveloped convictions that I returned to England, to begin parochial work in my church at Bridgwater, now drawing near to completion.

CHAPTER V.

LITTLEMORE.

WHEN I resumed work as an English clergyman, my belief in the claims of the Church of England to my allegiance was slowly giving way. Mr. Newman's Essay on *The Difficulties in the Scripture Proof of the Doctrines of the Church* had effected a radical change in the feelings with which I regarded the claims of Rome. His aim in the bold and subtle argument which he then put forward, had not been to apologize for the doctrines supposed to be especially Roman, but to show that the characteristic High Church Anglican theories rested on as firm a Scriptural basis as do the doctrines of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement, accepted by all orthodox Protestants. In neither case, he argued, are the doctrines taught

with that distinctness of definition which Protestants call for when they are asked to accept the Patristic theology. Either, then, he went on to say, with a daring at which he himself trembled, accept the sacramental teaching of the early Church, or confess that all orthodox Christianity is deficient in Scriptural proof.

In my own case this bold argument had the effect, not of shaking my orthodoxy, but of predisposing my thoughts towards Rome. And thus, when I set myself to teach orthodoxy at Bridgwater, it was with that colouring of Roman doctrine with which my mind had been imbued in Rome itself. In Anglicanism, strictly so called, I never could feel any genuine interest. Some writers, indeed, such as Bishop Andrewes, appeared to me to reflect the true spirit and meaning of the Psalms and the New Testament; but the general tone of the recognized Anglo-Catholic divines I thought cold and un-Scriptural.

The first practical shock was given to my Protestantism by the refusal of the Bishop of the diocese to allow my church to be opened, unless I removed the stone altar which I had put up. This, of course, was done; and conscience began to whisper, "Can the real doctrine of the sacraments be taught in a church where the use of this emblem of the sacrificial nature of the Eucharist is forbidden?"

Early in the year 1845 my doubts had become so serious that the thought of the possibility of submission to Rome was constantly before my mind, and I determined to ask Mr. Newman to go over the whole question of Church authority with me. I had never been intimately acquainted with him, but I had no scruples in writing to him on the subject. He was then living out of Oxford, at Littlemore, a village in the neighbourhood, included in the parish of St. Mary the Virgin. Here he had built a new church, in connection with a conventual house, in which he himself, with a few attached friends and followers, lived a quiet monastic life. He wrote a cordial reply to my letter, inviting me to stay a few days at Littlemore, and discuss the whole momentous question in all its bearings.

In the conversations which I had with him, he stated the case in favour of the Church of England, leaving me to argue on the other side. How far his own mind was already made up, it was not for me to guess, but it was clear to me that he was contemplating the submission to Rome as within the limits of possibilities, for himself as well as others.

However, he did what he considered to be his duty in my case, and argued on the Anglican side with fulness and fairness. Everything, both with him and myself, depended on the answer to the question, Can the Church of England be rationally upheld as being in possession of that authority to teach which the Gospels and Epistles attribute to the One True Church of Christ? If I say that I found it an easy matter to point out the fallacies involved in Mr. Newman's arguments in defence of the Anglican theory, I am not praising my own acuteness at his expense, for really the Anglican theory is too transparently a fiction to require anything more than the candid statements of a friend to ensure its own demolition. When, therefore, I remained unconvinced, and asked Mr. Newman if he would give me a letter of introduction to Dr. Wiseman at Oscott, the Catholic College near Birmingham, he was in no way surprised or disturbed, and at once wrote me the necessary letter. He had never, I believe, seen Dr. Wiseman, but a short correspondence had once passed between them.

CHAPTER VI.

OSCOTT. DR. WISEMAN. MR. SPENCER.

ARRIVING at Oscott I found myself in a new world. The College is a large building of tolerably good Gothic architecture, standing in its own grounds. Dr. Wiseman, the Superior, met me with a cordial welcome, and made no secret of his gratification with the letter of introduction which Mr. Newman had given me. He had begun to fear that his belief in the Catholic tendencies of the Oxford movement was a mistake, and he regarded me as the first-fruits of that movement. He asked me whether I had any difficulties respecting detailed Roman doctrines which I wished removed, and on my informing him that I had none, I was admitted into the Catholic Church by conditional baptism on June 24, 1845.

The estimate which I soon formed of Dr. Wiseman's character and of the parts which he played in the progress of the religious movement of his time was, on the whole, correct, and was confirmed by my subsequent acquaintance with him. It was a character easily understood, notwithstanding its complexity and apparent inconsistencies.

He had from the first formed a just estimate of the essentially

Catholic principles which lay at the root of the teaching of the *Tracts for the Times*, and of Mr. Newman's sermons and controversial writings. He was convinced of the sincerity with which the principles of the new school were advocated, and as their result expected many conversions to Rome. In these views he differed from a large number of English Catholics, who regarded the Oxford movement as one of the various High Church revivals which have occasionally occurred in England, and which were essentially Protestant in their character. His mind was not one of any great depth, nor could he, strictly speaking, be called a learned man ; but he was well informed in all matters of practical Catholic doctrine, discipline, and ritual, and was essentially liberal and unprejudiced in his tastes and feelings. As a rule, from his long residence in Rome, he wrote and preached in a somewhat artificial and pompous style, unless when his feelings were deeply moved. I once heard him preach on the festival of the Holy Name of Jesus, when all his ordinary artificial manner vanished, and every word spoke the simple love of his own heart for the Divine Redeemer of us all. He was, in fact, something of a child as well as a man, childlike in his faults as well as his virtues ; and the proof of the deep-seated piety, simplicity and kindness of his heart is to be found in the fact that those who knew him most intimately also loved him best.

This was the feeling entertained towards him by a man very different from himself, the Rev. George Spencer, afterwards better known to the English Catholic world as Father Ignatius, of the Order of the Passionists. He was living at Oscott in 1845, chiefly employed in clerical work in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. He had been for some years a Catholic, and though an Oxford man was unconnected with the Oriel school. Mr. Spencer was one of those men, too rare in all ages of the Church, who accept with undoubting faith the teaching of our Lord and the Apostles on the efficacy of prayer. His earnest desire was for the conversion of England to the Catholic faith, and it was his life-long conviction that this conversion would be granted by God, if only it was prayed for in the manner enjoined by our Blessed Lord. He was not a reasoner nor a striking preacher, nor was he gifted with any uncommon abilities. But he was a man of great faith, and possessed of that courage which springs from faith, and from a consciousness that he was not seeking his own honour or profit, but simply doing what he

believed to be the will of God. People who could not understand the difference between enthusiasm and fanaticism, or between self-denying energy and blind obstinacy, often were annoyed at the persistence with which Father Ignatius went about the country, and through evil report and good report asked all Catholics to pray for the conversion of England, saying daily one Hail Mary for that end.

It is not within the scope of my story to attempt to trace the hidden action of that Divine Spirit which determines the course of all human events. But I may venture to say that I think no enlightened Catholic can doubt that the revival of the ancient faith in the midst of which we are living has been materially assisted by the work to which Father Ignatius devoted his life. I do not underrate the remarkable influence of Dr. Wiseman, especially before he became a Cardinal, nor that of other great thinkers and teachers. But convinced as I am that a great spiritual revival is taking place amongst us, I cannot but record the name of the humble-minded George Spencer, as that of one of the most influential instruments who have been employed by Almighty Wisdom to bring to nought the foolishness of human wisdom and to enlighten a people striving after more light so sincerely as do the English people of to-day.

CHAPTER VII.

ITALIAN AND ENGLISH JESUITS. DR. DÖLLINGER.

AFTER a short stay at Oscott, and the delay necessary for settling my affairs at Bridgwater, I went to live close to Prior Park, the Catholic College of what was then called the Western District. Standing on one of the highest hills overlooking Bath, Prior Park had long been an object of curiosity and admiration to travellers, ever since it was built by the rich Squire Allen, the original of Fielding's Squire Allworthy in *Tom Jones*. There I remained about two years, taking part in the education of the young men, and then I removed to London, for the purpose of conducting a Catholic periodical, *The Rambler*.

In 1849, the Revolution in Rome which caused the flight of Pius the Ninth, led to my making the acquaintance of several of the Jesuits, who were driven out of Rome and Italy, when the Pope was compelled to fly. Almost all of their most distinguished men had come to England, including Perrone,

De Vico, and Mazio. De Vico, whose reputation was high in the scientific world from his discovery of the comet which bears his name, went at once to Greenwich to see his old friend and correspondent, the Astronomer Royal; but Perrone and Mazio were at first lodged at a small hotel near Manchester Square. I saw Perrone occasionally. He was a man of much learning, ability, and candour, and was known as one of the earliest expositors of what is called the doctrine of development, and which had been employed by Mr. Newman in defence of the identity of the creed of the Council of Trent with that of the Nicene Council.

But it was with Mazio, who had been Professor of Canon Law in the Roman University, that I became most intimately acquainted. He had never before been out of Italy, but he spoke and wrote English almost as well as if he had lived half his life in England. I have never met with a man of a fairer and more dispassionate judgment, both as to persons and opinions. We became friends, and I corresponded with him till his death some years afterwards. Like most of the Jesuits, he was tolerant in his theological views, and he held strongly to the scientific side in his interpretation of the Pentateuch.

I spoke to him about the influence of anti-Christian books which were at that time being published, such as *The Nemesis of Faith*, and told him that I disliked reading them. His reply was, that in my character as editor of a Catholic periodical, it was my duty to read them.

Soon afterwards I paid a visit to the Jesuit College at St. Beuno's, in North Wales. At this College the Jesuit novices were trained, and there I met one or two old Oxford friends, who had entered the Society of Jesus.

The occasion of my visit was in more than one respect remarkable. It was, I believe, the first time that the old mediæval practice of maintaining theological theses against all comers was revived in England. It was not a young Jesuit who was to maintain these theses, but a friend of mine, Mr. William Clifford, now Bishop of Clifton, who had been educated by the Jesuits at Rome, who was a candidate for the degree of Doctor in Divinity, which was to be given him in Rome, if he successfully defended the propositions which he upheld. Of course the whole proceeding was rather of the nature of an academical exercise than a conflict between real antagonists. But it was well done and showed that the candidate had thoroughly got

up his theology and philosophy. Mr. Clifford spoke Latin with ease, and I was greatly interested. I had also abundant opportunities for observing the routine of life of a large Jesuit establishment, and the skill with which the rigid organization of the Society is carried out in its details. On the whole I was very favourably impressed.

While living in London I became acquainted with Dr. Dollinger, known afterwards to all the world as the founder of the sect of the "Old Catholics," as he termed them. In 1851 he was one of the Professors in the Catholic University of Munich, and the object of the special detestation of the once notorious Lola Montes. Since 1851, the year of the first International Exhibition in Hyde Park, events have moved on so rapidly that the strange power of Lola Montes over the foolish King of Bavaria is remembered by few of us. The silly King, infatuated by the wiles of this impudent actress, whose connection with him was denounced by the Catholic Professors at Munich, was persuaded by her to remove the obnoxious Professors from their posts, and practically to shut up the University altogether. The storm which ensued compelled the King to reinstate Dollinger and his coadjutors, and Lola Montes was banished.

I was greatly struck with Dollinger's character, as it showed itself in private conversation. His learning was extraordinary, and extended not only to historical and philosophical subjects, but to the most miscellaneous English literature. He knew the works of the chief Dissenting writers, as well as those of the old Puritans and Scotch Presbyterians.

In 1851 Dollinger was strenuously opposed to what he termed Gallicanism in theology, and he gave me a French translation of his elaborate work on the Reformation. By what peculiar intellectual process he was finally led to separate himself from the Church after the Vatican Council, I do not understand. The "Old Catholic" theory, upon which he relied for his justification, is the most whimsical and unpractical of speculations ever put forward by one who regards the Christian Church as a visible organic unity, and the divinely appointed dispenser of supernatural graces.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ENGLISH DOMINICAN MONASTERY. FATHER LACORDAIRE.

AFTER a few years I found that I could easily continue to conduct *The Rambler* without being constantly in London, and I went to live at Woodchester, a village in Gloucestershire, a few miles from Stroud, where a Catholic church and monastery had been built by Mr. Leigh, a convert, the owner of Woodchester Park.

When I first knew Woodchester, the monastery was occupied by the Order of Passionists ; but shortly afterwards they left, and their place was taken by the English Dominicans, who are still living there. They made it their Novitiate, and for many years I was on terms of intimate friendship with them, and though nearly all whom I knew have gone to their rewards, my friendship is still unbroken. I write about them with the hesitation with which a man would write about his own family and domestic concerns. But it is necessary that I should speak about them, in order to complete the story of my life.

The Fathers were none of them men of whom the world has heard much ; but, as is usual in the Dominican Order, each of them retained his distinct individuality of character. I can best describe the general tone and spirit of the community by repeating what was said to me by the late Bishop Amherst, who wished to enter the Order, but whose failing health compelled him to give up the idea before his novitiate was completed. I was talking to him one day about the disappointment he was feeling, when his strength began to fail, and he then used words which I have never forgotten. "I never knew," he said, "what perfect Christian love was until I came here."

While I was at Woodchester, the great French preacher, Father Lacordaire, came to pass a few days at the monastery. He had been the means of re-establishing the Dominican Order in France, where the effect of his preaching and the position he took up in French politics made him one of the most conspicuous figures in French life under King Louis Philippe and during the Second Empire. He had been associated with Lamennais and Montalembert in founding the *Avenir*, the journal which for a short time created such a stir in French society ; but on the refusal of the Pope to countenance the publication of that daring paper, he had held little communica-

tion with Lamennais, who refused to submit to the decision of Rome, and in the end ceased to believe in Christianity itself.

With Montalembert Lacordaire continued on terms of intimate friendship until the death of the former, notwithstanding the differences of character and opinion between the two. Both were men of ardent zeal, and enthusiastic in their defence of the liberty of religious teaching. Both were, in the fullest sense, orthodox Catholics; both loved constitutionalism in politics, and were admirers of the English constitution, and both were orators of singular power.

But Montalembert was personally, as well as by birth an aristocrat, though honestly a Liberal; while Lacordaire, whose father was a provincial physician, was a representative of that professional or higher middle-class who are the strength of English life, but can scarcely be said to have existed in Continental society until our own time. To his honour Montalembert valued and clung to the more manly and vigorous nature of Lacordaire, and must have been a little bewildered by his friend's well-known saying, "I hope to live and die a penitent Catholic and an impenitent Liberal!"

When Lacordaire came to England, it was in consequence of an intimation received from the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who desired him to absent himself from France for a brief period, till the effect produced by his denunciation of despotism had subsided. Speaking to his congregations in the south of France, Lacordaire had pointed out the demoralizing effects of a despotism upon the social and domestic life of a nation. Of course the Emperor took it to himself, and Lacordaire was desired to absent himself for awhile.

He travelled through England in his black and white friar's habit; the Dominicans are not "monks," but "friars"—the black friars of old, as distinguished from the Cistercians, or white friars. He remained at Oxford one night. It was vacation time. He knew no one, and he wandered about among the various Colleges, his warm and sympathetic nature filled with mingled delight and sadness. I had a long conversation with him about French politics and the general character of the French mind. He lamented the fondness of Frenchmen for official interference and assistance in all their affairs, to the exclusion of that individualism which is the life of English activity, and which is cultivated, so far as the monastic system allows, in the Dominican Order. He himself struck me as

being personally a happy illustration of this vigorous individuality, and I do not wonder at the respect and affection which his open, manly nature inspired in all those who had to do with him. When I saw him, I did not know that for some years in his life he had been under the influence of the French scepticism of the times, and that it was through his own bitter experience that he had learnt how to argue the defence of the Christian revelation with that singular skill exhibited in his famous *Conférences* delivered to the Parisian world in Notre Dame.

Had I known his past history as I now know it, I should have learnt some things from his experience which I came afterwards to learn by my own, though there is little affinity between the old French scepticism which assailed Lacordaire's mind, and that calmer and more historical criticism which supplies the groundwork of modern English unbelief.

CHAPTER IX.

SCPTICAL DIFFICULTIES AND THEIR SOLUTION.

IN the midst of my labours on behalf of Catholicism and for the promotion of general culture among Catholics, the whole class of difficulties known as sceptical forced themselves upon my mind, and at last took one definite shape. I found myself unable to believe any longer in the reality of the miracles recorded in the New Testament as undoubted historical facts. Upon these events, and mainly upon the reality of the supernatural birth of Jesus from a Virgin Mother and His resurrection from the dead, the claim of the Catholic Church to our allegiance is based ; and in finally concluding that these miracles could not be satisfactorily proved, I ceased, *ipso facto*, to be a Catholic. For in the Catholic Church the Anglican practice which allows greater latitude to the laity than to the clergy, is unknown. The same creed binds the Pope and the humblest of his attendants. When, therefore, I became finally unable to answer the theory that miracles are in themselves incredible, I simply ceased to be a Catholic.

It is unnecessary to trouble my readers with the details of the subtleties with which this opinion is popularly supported. It will be enough if I give an outline of the arguments by which, after some years of unbelief, my mind was restored to its old convictions as to the supernatural origin of the Christian reli-

gion, as a revelation from God to man. My readers will pardon me if I go at some little length into the argument, as it is impossible to exhibit it except as a whole. I will, however, state it as concisely as I can, and omit all details not absolutely necessary to its comprehension.

The question, it should be premised, is one of historical fact, and is to be decided, like all historical questions, by reference to documents of undoubted trustworthiness.

1. The preliminary facts of the case are, then, as follows. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago a new religion arose in Judea, then under the dominion of the Roman Empire. It was taught by a Person whose name was Jesus, and who claimed to have a right to the title of "Christ," that is, the Anointed One; and in after years His followers were known generally as Christians.

Jesus Himself was put to death by the Roman Governor of Judea, on the pretence that He was a disloyal subject of the Roman Emperor (Tiberius Cæsar), and was attempting to set up an independent sovereignty of His own among the conquered Jews.

These are the elementary events which confront us when we begin our researches into the history of Christianity. No one doubts that these things were so, nor is there any doubt as to certain other facts. It is undeniable that the conquered Jews had in their possession several ancient books, the hereditary treasures of their race, to which the new Teacher appealed as His credentials, and as giving Him a claim to be regarded as a divinely-sent instructor. It is also certain that after His death His followers rapidly multiplied, in spite of bloody persecutions, and that His religion was accepted by multitudes of men and women, not of Jewish race, who exhibited the same fervour as the original believers, until in the end the religion of Jesus became that of the Roman Cæsars themselves. Further: the lives of the Christians, as well as their deaths, displayed a marked contrast to those of the whole heathen world, civilized and uncivilized.

2. How, then, can this astonishing phenomenon be accounted for? It is without parallel in the history of humanity. What was it that inspired these multitudes with their strange zeal on behalf of an obscure Jewish Teacher, inducing them to lead lives of mortification and self-sacrifice, and to encounter tortures and death rather than renounce their allegiance to Him, or

cease from their labours to bring all the world to share their belief?

We have ample means for answering the question. Soon after the death of Jesus, various writings came into circulation among his followers, which, when they were subsequently collected together, were found to include four separate biographies of Jesus Himself, with a narrative of the proceedings of some of His chief followers, styled Apostles, and various letters written by a few of them, but chiefly by one of their number, to the believers in various parts of the Roman Empire. Whether or not these biographies are substantially true narratives, it is impossible to doubt that they record the beliefs of their writers, while the letters give an exact picture of the convictions of the Apostles who wrote them.

3. We examine these writings, then, without any preconceived theory, simply as historical documents, in order to ascertain what was the faith of those who wrote them. In this examination our attention is arrested by three main facts. First, the writers accepted the reality of miracles without a shadow of hesitation. Secondly, they looked up to Jesus Christ as possessing Divine power, and as exercising a perpetual sovereignty over His followers. And thirdly, they regarded these followers as having been organized by Him into a certain visible institution, described by them as "the Church." There are, in truth, about seventy passages in the New Testament, in which mention is made of "the Church," thus founded and governed. No man, I repeat, can examine the Gospels and Epistles without prejudice, and fail to see that from end to end they are pervaded with this threefold element. A determined objector may of course assert that St. Paul did not really write the Epistles which bear his name, as there have been sane men who have held that Shakespeare's Plays were written by Lord Bacon. But such dreams are beyond the province of serious criticism.

The early Christians, then, were prompted to their pure and self-sacrificing lives and their heroic martyrdoms, by a conviction that their Master was the Redeemer of the world, and nothing less than the Son of God. And their writings, in which they record His life, are entitled to be accepted as substantially true history, unless it can be shown that they are based upon impossibilities in their first principles. No other explanation is to be given of the origin of the New Testament writings

and their acceptance by Christians at the time when they appeared.

The only alternative which remains to the sceptic is the theory that, all miracles being incredible, St. Paul and the other New Testament writers were under an illusion, and mistook their own excited fancies for positive objective realities. In other words, they and the rest of the first Christians lived lives of self-denial and endured horrible deaths, *for a mistake.*

4. The question is thus narrowed to this further consideration. The alternative theory just stated is simply incredible, except on the supposition that no miraculous story can possibly be true, and that therefore St. Paul and the other New Testament writers *must* have been in error in imagining that Jesus was supernaturally born from a Virgin Mother. This is, after all, the one fundamental question which lies at the root of the whole matter. And it has to be determined by the recognition of the truth that we are beings of a twofold nature. We are capable of purely corporeal action, and we are capable of acting as beings under moral responsibility to God who made us. The laws of the visible universe govern our bodily existence; but they have no authority over our moral or invisible selves.

At the same time, it must be remembered that the supremacy of law, as such, is universal. It must be so, because it is the result of the action of God, who is eternal and unchanging. If, according to the old Manichean hypothesis, the universe was the battlefield of a conflict between two eternal powers, one good and the other evil, we might expect to see everywhere tokens of apparent caprice and irregularity, as one or other of the combatants was for the moment the victor in the never-ending strife. But it is not so. There is but one God, and He knows neither variableness nor shadow of turning. The reign of law, therefore, which results from His unchangeableness, is universal.

5. Further, it is manifestly within His power to combine the action of the two classes of laws by which He governs the universe, whenever it pleases Him. There is nothing unreasonable in the supposition that He might modify the action of the laws which govern our corporeal existence, for the purpose of assisting in the growth of our spiritual nature. And this is precisely what the first Christians asserted that He had done in the case of the birth and resurrection of Jesus, and in support of which assertion they travelled through the civilized world,

dying in torments rather than renounce this conviction, or repudiate their Master's claims.

6. The final question, then, before us is this. Was the moral and intellectual condition of humanity before the teaching of Jesus such as could be supposed to be in harmony with the purposes for which the race of man was called into existence by an Almighty and not malevolent power? It is undeniable that, with few exceptions, self-indulgence, cruelty, superstition, helplessness, and misery, have been the doom of our race. It is an awful mystery, but it is true nevertheless.

Was there, then, anything incredible, or even astonishing, in the assertion of the first Christians that as a matter of fact it had pleased God to begin a new creation of our race, and in the place of the first mother from whom we had inherited our sorrows, to call into existence a new Mother, from whom should be born a Redeemer for us all, and further, that a miraculous birth from this Mother should attest the reality of His Divine mission, showing that He was sent by that Supreme God who had decreed the universality of physical laws in the conduct of human affairs?

Thus, when the New Testament writers recounted the birth of Jesus from Mary, and spoke of Him as possessing all power in Heaven and earth, they simply alleged that the laws of man's spiritual nature were made to control the laws of his corporeal nature, and the great principle of the inviolability of law was upheld.

7. Recognizing the validity of this reasoning, my doubts vanished, and I became what I was before they presented themselves to my mind. If I had changed at all, it was in the acquisition of a deeper sense of the greatness of the functions which the Mother of Jesus has been appointed by God to fulfil in the economy of the redemption of man from sin and sorrow.

And so ends the story I have had to tell. In many respects it is a sad and painful story; but it is a true record of the struggles and weaknesses of one man's inner life, such as is being now lived by thousands of men and women in this modern England, and wherever the English race settles itself in any part of the world.

In the intellectual and physical vitality of that race I am a firm believer; and if its moral and spiritual defects are serious, where is another to be found to which the words of our Blessed

Lord are not applicable, when He said, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone?"

What is still in store for our English race in itself, and what purpose it is designed, in the eternal counsels of God, to fulfil, no one can foresee. For myself, though I am come to the age when men usually look forward to the future with more despondency than hope, I cannot but believe that the English race will be the instrument for spreading far and wide the knowledge of Christ crucified, with that faith in Him and in His ever-present power, which I have learnt to regard as the most precious of blessings. Perhaps, too, there are those who will find in these my confessions some little help in their own secret strivings after more light and peace.

J. M. CAPES, M.A.

The United States Military Academy.

IT is a remarkable fact that the United States, with a greater extent of coast to defend, has a smaller navy than any nation on the sea-board, and that with almost ever-recurring disturbances from hostile tribes on her frontiers, her army numbers less than twenty-five thousand men. Yet during the late Civil War she sent into the field an effective force of more than three million of men, whose vigorous and rapid organization is compared by an historian of the war, the Comte de Paris, to the sudden uprising of those mysterious legions which took form and life in the presence of the Hebrew Prophet. They were well drilled, well equipped, and second to no army of modern times in their achievements. This was in a great measure due to the large number of well-trained, well-disciplined graduates of her Military Academy, who flocked from the bar, the pulpit, the counting-house, and other avocations of civil life to which they had retired, and filled every arm of the service with able and efficient officers thoroughly instructed in all branches of their profession. This may seem strange to Transatlantic readers, ignorant of the magnitude of the contest known as the American Civil War.

A writer in *Blackwood* some years ago likened it to a game of chess which he witnessed in an asylum between two lunatics. The players, who knew nothing of the game, moved at random all over the board, each alternately calling check while the other looked wise and gravely assented, until the game ended by one of the players crying mate. Neither the Federals nor the Confederates, he affirmed, knew what they were fighting for, nor when they were victorious. Each side alternately cried victory. A fairer criticism of the great war, however, is to be found in the writings of statesmen and strategists like Von Moltke, the Comte de Paris, and others quite as capable of judging, and with more military experience than the author of the article in *Blackwood*.

A country relying thus upon a volunteer force in all its conflicts, was early taught the necessity of a military school for the education of officers familiar with the traditions and spirit of an army, and capable of instructing and governing raw troops. In 1776, General Knox, at that time colonel of artillery, urged upon the Board of War of the revolted colonies the establishment of a Military Academy on a plan resembling that of Woolwich, "a place to which our enemies," he adds, "are indebted for the superiority of their artillery to all who have opposed them." But the National Military Academy, of which the United States is justly proud, owes its existence to the wisdom and persevering energy of the "Father of his country." Washington repeatedly brought before Congress in his annual message the necessity of an institution of this kind, but it was not until 1802, three years after his death, that an Academy was established at West Point, a spot full of historic interest and thrilling memories. It occupies a bold promontory about one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Hudson in the midst of wild mountain scenery. On the hills which overshadow it the watch-fires of patriots burned; old fortifications, well placed upon the slope and crest, recall the story of a brave defence of country, and the soil itself is hallowed with the blood of the country's bravest defenders.

The institution, however, owing to a lack of system and military discipline, had but a languishing existence for many years. The regulations were disregarded; the cadets were even admitted without examination, and the qualifications required by law were completely ignored. Happily for the struggling Academy, Major Sylvanus Thayer, of the Corps of Engineers, was appointed superintendent in 1817, and gave to the institution the virility and force of a military organization. He had served with distinction in the war of 1812, and in addition to this experience brought with him to his new duties a thorough knowledge of the military schools of France. He formed the cadets into a battalion, appointed a commandant of cadets to instruct in tactics and generally superintend their education. He introduced the custom of an annual Board of Visitors (appointed by the President and the two branches of Congress), and nearly all the practical regulations which are still in force at West Point. An experience of sixteen years at his post enabled him to revise and perfect his theories in the military government of the institution, and the success of his indefatigable labours

won for him the title of the "Father of the Academy." His services are commemorated by a granite statue opposite the cadet barracks, which represents him in undress uniform with a military cloak over his shoulders; the pedestal of the statue bears in gold letters the simple inscription :

COLONEL THAYER,

Father of the West Point Military Academy.

According to the revised regulations of the army of the United States adopted in 1866, the faculty of the Military Academy now consists of a commanding officer styled superintendent, a commandant of cadets, and a certain number of professors and instructors. The Academic Board, before which the examinations are conducted, includes the superintendent, commandant of cadets, professors and instructors of practical military engineering, ordnance, and gunnery. An army officer fills the post of adjutant of the Academy and secretary to the Academic Board, and sees to the preservation of the records and papers of the institution. The duties of treasurer of the Academy are also performed by an army officer, and in fact all the important work of the institution is confided to officers.

The cadets are selected for the Academy by the representatives of their Congressional Districts, each of whom is allowed to send the name of one candidate residing in his district to the Secretary of War. The President also has the power of appointing ten cadets from any part of the country.

The regulations governing admission to the Academy require that the candidate be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age; that he possess a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, descriptive geography, particularly that of his own country, as well as of the history of the United States, and he must be able to perform with facility and accuracy the operations of the four ground rules of arithmetic, reduction, simple and compound fractions, and of vulgar and decimal fractions. The mental requirements seem simple, yet it is said that thirty-nine per cent. of the candidates fail to pass the preliminary examination. The regulations also require that the applicant be at least five feet in height, and free from any physical or moral deformity, disease, or infirmity, which would

unfit him for military service ; he must also be unmarried, and so continue during the Academic course, a period of four years. The marriage of a cadet at the Academy is equivalent to his resignation.

The periods appointed for admission are the first twenty days of June and the 28th of August. The June cadets enter at once upon the school of the soldier, for during the latter part of June, and all the months of July and August, the corps is in tents upon the plain, and the whole encampment, as far as practical, is subjected to the strict military discipline observed in time of war. The tents are about six feet square, and accommodate usually two cadets. The principle article of camp furniture is a "locker," divided into three compartments, which represents what the cadet, with humorous irony, is pleased to term his *wardrobe*, *sofa-fauteuil*, and *escritoire* ; this, with a gun-rack for muskets, a tin box for candles, musket cleaning materials, a broom, wash-bowl, dipper, and bucket, a couple of blankets, and pillows, and a mirror suspended from the front tent pole, comprise the comforts and adornments of his summer quarters.

Much of the sentinel duty of the camp falls to the lot of the new candidates, whose awkwardness and ignorance of military discipline are more than the practical jokers of the corps seem able to resist. The commonest and mildest joke to which the new cadet is subjected is known as the "ghost." There is a remote post where the sentry's walk is very lonely, and has the reputation of being infested with ghosts, which invariably visit him the first night on guard. He is probably counting the weary hours of a starless night, or perhaps has returned in spirit to the home whose comforts and endearments he is still too much of a novice not to miss, when he is suddenly awakened from his reveries by the solemn tread of a spectral figure or perhaps of an array of spectres approaching from opposite directions. In reply to his challenge : "Who goes there ?" a sepulchral voice answers : "*The Spirit of Retributive Ablution !*" At the order "Advance and give the countersign," several buckets of water from the front and rear deluge and blind the poor sentinel, rendering it an easy matter for the spectres to wrap him in a sheet and roll him into a convenient hollow near his post, where he is left to extricate himself as best-he may with a scavenger's wheelbarrow inverted over him.

The applicants who enter in September are designated "Seps," which name always clings to them. A novice will frequently congratulate himself, until he has had some experience as a "Sep," upon escaping the arduous duties and "police" of the June encampment. Generally a week or ten days elapse before the September men learn the result of their preliminary examination, during which time they are crowded four in a room with no other bed than a blanket and pillow on the floor, besides being the object of the merciless raillery and practical jokes, not only of the third and second class, but of their own class, the June men who with strange logic vent all the "haying" and "devilng" of the seniors upon the new arrivals. At the end of the week their ardour for military glory has considerably abated, and very often the news of failure is received by the aspirant with a sigh of relief, and he returns home inwardly thankful for his escape from the hands of the Philistines. Before his examination he is designated as one of the "beasts," and for the first year by the opprobrious epithet "Plebe," which is doubtless a contraction of plebeian. The regulations against this practice of "haying," however, have been strenuously enforced of late by the Superintendent of the Academy, and the dismissal of several cadets has perceptibly lessened it.

After the January examination, the names of the young men who are found deficient are sent to the Secretary of War, and recommended for dismissal; the others are then admitted to full cadetship, upon signing an agreement that they will serve in the army of the United States for eight years, unless sooner discharged by competent authority, and the following oath is administered to them: "I N. solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States and bear true allegiance to the National Government, that I will maintain the sovereignty of the United States paramount to any and all allegiance, sovereignty, or fealty I may owe to any state or country whatever; that I will at all times obey the legal orders of my superior officers, and the rules and articles governing the armies of the United States."

The course of studies comprises :

1. *Pure mathematics*, embracing algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytical and descriptive geometry, and the calculus.
2. *Physics*, comprising analytical mechanics, principles of molecular science, heat, sound, light, astronomy, chemistry, mineralogy, and geology.

3. *Languages*, comprising, during the first two years, English grammar, rhetoric, composition, and French. In the last year of the course Spanish is added; it is considered necessary because of the relations of the United States with Mexico and Spanish-speaking people.

4. *Professional studies*—the minor tactics of the three arms of the service, ordnance, and gunnery, topographical and free-hand drawing, international, constitutional, and military law, strategy, grand tactics, the art of war, civil and military engineering.

Discipline is enforced by a system of punishments which consist principally of extra guard duty for several Saturdays during the hours of recreation, reprimands in public, confinement to room or tent for twelve or forty-eight hours according to the offence, imprisonment, or dismissal. The last two can only be inflicted by a decree of a court-martial; the others are imposed by order of the Superintendent.

Each cadet receives a salary of forty-five dollars a month, which he is not allowed to handle while at the Academy. All necessities are supplied him by the Government at a little above cost price, and with the expenses of his mess, clothes, books, &c., deducted from his salary; four dollars are put aside each month to pay for his uniform when he graduates. Only at the end of the course is a balance struck and any amount in his favour made over to him. A cadet known to receive money from home is obliged to return it. He is expected to live within his pay, and as all luxuries are not only denied him, but confiscated if discovered, this is not so difficult, particularly since the departure of the convivial "Benny Havens," without a notice of whom any sketch of West Point would be incomplete.

Benny's is a classic name at the Academy. It is not commemorated in stone but it lives in song. For many years he was the owner of a small booth on the plain, where he dispensed pancakes, biscuits, flip, and stronger beverage, "after taps," to hungry cadets; but his hospitality was so enticing and his drinks so confusing, that the authorities finally expelled him from the Government grounds. He immediately started a new establishment down among the rocks below the south gate of the Academy. Beyond this gate a cadet cannot pass without incurring an appalling number of demerits. This fact, by doubling the danger, only added new flavour to his forbidden fruit, and increased the number of his customers. The following

is the closing stanza of the popular Army Song which commemorates the stolen revels at his place :

When this life's troubled sea is o'er and our last battle through,
If God permits us mortals then His bless'd domain to view,
Then shall we see with glory crowned in proud celestial row,
The friends we've known and loved so well at Benny Havens, Oh !
Oh ! Benny Havens, Oh !

Upon the death of Surgeon O'Brien, the author of the song, who died in Florida, the following stanza was added :

There comes a voice from Florida, from Tampa's lonely shore,
It is the wail of gallant men : O'Brien is no more !
In the land of sun and flowers his head lies pillowed low,
No more to sing *Petite coquille* at Benny Havens, Oh !
Oh ! Benny Havens, Oh !

Not the least trying experience of the cadet is his first performance in the riding-hall, where usually his earliest lesson is without saddle or stirrups on a hard trotting animal, rendered vicious by the antics and mischief of the preceding class ; a pair of spurs and a heavy sabre only add to his trouble, for he has not yet learned to keep his heels well turned out, and in his frantic efforts to retain his seat, he unconsciously buries his spurs in the animal's sides, and when this operation is supplemented by a blow on the flank from the unmanageable sabre worn by the rider, the best tempered horse will become restive. Lieutenant Wood, in an amusing sketch of his *Alma Mater*, gives a graphic and detailed description of his first equestrian exercise, from which we quote the following extract.

It is my opinion, soberly expressed, if you want a man's soul and body to part company, just place him on a hard-trotting horse, with a No. 3 McClellan saddle, with *no stirrups*, and set him going ! If you find anything left of him when he stops—that is, if he *does* stop—it will be little less than a miracle. . . . The brute (Reynolds) I was on showed a decided inclination to stand on his ears, and on the tip end of his tail. He started off, however, at a walk quite respectably, but at the command "Trot march !"—"oh, then began the tempest of my soul !" (I never fully realized the sense of that expression before). To my intense disgust, my horse was determined to get to the head of the platoon, and accordingly started off on one of the most *terrific, hard, swift, long, stiff-legged* trots that ever had fallen to my lot. The saddle had been worn so confoundedly smooth and slippery by constant use, that it was just like glass. The bare idea that a person of my size could keep himself within hailing distance of *such* a saddle was perfectly absurd. In riding without stirrups we have to hold ourselves on

by the pressure of the knees and thighs. When the old brute started off with such an infernal hard trot, I commenced striking the saddle like a rubber ball, bounding, in spite of all I could do, as if I had been knocked on the head with a club, and struck the saddle only to bound up again. In addition to this graceful but eccentric movement, I rolled all over that abominable saddle, sometimes riding Indian fashion with one leg over the saddle and the other within six inches of the tan bark.

The extract is too long to quote in full. The lesson finally terminated by his flying over the horse's head in a terrific gallop, and landing in the tan bark directly under the feet of the horses, some of which jumped over him, and others shied to one side. He was carried feet first to the hospital, but the following week rid himself of all remaining stiffness by another hour's exercise in the riding-hall. Though this is no exaggerated description, serious accidents are exceedingly rare.

Among the many interesting relics on this historic spot, one of the first which meets the eye of the tourist from the deck of the river steamer as he approaches West Point, is the monument to Kosciuszkos, the brave Polish leader upon whose downfall Campbell wrote :

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked when Kosciuszkos fell.

The beautiful marble Cenotaph stands within Fort Clinton, which was built by the brave Pole himself during the Revolutionary War. He joined the American army at the age of twenty, and at the close of the Revolution returned to Poland, where he was taken prisoner in the Polish Revolution of 1797, and carried to St. Petersburg. The Emperor Paul liberated him on the death of the Empress Catherine, and, returning him his sword, offered him a command in the Russian army, but the brave patriot declined it, saying, "I no longer need a sword, since I have no longer a country to defend."

Southward from Kosciuszkos' monument, another marble commemorates the brave defence and death of a detachment of United States' troops under the command of Major F. L. Dade, who was massacred with all his force by the Indians in the Everglades of Florida.

A short distance to the left of the last monument a flight of stone steps introduces one into a woodland nook on the steep bank of the river overhung with thick foliage, and known as "Kosciuszkos' Garden." In the centre is a marble fountain,

which encircles the living spring discovered here by Kosciuszko, with whom the spot was a favourite resort for meditation and repose. Rustic seats scattered here and there, and ornamental shrubs add to the picturesqueness of the place. From this romantic retreat a beautiful path called "Chain Battery Walk," but more generally and appropriately known as "Flirtation Walk," pursues its tortuous way along the river bank on the border of steep precipices and overhanging cliffs, until it diverges into a steep path which brings you to the top of the plain near the hotel. From the piazza of the hotel one commands the finest of the many fine pictures to be enjoyed from the various points of the plateau. Before you lies the moving panorama of the Hudson, filled with sails of every description; westward your view is bounded by the level range of the Shawangunk mountains, varied by occasional glimpses of the blue Katsberg peaks, with the city of Newburg lying between. To your left rises "Cro Nest," a group of hills in the centre of which is a huge circular depression surrounded by lofty pines and cedars, which conveys the idea of an enormous crow's nest. Rodman Drake, in his exquisite poem of the "Culprit Fay," gives the following moonlit picture of the grand old mountain :

The moon looks down on old Cro Nest,
 She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw
 In a silver cone on the waves below.
 His sides are broken by spots of shade
 By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
 And through their clustering branches dark
 Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
 Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
 Through the rifts of the gathering tempests rack.

Beyond "Cro Nest" towers the "Storm King," a rugged mass of rock at the base of which stretches a beautiful valley composed of verdant slopes, broken by deep ravines and threaded by clear mountain streams. It was doubtless in this sylvan spot that the fairy folk were summoned to greet the return of the unfortunate culprit who

... forgot the Lily King's behest
 ... and loved an earthly maid.

Ouphe and goblin ! imp and sprite !
 Elf of eve ! and Starry Fay !
 Ye that love the moon's soft light,
 Hither—hither wend your way.

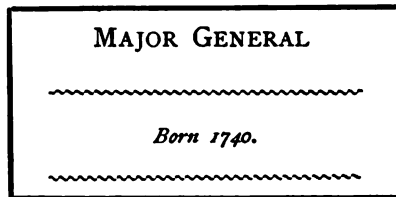
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch hazel tree.

A path to the left of the hotel leads to the public buildings on the plain, among which that known as the "Academic Building" contains much that is interesting, notably the chemical laboratory on the first floor, the cabinet of minerals and fossils on the second, the ordnance and artillery museum on the third. The walls of the latter are draped with colours of the war of 1812, and flags carried on the battlefields of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, and Chapultepec. About the room in cases are ranged models exhibiting the progressive manufacture of the musket from the beginning to its completion, and a curious collection and variety of artillery, shot, shell, cartridges, fuzes, swords, pistols, and implements of war, both ancient and modern. Conspicuous in the centre of the room is a model of the celebrated silver mine of Valenciana, at Guanaxuato, Mexico. It is more than six feet in height, and six feet square; on its surface are depicted in silver amalgam the galleries and shafts of the mine with its numerous operatives, their implements and horses engaged in the various stages of the mining work. It was originally constructed as a present for the Pope, but after the occupation of the city of Mexico by the American army, a subscription was raised among the officers to purchase it for West Point. The building itself is a handsome stone structure 275 × 75 feet. In addition to the department just mentioned, it contains a fencing department, engineering, artillery, mathematical, and geographical model rooms, numerous large recitation rooms, a picture gallery, and a gallery of sculpture.

The observatory and library, which at present are one building, form an imposing structure 160 feet in length and 70 in depth on the south-east corner of the plain. It is built of stone, castellated and corniced with red sand stone. A new observatory is nearly completed on an eminence overlooking the plain and commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country. When the West Shore Railroad was projected, the company requested permission to tunnel the plateau upon which the academy buildings stand. The privilege was repeatedly refused on the ground that the vibration of the road would interfere with the work of the observatory, until the company offered to build at their own expense the new observatory at a cost of

twenty thousand dollars. The library contains about twenty-four thousand volumes, chiefly on scientific and military subjects, but including also the current literature of the day, and the principal English and American reviews. It is open to the cadets every afternoon. Congress allows an annual appropriation of two thousand dollars for its support.

West of the library is the chapel. Its walls are ornamented with flags, trophies, and mural tablets bearing the names of distinguished Generals of the Revolutionary War. One curious tablet rarely fails to attract the attention of the visitor. It is of black marble uniform with the others, but bears only these words—



The blank spaces are furrows cut into the stone as if a name had been effaced. Thus is the story of Arnold's treachery handed down to his countrymen. South-east of the library, parallel with the Hudson are the stables and riding-school, the latter is a large stone building spanned by a single curved roof. It is said to be one of the finest buildings for equestrian exercises in the United States. The quarters of the officers and professors are chiefly on the western side of the plain, pleasantly located at the foot of the mountains facing a broad shady street.

Aside from proficiency in studies conduct has an important influence in determining the standing of cadets. The rank in which a cadet graduates, and consequently his future career, is made to depend not alone upon his mental proficiency, or class standing, but upon the record of his subordination, obedience, fidelity, neatness, and order. There is no public unsectarian institution where a higher moral tone prevails, nor one to which a youth may be sent with less danger to his faith. Let him be well grounded in his faith at home, teach him by precept, but more particularly by example, that it is an unmanly and cowardly thing to be ashamed to live up to what he believes, give him a few years in a good Catholic college, and if he loses his faith at West Point it will be due to some defect in his home training or

to the boy himself, for there is nothing in the system of the academy to counteract such an influence. Attendance at religious worship once on Sunday is enforced by the authorities, and every reasonable facility is afforded the young men for the practice of their religion. We cannot forbear citing an instance of the liberality of the present Superintendent in this respect. It was noticed that the Catholic cadets were frequently absent from breakfast; the attention of the corps was therefore called to a regulation forbidding cadets to absent themselves from the mess hall without permission. On the first Sunday of the month the Cadet Adjutant requested permission to "fall out of ranks" for breakfast. This meant a fast from six o'clock the previous evening until noon the next day, which was no light penance, considering the proverbial heartiness of a cadet's appetite, stimulated by mountain air and several hours of out-door drill. The Commandant, no doubt curious to learn the motive of this voluntary fast, asked the young Adjutant his reason for requesting the permit. He answered with straightforward manliness that he desired to receive Communion, and that in his Church he was obliged to receive this Sacrament fasting. The permission was granted, and nothing further was said. A few days afterwards the Catholic Chaplain had occasion to see the Superintendent on business; as he was about taking his leave, the Superintendent said: "Now, Father E——, I have done you a favour and I want one in return. "Certainly, General," answered the Chaplain, "anything in my power I will be very glad to do." "Then you must let these young gentlemen take their breakfast before going to the Sacrament." The Chaplain explained that the fast before Communion was one of the rules of the Church, and beyond his power to alter. "Then they shall have their breakfast kept for them," said the kind-hearted General. A few days afterwards the Cadet Adjutant was informed that henceforth any Catholic cadet desiring "to go to the Sacrament" could have his breakfast reserved for him by leaving word in the "mess hall" the night before.

The cadet who graduates not lower than fifth in his class is entitled to enter the corps of Engineers. All below this number are assigned according to their class-standing, to the cavalry, artillery, and infantry, in the order named, as vacancies exist.

After graduation, when he abandons the "cadet grey" and dons the "army blue," the change is not from the grub to the butterfly, but rather from the butterfly to the grub. He is no longer

the important bechevioned cadet officer, the petted and privileged fledgling hero of good-natured mammas and budding belles, but a simple unromantic second lieutenant, ranking last among the officers of the post if retained there on duty, and compelled to stand aside while his youthful successors compete for the favour of fair visitors, and carry them off before his eyes to the subtle and irresistible mazes of "Flirtation Walk." An inflexible West Point etiquette forbids the officer to intrench upon the preserves of the cadet, who with characteristic modesty believes that the influx of summer visitors is attracted thither solely by the fascinations of the younger sons of wars.

If he be assigned to some frontier post on the outskirts of civilization, the transformation is still more striking. The isolation of these remote posts, and the slowness of promotion in the army, at present induce many to resign at the end of their time of service. Their education fits them for numerous professions in civil life, and is a solid foundation for all professions. West Point graduates have held the highest places in a nation not exposed to foreign wars nor addicted to conquest, they have executed with dignity and ability high executive trusts, contributed by their text books to elevate the scientific standards of her educational institutions, improved her harbours, lakes, and rivers, lighted her coasts, built her fortifications, and greatly aided in the construction of the vast chain of railways and canals which transport the produce of the continent. Therefore even in time of peace we may sum up the academy's importance to the country in the words which Napoleon applied to the Polytechnic school of France : *C'est le poulet aux œufs d'or.*

E. M'MAHON.

Lines on Murillo's picture, "The Immaculate Conception."

The picture which suggested this poem is in the Church of the Sacred Heart, at Bournemouth, to which it was presented by the late Count de Torre Diaz, to whose memory this poem is inscribed.

"A SIGN was seen in Heaven : a Woman stood ;
Beneath her feet the moon." That waning moon
'Neath yonder pictured Apparition curved,
Is Time there dying with his dying months :
The Spirit showed that vision to Saint John,
Exiled in Patmos isle. The best beloved
Deserved such solace best.

She stands in Heaven :
Not yet the utmost mountain-peaks of earth,
Forth from the hoary deep unlifted still,
Have felt her foot's pure touch. A cloud from God,
On streaming like a tide, thus far hath borne her
To the threshold only of the house of man :
Angelic heads and wings beneath her gleam,
And lily, and rose, and palm. Her knee is bent :
Her moon-like face is tearful with great awe :
Her universe is God, and other none ;
Piercing all worlds her gaze is fixed on Him :
She waits His Will supreme.

Men of good will
 Draw near in faith honouring the mystery !
 The sunrise of your wondrous world of faith
 Was when the Angel spake, and at his word,
 Mary believed : its noon was Pentecost,
 Then when the Church of God stood up, sun-clad
 By Him the ascended Sun of Righteousness.
 This is not noon or sunrise : this is dawn ;
 The aurora of the spiritual heaven and earth :
 For them alone the visible worlds shall be :
 Their Loveliness shall be but her's writ large :
 Their Fruitfulness the type of hers : her life,
 When time is ripe, shall be a music-strain
 Tuning all harmonies of time ; itself
 An echo through the centuries prolonged
 From this first bird-note clear.

The painter's hand
 Wrought well ! Yon robe glitters, a pearl of dawn ;
 Yon purple scarf blown back by her advance
 Is dark with dew and shades of vanquished night ;
 The raised hands upward pointing from that breast
 Are matutinal with some heavenlier beam
 That streaks our East. That sunless mist behind her
 Wins but from her its glow.

O young fair face !—
 For though that form to maiden graciousness
 Hath reached, the face is maiden less than child,
 Or both in one, an earlier mystery
 Precursor of that Maiden Motherhood
 Which blends two gifts divine. Child-Prophet soft !
 What thoughts are hers ? He only knows Who sends
 them !

From Him they come ; to Him once more ascend.
Child-Prophet sad ! Feels she the destined weight
Of crowns and sceptres, and the wide earth's praise
Honouring her humblest ? She that would be nought
Must she be Queen of all ?

Not yet ! not yet !
Ere comes that day she must be Queen of Woes :
This, this is the beginning, not the end,
A world redeemed must be a world sin-marred :
That world as yet exists not. This is she
Through whom, though man had never fallen, his God
Then too had dwelt with man (so taught the Seer),
Not victim but triumphant. Sleep, O Eve !
Thy daughter's foot—yon picture veils, yet shows it—
Thy daughter's foot, " the Woman's," the Foretold,
Whose sacred Seed, " The Woman's Seed," through her
Shall bruise the serpent's head, not yet subdues it :
She treads the emblem of an innocent pain :
Transience is not transgression. High in spheres
Whose splendours never wane, the Tree of Life
Stands sole, unshadowed by a duskier mate :
Not yet the Fruit is plucked : not yet God's frown
Makes Eden dark.

I raise mine eyes once more :—
That breeze which onward wafts her sucked the flowers
Which pave the summits of the Hills of God !
The " Hills of God ! " He sang them well, that bard¹
Great-hearted, who for love of Christ preferred
The priestly vestment to the Singing Robe ;
Whose monument this day stands consummate :—²
Thus spake he, God's Decrees his arduous theme :

¹ Father Faber.

² The allusion is to the recently opened Church of the London Oratory.

Thus sang he—song severe nor winged by verse—
 "High on the summits of the Hills of God,
 There spreads a table-land immeasurable ;
 Not Seraph's eye can grasp it ; Cherub flight
 O'ersail its nearer verge. Across it moves
 Alone the ordered march of God's Decrees
 From infinite distance on to infinite :
 Their birth-place no man knows." Methinks I see them,
 A cloudy pageant edged and crowned with fire !
 Swiftly they tread that shadowy stage, and wide
 Their out-stretched vans, winnowing the air ! A breath
 Strikes on my brow ; and strains I hear like sighs
 Of seas round coasts far distant.

Child of Heaven !

The first-born, save thy Son, in those Decrees !
 The Elect, the Immaculate, the Full of Grace
 Which, for that Son's sake, fenced thee from his Foe ;
 Foam-born from seas of sanctity alone ;
 Vested in all the sanctities of God,
 And borne—that six days' work as yet unwrought,—
 Above the heaving crests of things to be,
 A gift predestined, but a gift reserved ;
 Say, must that foot which treads yon waning orb,
 Descend one day to earth ? It will not catch
 Her taint ; but, where it treads, those other Feet
 Will leave ensanguined prints—the Feet of God.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Bournemouth, September, 1884.

Some Intrinsic Evidences of the Gospels' Genuineness.

PART THE SECOND.

WHEREVER the Romans went they endeavoured to carry their laws and customs with them, except in so far as they were against the religious toleration which they extended to all their subjects. That they acted thus, even among the Jews, must be evident to any one who glances at Josephus. In fact it was sometimes a very bitter cause of complaint among the "children of Israel." Let us see if we can find any trace of these laws or customs in the Gospels. There is a very striking example in the words of our Lord given by St. Matthew and St. Luke: "Make an agreement with thy adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him, lest perhaps he deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Amen I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence till thou pay the last farthing."¹ "This precept," says Hug,² "was enjoined in every item with a view to the Roman law *de injuriis* as handed down to us. According to it the complainant with his own hand dragged the accused before the judge, without magisterial summons (*in jus rapit*), yet, at the same time, an agreement (*transactio*) remained open to him on the road, but should this not be made, the mulct assuredly awaited him, which if he did not discharge, he continued to remain in prison until its liquidation."³ The parable⁴ in which the Kingdom of Heaven is likened to a King taking an account

¹ St. Matt. v. 25, 26.

² Hug, *Introduction to New Testament*, vol. i.

³ For the creditor's power over the debtor, according to the Roman law, see Aulus Gellius, B. xx. ch. i. See also Heinec, *Antiquities of Roman Law Illustrated*, B. iv. tit. iv. n. 1. Gellius says that by the laws of the twelve tables the creditor could seize the debtor, fasten him in the stocks, bind him with fetters of fifteen pounds weight, restrict him in his food, &c. Moreover, the debtor's body might be cut in pieces. So also Dionysius of Halicarnassus, xvi. 9; Quinctilian, iii. vi. 84. Some interpret the "cutting in pieces" metaphorically of the sale of his person and goods. The authors here mentioned understand it literally.

⁴ St. Matt. xviii. 23, &c.

of his servants exactly illustrates this. The King freely forgives one of them his debt when he asks for time to pay, but the servant going out from his lord's presence, and finding a fellow-servant his debtor, not only has no patience with him, but goes and casts him into prison. This supposes both a Jewish and a Roman law, for it represents a tetrarch, who, as far as himself and his own affairs were concerned, was not under the Roman power. He consequently proceeds according to the old Jewish law, which not only allowed, but ordained the lenient treatment of the debtor; but the sequel, which relates to a common man, contains an appeal to the Roman laws against the *obserati*, in virtue of which the debtor who does not pay is called upon by his creditor (*addicebatur*), who instantly arrests him (*in nervum ducebat*), and detains him in his house, as one handed over to his will. It is in a case like this we should catch the forger tripping. The Jewish or Roman law would be followed throughout. Nothing could suggest a mingling of both, except a personal knowledge of the very special circumstances of the time. Again in Christ's parable⁵ of the nobleman, who, going into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, gave ten pounds to his servants to trade till his return, it is clear that allusion is made to the custom of the Jewish kings or tetrarchs since the time of Herod, of going to Rome to have their sovereignty confirmed. Reference is made here more especially to some recent facts connected with Archelaus. He was a "nobleman," being the son of Herod the Great. He "went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom," for he went to Rome to obtain from Augustus the ratification of his father's will. His citizens hated him, and sent an embassy after him saying, "We will not have this man to rule over us." In this embassy even his own relations joined. "He returned having received the kingdom;" for Augustus confirmed the will as regarded his rule. He took ample revenge upon his enemies, as subsequent events and his exile prove.⁶

But it is to the history the Passion that we of must look in order to grasp thoroughly the wondrous accuracy of the Evangelists, in the narration of incidents, in which Roman and Jewish laws and customs continually appear together, each

⁵ St. Luke xix. 11—27. Compare St. Mark xii. 34; St. Luke xv. 3; St. Matt. xxi. 33.

⁶ Josephus, *Antiq. B.* xvii. ch. ix. *Wars*, B. ii. ch. vi.

having its own force, and its own special application. The event itself, and the time at which it took place, are mentioned by Tacitus, who, when speaking of the Christians, says, "The author of this sect was Christ, who during the reign of Tiberius was punished by the Procurator Pontius Pilate."⁷ Lucian⁸ also alludes to it. And in the Talmud,⁹ we meet with the following words: "On the eve of the Pasch Jesus was punished for having induced the people to embrace a strange religion. . . . They crucified Him." The Gospels say that the wife of Pilate was with her husband in Judea at the time our Lord was condemned. Strauss¹⁰ affirms this to be a clear error, for we know, he says, from history, that the Governors were strictly forbidden to take their wives with them to the place of their government, and Augustus allowed them to visit their husbands only during winter. It is quite true that such a prohibition existed, and was acted up to certainly, during the Commonwealth, as also that Augustus endeavoured to enforce it strictly¹¹ during his reign, but it is equally true that he did not succeed. In the time of Tiberius the contrary custom was introduced. Thus when Augustus died, Germanicus had his wife Agrippina living with him in Germany,¹² and he took her with him to the east, in the beginning of Tiberius' reign.¹³ At the same period we see Plancina, the wife of Piso, Prefect of Syria, accompanying her husband.¹⁴ And in the fourth year of Tiberius, Cæcina proposed to the Senate to forbid all governors to adopt this usage, but the Conscript Fathers refused to hear him.¹⁵ Strauss also draws his pen through that part of the Gospels which mentions the presence of Herod, and the Roman Governor at Jerusalem, during the Passion; because it was unusual for the tetrarchs to be there, and Cæsarea, the seat of the latter's government, he considers, was too distant to allow of his presence at the capital.¹⁶

⁷ *Annals*, B. xvi. ch. xlv.

⁸ *De morte Peregrinorum*.

⁹ *Treatise Sanhedrin*, fol. 43.

¹⁰ *Life of Jesus*.

¹¹ "Disciplinam severissime rexit, ne legatorum quidem cuiquam nisi gravate hibernisque mensibus permisit uxorem invisere" (Suetonius August. 24).

¹² Tacitus, *Annals*, B. i. ch. xli. xlii.

¹³ *Ibid.* B. i. ch. liv.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* ch. lv.

¹⁵ "Inter quæ Severus Cæcina censuit, ne quem magistratum cui provincia obveniret uxor comitaretur. Paucorum hæc adsensu audita plures obturbabant neque relatum de negotio, neque Cæcinam dignum tantæ rei censorem" (Tacitus, *Annals*, B. iii. ch. xxxiii. xxxiv.).

¹⁶ This Cæsarea was on the west coast of Palestine, it was built by Herod the Great, and named *Cæsarea Sebaste* in honour of Augustus. That it was the usual abode of the Procurator is proved from Tacitus, *Hist.* B. ii. ch. lxxix.; Josephus, *Wars*, B. ii. ch. ix. sect. 2; and *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. iv. sect. 1, and B. xx. ch. iv. sect. 4.

But Josephus¹⁷ draws a special contrast between the Herod in question and others of that name, and tells us expressly that "he sympathized with his countrymen in all their troubles, and *therefore took pleasure in constantly living at Jerusalem*, strictly observing all the customs of his nation." The historian¹⁸ also affirms that the Procurators were constantly in the capital at the Passover. In fact, the great concourse of people to the holy city at that time made their presence there almost a necessity. The insubordinate temper of the Jews at this period was very marked, and it was always most likely to show itself at the great feast. Thus Cumanus stationed an armed cohort in the porticoes of the Temple during the Pasch, to suppress any riot which should take place, "and this the Governors of Judea before him had adopted."¹⁹ On this very occasion a tumult occurred in which twenty thousand Jews perished. This feverish state of the capital at the Passover is alluded to more than once in the Gospels. "But they said, not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people."²⁰ Now if these two events, the fact of Pilate's wife being with her husband, and the presence of Herod and the Governor at Jerusalem, are apparently so unlikely that their explanation escaped Strauss and others, notwithstanding all the knowledge of the time which we now possess, how incredible does it appear, that writers of the second century, if such the Evangelists were, could risk the insertion of such circumstances in their narrative! The Gospel says that the trial of our Lord was the occasion of Pilate and Herod becoming friends, "for before they were enemies one to another."²¹ How easily quarrels might arise between the tetrarch and the procurator must be plain, if on the one hand we remember Pilate's cruel treatment of the Jews, which was notorious, and on the other Herod's love and sympathy for his own people. This particular enmity was most probably occasioned by some such action as that mentioned by St. Luke.²² "And there were present at that very time some that told Him (Christ) of the Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices," whereby the Roman laid his unholy hands on Herod's subjects.

¹⁷ *Antiq. B.* xix. ch. vii. sect. 3. Compare *B.* xviii. ch. vi. sect. 3.

¹⁸ *Antiq. B.* xviii. ch. v. sect. 3; *Wars, B.* ii. ch. xii. sect. 6, and ch. xiv. sect. 3.

¹⁹ Josephus, *Antiq. B.* xx. ch. iv. sect. 3.

²⁰ St. Matt. xxvi. 5; St. Mark xiv. 2; St. Luke xxii. 2—6.

²¹ St. Luke xxiii. 12.

²² St. Luke xiii. 1.

The speech of Peter betrayed him to those in the court of the High Priest. "And after a little while, they that stood by came, and said to Peter, Surely thou also art one of them, for even thy speech doth discover thee."²³ "Surely this man was also with Him, for he is also a Galilean."²⁴ Now at this period each of the divisions of Palestine had its own provincial dialect. This was especially the case with Galilee, its inhabitants pronouncing the gutturals and other letters in a manner harsh and almost unintelligible to the citizens of the capital.²⁵ Could a forger know, or would he venture on such a circumstance as this? Exception has been taken by some unbelieving critics to what is said about the cock crowing after Peter's denial, on the ground that cocks were not allowed in Jerusalem. It is true they were prohibited, because of some notion which was prevalent, that by rooting up the earth, they might be the cause of spreading disease in the city: but still, they were kept by some of the inhabitants, for, in the Jerusalem Talmud, we have an instance of a cock being stoned to death by an order of the Council, for killing a little child. Again, we may ask, what writer of a later age could know of these exceptions to the general law or custom?

The High Priest, according to the Evangelist, rends his garments, when Christ proclaims that He is the Son of God.²⁶ Josephus, speaking of something which took place about the same time, says, "The High Priests, being filled with concern, rent their garments."²⁷ Pilate takes his place on the judgment-seat only at the sixth hour,²⁸ to pronounce sentence against Christ, although the chief priests and His other accusers have been crying out for His death, since long before dawn. This circumstance represents the Procurator as strictly adhering to the Roman law, by which, all sentences passed before sunrise, were *ipso facto* invalid.²⁹ The word *lithostrotos*, which the Evangelist uses, is a technical term for a place tiled in mosaic, such as a court or terrace, for by the Roman usage, criminals

²³ St. Matt. xxvi. 73.

²⁴ St. Luke xxii. 59.

²⁵ Lightfoot in his works gives many humorous instances of this peculiarity taken from the Rabbinical writings. Amongst other peculiarities, they confounded in pronunciation *A-yin* with *Ā-lēph*, *Kāph* with *Bēth*, *Tāv* with *Dālēth*.

²⁶ St. Matt. xxvi. 65.

²⁷ Wars, B. ii. ch. xiv. sect. 6, and ch. xv. sect. 2, 3, 4. It is worth remark that Josephus, like the Evangelists, continually uses the indefinite term "High Priests."

²⁸ Roman civil time, our six o'clock a.m.

²⁹ Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, i. 3; Gellius, *Noct. Att.* xiv. 7.

were judged, "*non ex æquo loco sed ex superiori*," and Suetonius³⁰ says, that the Roman magistrates took with them to their provinces, all that was necessary for tiling these places, upon which they placed their seats of judgment. Moreover Josephus³¹ mentions a tiled pavement (*lithostrotos*) of this description, as being in the very place, where Pilate used to judge. Our Lord was scourged, according to the Gospels, before He suffered. The Jewish historian, in two distinct passages,³² and Livy³³ in several, mention the custom among the Romans of scourging before crucifixion, as Edersheim well remarks, in his work on the Life of Christ,³⁴ it was the invariable preliminary to the shame of the cross, and was styled "the intermediate death." Our Saviour was scourged by common soldiers, and the Evangelists make no mention of lictors, who usually administered this punishment. But Suetonius³⁵ says, that it was the custom in some places for soldiers to inflict it; the reason no doubt why they did so in the case before us, was that the Procurator of Palestine, being a subordinate of the Prætor of Syria, had no lictors. Pilate, hearing that Christ was from Galilee, catches at the expression, and inquires, "if He was a Galilean." These people were very rebellious towards the Romans, refusing to pay tribute, and inciting the multitude to follow their principles, and they gave special trouble to Pilate because of their disloyalty.³⁶ The Procurator therefore, coupling the accusation made against our Saviour of "seditious practices" and the fact that He was from Galilee, with his own experience of the Galileans, naturally enough suspects, that Christ may be one of them, and hence his question. With regard to the clothing of our Lord in purple, putting a crown upon His head, and a reed in His hand, we know that such derision was very congenial to the spirit of the age. Philo³⁷ relates that when a nephew of Herod Antipas, Agrippa, was passing through Alexandria on his return from

³⁰ "In expeditionibus tessella ad sectilia pavimenta circumtulisse" (*Cæsar*, ch. xlvi.).

³¹ *Wars*, B. vi. ch. i. sect. 8. Compare Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* B. xxxvi. "Lithostrota acceptavere sub Sylla."

³² "Being beaten they were crucified opposite the citadel" (p. 1247). "Whom having first scourged . . . they crucified" (p. 1080).

³³ "Missique lictores ad sumendum supplicium nudatos virgis cædunt" (*Hist.* B. ii ch. v.). "Productique omnes virgisque cæsi" (*Hist.* B. xxvi. ch. xv.), &c.

³⁴ London, Longmans, 1883, *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, 2 vols. vol. ii. p. 577.

³⁵ *Caligula*, ch. xxvi.

³⁶ Josephus, *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. iii. sect. 2, and B. xvii. ch. x. sect. 2.

³⁷ *In Flacc.* ed. Mang. ii. 522. Wetstein, N. T. i. p. 533.

Rome, where he had been made King of Judea by Caligula; the inhabitants, as soon as they heard of his arrival, in hatred of his person and dignity, took a poor idiot, Carabas by name, made him sit on an elevated seat, threw over his shoulders a flowing garment, placed a crown of paper on his head, a reed as sceptre in his hand, and gave him a guard of children, showing how they would treat the Jewish sovereign, were he in their power.

The usage of the criminal carrying his own cross is mentioned by Plutarch³⁸ in these words, "Every kind of wickedness produces its own particular torment, just as every malefactor, when he is brought forth to execution, carries his own cross." The Roman soldiers forcing Simon of Cyrene, the first person they met, to carry the Cross with Christ, is very suggestive of their arrogance towards the Jews, of which many instances are furnished by contemporary history. The position of Calvary is in harmony with the Roman,³⁹ and Jewish⁴⁰ usage, of crucifying or stoning, always outside the city. Pilate affixed to the Cross an inscription in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, for the Romans were wont to prepare some "title" indicating the cause of condemnation, and such inscriptions among the Jews and Romans were at this period written in different languages. "Having led him through the midst of the court or assembly, with a writing signifying the cause of his death, afterwards they crucified him," says Dio Cassius,⁴¹ speaking of a certain criminal. Julius Capitolinus relates, that the Roman soldiers erected a tomb over the Emperor Gordian, on the confines of Persia, and placed an inscription on it, in Latin, Persian, Hebrew, and Egyptian. The decrees of the Roman Emperors to the towns of Phenicia were in Latin and Greek. "There are three languages," said the Jews, "Hebrew for prayer, Latin for war, and Greek for eloquence and conversation."⁴²

³⁸ *De Sera Numinis Vindicta*, ch. ix. Compare Artemidor, *Oneirocrit*, ii. 61.

³⁹ "Credo ego istoc exemplo tibi esse eundem actutum extra portam, dispersis manibus patibulum cum habebis" (Plautus, *Miles Gloriosus*, act ii. sc. 4). "Quum interim imperator provinciæ latrones jussit crucibus adfigi, secundum illam eandem casulam in qua recens cadaver matrona deflebat" (Petronius Arbiter, *Satir*, c. lxxi.). "Quid enim attinuit, cum Mamertini more atque instituto suo crucem fixissent post urbem in via Pompeia: te jubere in ea parte figere, quæ ad fretum spectaret?" Cic. in Verr, lib. v. c. lxvi. The whole trial of our Lord can be well illustrated from these orations.

⁴⁰ Num. xv. 35; 3 Kings xxi. 13.

⁴¹ B. liv. Compare Suet. *Domitian*, ch. x. and *Caligula*, ch. xxxii. and xxxiv.; Ovid, *Fasti* vi. 190, 191, and *Trist*, iii. 1047.

⁴² Sepp. *Vie de J.* C. vii. See also Josephus, *Wars*, B. vi. ch. 2.

The wine mingled with myrrh being given to our Lord is confirmed by the custom of this drink being used to produce insensibility to suffering.⁴³ Vinegar too was the common beverage of the Roman soldier,⁴⁴ and so St. John⁴⁵ says that when Christ said, "I thirst," "they, putting a sponge full of vinegar about hyssop, offered it to His mouth," for "there was a vessel set there full of vinegar." The soldiers, according to the Evangelist, kept watch by the Cross; Petronius Arbiter⁴⁶ tells us, *Miles cruces asservabat*, and Seneca⁴⁷ speaks of the *centurio supplicio præpositus* as an ordinary thing.

The game of dice was a common one with the Roman soldiers, and so they play at it beneath the Cross, the stake being the seamless garment of Christ. "They said then one to another, Let us not cut it; but let us cast lots for it whose it shall be."⁴⁸ "Then the soldiers . . . took His garments, and they made four parts, to every soldier a part." We have two particulars here; the division of the garments, confirmed by the fact that the clothes of the executed were by law the perquisites of the executioners,⁴⁹ which custom was abrogated in the time of Adrian; and the number of the soldiers, which was four, for "they made four parts, to every soldier a part," which is confirmed by Polybius, who tells us that a guard was composed of four. "Joseph of Arimathea besought Pilate," says St. John,⁵⁰ "that he might take away the Body of Jesus, and Pilate permitted him." Now, the Roman lawyer Ulpian⁵¹ says, "the bodies of those condemned are not to be refused to their relations," and Augustus⁵² declares he had ever observed this custom. "The bodies of those punished," according to Paulus,⁵³ another Roman lawyer, "are to be given to any that desire them in order to burial." "At the request of the Jews, Pilate gave orders that the legs of the crucified should be broken." Aurelius Victor,⁵⁴ in praising Constantine for doing away with the death of the cross, alludes to this barbarous custom. "Eo pius ut etiam vetus veterrimumque supplicium, patibulum *cruribus suffringendis* primus removerit." When Christ has died,

⁴³ "Sese multis modis consentiat ictibus, myrrhæ contra præsumptione munitus" (Apuleius, *Metamorph.* B. viii.). "Obfirmatus myrrhæ præsumptione" (*Ibid.* B. x.).

⁴⁴ Dr. Huxham's *Essay on Fevers*.

⁴⁵ St. John xix. 29, 30.

⁴⁶ Ch. iii.

⁴⁷ *De Ira*, ch. xvi.

⁴⁸ St. John xix. 24.

⁴⁹ St. John xix. 38.

⁵⁰ Alford, vol. i. and Digest xlviii. tit. xx. sect. 6.

⁵¹ Treatise on the Duties of a Proconsul (see Josephus, *Wars*, B. iv. ch. v. sect. 2).

⁵² *Vita*, ch. x.

⁵³ B. iii.

⁵⁴ *Cæs.* ch. xli.

Nicodemus comes "bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes about a hundred pound,"⁵⁶ which are used in the burial, after the manner of the Jews. Josephus⁵⁶ mentions the custom, nor need we wonder at the amount, when we remember that the whole body was embalmed; and the historian speaks in one place of five hundred servants following their master's funeral with aromatic spices.⁵⁷ Many of the circumstances of the Crucifixion, are mentioned in the *Gemara Sanhedrim*, among them being the sword-thrust, and the taking down before sunset. We find also in the rabbinical writings several more or less obscure allusions to the events which the Evangelists say took place at the death of our Lord. Thus in the treatise *Joma* it is related, that about forty years before the destruction of Jerusalem, (which corresponds very well with the date of the Crucifixion) the lamp in the Temple was suddenly put out, the "lot of the Lord"⁵⁸ fell always to the left, and a great door of the sacred edifice, which was carefully shut each evening, and which required twenty men to move it, was found wide open each morning. This phenomenon began on the day after Christ's execution. Josephus also mentions it, but he does not give the precise date, as the Talmud does.

Such is the accuracy of the Gospels in their minute relation of the circumstances of the sufferings and death of Christ, in which Roman and Jewish usages are combined in the most delicate and complicated way. On what principle is this exactness to be explained? Surely books which speak the truth like this are genuine, or if not, we must cast away for ever all value which we have hitherto given to historical works, be they ancient or modern. One more instance, and we have done. "Herod the tetrarch," say the Evangelists,⁵⁹ "put St. John Baptist in prison for the sake of Herodias, the wife of Philip his brother, because he had married her. For St. John said to the King, It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife. Now when a convenient day was come, Herod made a supper for his birthday for the princes and tribunes and chief men of Galilee. And when the daughter of the same Herodias had come in and danced and pleased Herod . . . the King said to the damsel, Ask of me what thou wilt and I will give it thee. And he swore to her, Whatsoever thou shalt ask I will give

⁵⁶ St. John xix. 39, 40.

⁵⁶ Wars, B. i. ch. xxxiii. sect. 9; *Antiq.* B. xvii. ch. viii. sect. 3.

⁵⁷ *Ibid.*

⁵⁸ An emblem of some superstition of the time.

⁵⁹ St. Matt. xiv. 1-13; St. Mark vi. 14-29; St. Luke iii. 19, 20.

thee, though it be the half of my kingdom. And when she was gone out she said to her mother, What shall I ask? But she said, the head of John the Baptist. And she came to the King . . . and asked, saying, I will that forthwith thou give me in a dish the head of the Baptist. And the King was struck sad, yet because of his oath he would not displease her, but sending an executioner he commanded that the head should be brought in a dish. And he beheaded him . . . and brought his head in a dish and gave it to the damsel, and the damsel gave it to her mother." Let us compare this little episode with what we know from profane history. The incestuous union of the tetrarch with Herodias is thus mentioned by Josephus. "After Salome's birth, Herodias, in utter violation of the laws of her country, left her husband, then living, and married Herod, tetrarch of Galilee, her husband's brother by the mother's side."⁶⁰ In this passage we learn that Herodias had a daughter, and her name is given to us. Such was the damsel that danced before, and pleased the King. Herod made a supper on his birthday. Is there not some slip here? Jewish writers affirm that such feasts were not the custom in their nation, which regarded all personal anniversary celebrations⁶¹ as acts of idolatrous worship. Nevertheless the Evangelist is correct, for the family of the Herods was very partial to the customs of Greece and Rome, which they tried to introduce, to the great disgust of the Jews.⁶² More than this. An exactly similar occurrence about this time is mentioned by the Jewish historian,⁶³ who says of Herod, the brother of Herodias, and successor to Herod the tetrarch, "Having made a feast on his birthday, when all under his command partook of the mirth, he sent for Silas, an officer who had displeased him, and offered him a seat at the banquet." Here we have not only the feast, but the custom of assembling the officers of government to share in it, which corresponds admirably with the words of the Gospel, "the princes and tribunes and chief men of Galilee" were there. What impostor could be aware of this family practice of the Herods? We have the same thing in the matter of the dancing, which was originally taken from the Greeks, and according to Suetonius⁶⁴ was very much in vogue among the Romans.

⁶⁰ *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. vi. sect. 1—4.

⁶¹ *Illustrated Commentary on Bible*—St. Matthew, ch. xiv.

⁶² *Ibid.* ⁶³ *Antiq.* B. xix. ch. vii. sect. 1.

⁶⁴ *Caligula*, ch. lvii.; *Nero*, ch. xxiv. See also *Athen. Deipnosoph.* B. xvii.; and Lipsius, *Supra Senect.* Quæst. Nat. i. 7.

Among the Jewish princes these dances became a usage, and festivals always ended with them. As regards Herod's oath and his sadness at having to keep it, the form of swearing employed was a common one at the time,⁶⁵ and once made, the promise could not be broken. We meet with a remarkable anecdote in Herodotus,⁶⁶ which offers some strong points of analogy with the incident now before us. Xerxes once, in excess of fondness for his brother's wife's daughter Artaynte, desired her to ask of him whatever she pleased, and declared with an oath that he would refuse her nothing. Artaynte demanded a rich mantle wrought by his own Queen, which he was then wearing. Xerxes was saddened at this request, and begged her to ask cities, treasures of gold, or the sole command of an army, but not the mantle. The damsel persisted, and the monarch, from regard to his oath, but with great reluctance, gave it her. The Queen, enraged at this, blamed not the girl, but her mother, and on the King's birthday, when he was bound not to refuse her any request she made, the Queen came before him at the royal banquet, and asked that the wife of his brother should be delivered up to her. In vain the King tried to divert her from this horrid purpose, he had to give the fatal nod of assent, and the doomed woman was at once brought to her, and mangled by her in the most terrible manner. The points of comparison between this history and that of the Gospels are obvious. Herodias, according to the Evangelists, prompts her daughter to make the cruel request. This woman is represented by Josephus as full of intrigue, and exercising a great influence over Herod. The tetrarch,⁶⁷ he says, "was punished by God for following her vain counsels; for, when Caligula gave her own brother the title of King, she persuaded Herod against his will to ask for the same honour. The Emperor not only did not grant his prayer, but took from him his tetrarchy, and banished him to Lyons." The saintly Baptist incurred her hatred by reproving her incest, and hence her revenge. The Evangelist says that Herod sent as the executioner of the Baptist a soldier from about his person, and we know that at this time the King's guards only were charged with carrying out such sentences. The "bringing in of the head" was of frequent occurrence at

⁶⁵ *Illust. Commentary on Bible*—St. Matthew.

⁶⁶ B. ix. 109. Compare also Pliny, Epist. B. x. Ep. 61, and *The Thousand and One Nights*.

⁶⁷ *Antiq. B.* xxviii. ch. viii. sect. 2.

this period. Agrippina, wife of Claudius and mother of Nero, had Paulina Lollia's head brought to her, and Dio Cassius⁶⁸ says, that not recognizing it at first, she examined it with her own hands until she perceived some distinguishing feature. Antony too, caused the heads of his victims to be brought to him during his banquets, and Fulvia⁶⁹ took Cicero's head upon her lap to pierce the tongue. We have also the order of Tiberius to Vitellius to send him the head of King Aretas.⁷⁰ Here, as elsewhere in the Gospels, rulers like the tetrarch Herod, who never took the title of kings, are called by that name. The same phraseology occurs in Josephus,⁷¹ which shows that it belonged to the time. Here is another coincidence not easy to imagine in an impostor. Besides the testimonies we have given in detail, Josephus⁷² makes direct allusion to the death of the Baptist, saying that the Jews considered the defeat, which Herod sustained in the war with the Arabs, to be a punishment from God for his great crime in committing this murder.

To conclude. In weighing this intrinsic evidence we must ever bear in mind that the force of the argument is cumulative. Some of the instances may not be much in themselves, but when taken together with others, their strength is undeniable. Nor must we forget that the Gospels are not, and do not profess to be, complete histories.⁷³ They are merely detached memoirs, or a collection of select facts or discourses, solely put together to show the character and teaching of the Redeemer. Sometimes the Evangelists repeat each other, sometimes they choose different events and different discourses, which are all equally appropriate for the object in view, as would undoubtedly have been many others, of which we find no record. We have refrained as much as possible from introducing minor illustrations save where they went to form part of a proof, as they belong rather to the scope of the commentator.⁷⁴ But we have

⁶⁸ B. lx. ch. xxxiii.

⁶⁹ *Dio Cassius*, B. xlvii. ch. ix.

⁷⁰ Josephus, *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. v.

⁷¹ *Wars*, B. v. ch. i. sect. 2, and elsewhere.

⁷² *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. v.

⁷³ The Evangelists say so themselves either expressly, as John xx. 30, 31; xxi. 25, or indirectly by their method of narration.

⁷⁴ We have left unnoticed such signs of accuracy, as appear in the several parables, in which the most varied customs are exactly described. As in that of "The Unjust Steward," which should be compared with what we learn from Suetonius, *Augustus*, lxvii. 4; *Nero*, lxiv. 2; *Galba*, xxii. 6; *Vespasian*, xxii. 5. See also Cato, *De Re Rustica*, v. 56—59; Columella, *De Re Rustica*, i. 8, 9, xi. 1;

seen in detail the marvellous accuracy of the sacred writers in their passing allusions to the history of Judea and the civil status of the Jews, at a time when they embraced the President of Syria, a local governor, tetrarchs, and high priests, all having certain rights, certain duties, and a fixed authority, when there was a double administration of justice, and in some degree a double military command. We have closely examined some parts of the Gospel story, wherein are embodied at one and the same time many customs and laws of Judea and of Rome, and everywhere we have found the most scrupulous and painstaking exactness. Nor can it be said, with any show of truth, that the

Xenophon, *Æconomica*, xii. sect. 5, 6, xiii. sect. 3, xiv. sect. 2. Again the Parable of "The Good Shepherd" may be compared with Polybius, xii. iv. 2; and that of "The Great Supper" with Philo, i. 18, l. 19, *De Mundi Opificio*; Plutarch, *Brutus*, 34; Lucian, i. 669, *De Mercede conductis*, 14; Suetonius, *Caius*, 39, 3; Seneca, *De Ira*, iii. 37; Plin. *Hist. Nat.* xiv. 17, xxxv. 36; Nepos, *Cimon*, c. iv.; Plutarch, *Crassus*, 12, *Cæsar*, 55, in which we find many of the smallest details confirmed. In the story of "the Labourers in the Vineyard" such minor points as the late comers receiving the same wages as those who had borne the heat of the day, are made clear from Josephus, *Antiq.* xx. ix. 7, where we are told the same thing took place, at the rebuilding of the temple. "The Sower and the Seed" is well illustrated and explained by reference to Calpurnius, *Eclog.* iv. 115; Xenophon, *Æcon.* xvii. 14; Herodotus, B. ii. 12; Theophrastus, *De Caus. Plant.* iii.; Josephus, *Antiq.* v. i. 21; *Wars*, iii. iv. viii., and so of the rest. The parables also correspond most exactly with the customs mentioned in the Old Testament. Once more, we find allusions, St. Luke xii. 38, St. Matt. xiv. 25, St. Mark xiii. 35, to the four watches of the night. This was introduced among the Jews by the Romans, who took it from the Greeks. The words of the Centurion, St. Luke vii. 8, "I say to one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh;" remind us of the strict obedience of the Roman soldiers. Our Lord's prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem represents in every point the Roman manner of besieging and taking cities. They are first surrounded, a dry deep trench is then dug, and the town is encompassed with walls to prevent escape, and destroy the inhabitants by famine. Compare Josephus, *Wars*, vii. &c., to see how the event corresponded with the prediction. The great value set on pearls in ancient times, of which Pliny says, "Principium culmenque omnium rerum pretii margaritæ tenent," explains well the beautiful parable given in St. Matt. xiii. 45, 46. Lastly, we have the allusion to Jerusalem as the City of Peace, which its name implied, St. Luke xix. 41; the term, "The Captain of the Temple," St. John xviii. 12, mentioned also by Josephus; the custom of the Jews to shake the dust of Gentile lands off their feet, St. Matt. x. 14; the distinction between the land of Israel and that of the Gentiles, St. Matt. vi. 32; the ointment kept in *alabaster* boxes, St. Matt. xxvi. 7, confirmed by Pliny and Theophrastus; how swine came to feed among the Gadarenes, because, as Josephus says, *Antiq.* xvii. 13, 4, "Gadara was a Grecian city and annexed by Cæsar to Syria"—it did not therefore belong to the Jews;—the meaning conveyed in the number of the Apostles being *twelve*, and that of the disciples *seventy-two*, which were favourite numbers with the Jews as representing those of the tribes and elders (see Josephus, *Life*, sect. ii.); and numberless other instances, none of which have come within the scope of this paper. We have given these few examples for the benefit of those of our readers who may be tempted to take an interest in their investigation. Many others may be found in Thompson's *The Land and the Book*, and like works.

Evangelists could have gathered such knowledge from profane history, for it is not a question of books in which a list of rulers and laws is merely strung together without connection and without aim ; but of a part biography, where each event is given with all its particulars, as happening in real life, and where all is worked into the history. Besides, it is only after more than eighteen centuries of the closest study and research, that we have arrived at the knowledge of those times which we now possess, being often helped thereto by a chance remark in the works of some writer of the time, which we should never have noticed. but for the criticism of the Gospels. It is thus we have been led to recognize fully the accuracy of the Evangelists, by scrutinizing those parts of their writings which naturally, they would have thought, could least of all, have engaged the attention of mankind.

ARTHUR J. YATES.

*Gloves.*¹

SOME of us may perchance have amused ourselves, while sauntering about the villages in the neighbourhood of Worcester—the principal glove manufacturing town in England—by watching the women at their cottage doors plying their task as glove sewers, sometimes with and sometimes without the aid of machinery; we may have inquired as to the amount of time required to finish a pair, and expressed our surprise as to the smallness of the sum an industrious worker can earn per diem by stitching or sewing for Messrs. Dent and Allcroft, whose agents bring the cut-out gloves to the villagers, and fetch them away when made up. And here—unless we care for statistics as to the numbers of pairs of gloves exported and imported during the course of the year, and when the introduction of free trade put an end to the privileges and monopolies of the glover's corporations—our interest in gloves seems to be at end, since, in the present day and in their present form, they are nothing more than a simple article of dress—one, too, which is more a superfluity than an absolute necessity—and there seems to be little meaning or interest attaching to them, still less any romance or sentiment.

But let us look back into the past, and we shall see gloves in a very different light. They will be found to occupy a prominent place in the pages of the poet and historian, in the records of the antiquarian and archæologist. The jewelled gloves of monarchs and other persons of rank are exhibited in museums, and carefully preserved in private collections. The mailed gloves of the Black Prince hang above his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral, and the recumbent figures of kings and prelates wear gloves upon the hands which are folded in death. It is only quite recently that throwing down the gauntlet has been abolished from our coronation ceremony, and a relic of the

¹ *Gloves: their Annals and Associations.* By S. W. Beck, F.H.R.S. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 32, Paternoster Row. 1883.

past still lingers in the custom of presenting white gloves to a judge when the absence of crime renders his presence at the assizes unnecessary. This now most common article of every-day wear was once expressive of facts and feelings ; it was employed as an authorization and a warranty ; a pledge of security or a token of affection ; a symbol of defiance or a sign of amity.

The great antiquity of the *tegumenta manuum* is beyond dispute ; their use probably originated in the necessity of protecting the hands from the inclemency of the weather, and from injury when handling rough substances. Witness the rude gloves of walrus-skin made by the Eskimos as an indispensable part of their uncouth habiliments, and the hedging and harvesting gloves used by agricultural labourers in the present day, as well as the long hawking-gloves worn by our ancestors to prevent the sharp talons of the falcons they carried on their wrist from penetrating the flesh. Homer, in the *Odyssey*, describes Laertes as wearing "gloves against the thorn," and Xenophon animadverts upon the luxury of the Persians, in that they were not content with covering their heads, their bodies, and their feet, but must needs clothe their hands also. Gloves were certainly well known among the Romans. Pliny the Younger, in the account of his uncle's visit to Vesuvius, mentions that the amanuensis accompanying him wore gloves upon his hands in winter, lest the severity of the cold should prevent him from making use of his writing implements.² But the chief gloves in use among the ancients seem to have been those of the pugilist, which are mentioned in the *Iliad*, when great Tydides,

Warmed with the hopes of conquest for his friend,
 Officious with the cincture girds him round,
 And on his wrists the gloves of death are bound.

They are also frequently referred to in the *Æneid*. No athlete ventures to

Round his hands the gauntlets tie,

as a sign that he will enter the lists with Dares the Trojan, and when Entellus at last comes forward, it is said,

Then on the ground, in open view,
 Two gloves of giant weight he threw.

The gauntlets used in these deadly combats were probably formed of leather weighted with lead or iron, something like

² Pliny, *Ep.* iii. 5.

the iron gloves of the armour-clad warriors of the days of hand-to-hand fighting, which were covered with scales or plates of iron, with knobs or spikes attached to do more injury.

But gloves soon grew to be a mark of refinement and a means of display, for we find them worn equally in hot climates, and by those who, far from engaging in hard work, lived in the lap of luxury, and wore long sleeves, which if drawn down over the hands would have afforded all the protection necessary. As the ancient severity of manners declined amongst the Romans the use of gloves increased, and the philosophers of the day directed against them some of the invectives they hurled against the corruption of the times. Under the Emperors gloves were made with fingers, and called *digitalia*, in contradistinction to the *chirothecæ*, which were then made more in the shape of a mitten. Undoubtedly this latter was the original form, and the mitten remained an article of common, practical use, while gloves became things of ornament or ceremony. This accounts for the name of the foxglove, *little folks'*, or *fairies'* glove, for although utterly unlike the ordinary glove, it will, when held upside down, be seen to resemble a mitten exactly in shape. The Romans very probably introduced gloves into this country, at any rate they formed part of the Anglo-Saxon's dress, being mentioned in an Anglo-Saxon romance respecting Beowulf, written in the seventh century; and in the commercial regulations made by Ethelred the Unready, five pairs of gloves are a portion of the duty to be paid by some German merchants. In paintings and drawings, too, dating from the tenth to the twelfth centuries, some of the figures are represented with gloved hands, although the capacious sleeve worn at that period rendered any such covering unnecessary. Towards the close of the eighth century we find it recorded that Charlemagne granted to the monks of a certain monastery the right to kill deer, and employ the skins of the animals to make gloves, girdles, and covers for their books, although sheepskin was the material prescribed for the gloves monks were allowed to wear in winter for the sake of warmth. No one was, however, permitted to appear in choir to say the Office with any kind of glove or muff, as the following regulation shows: *Chirothecas non ferant cum superpelliceo*.³

The gloves which form part of the episcopal vestments were formerly made of white linen, to denote the purity of the hands.

³ Synod Nucerim, 1606.

they covered. Durandus, writing in 1287, remarks that the *chirothecæ* were of a white material, because a bishop should be stainless, and we read in Pugin's *Eccl. Glossary* that the gloves on the hands of Pope Boniface the Eighth at the time of his interment were of white silk, beautifully worked and ornamented with pearls. Bishops' gloves are now of a lavender tint, and fringed with gold. In the *Ordo Romanus* a prayer is appointed to be said when the Bishop puts on the gloves,⁴ and in ancient missals collects to the same effect are given for the use of a bishop when vesting for Mass. Professor Hefele supposes that the *ἐμπνυλκία* of the Greek and Russian priests, which extend from the wrist to the elbow, bear some relation to the *chirothecæ* of the Catholic bishop. The gloves worn by William of Wykeham are still preserved at New College, Oxford, and specimens of the lavishly decorated gloves worn by prelates may be seen in their monumental effigies.

Not only were gloves considered from the earliest ages as belonging to the Pontifical habit, but they were also considered as an inseparable appanage of Royalty, an ensign of Imperial dignity, no more to be omitted at the coronation of a king than at the consecration of a Bishop. Consequently they were invariably placed on the hands of monarchs when they were attired for the last time in their royal robes previous to their interment. In corroboration of this we have the testimony of illuminations in medieval missals, as well as of the effigies placed upon their tombs, generally a faithful representation in such details of the body deposited in peace below. And when the tombs of Royal personages have been opened (as was the case with the stone sarcophagus of Edward the First opened in 1774), even if the action of time has removed all trace of the material of the glove, probably something perishable such as linen, the circle of gold or jewels which ornamented the centre of the back of the hand, and was a mark of royal or high ecclesiastical rank, is found still lying there. Gloves such as these were often valuable enough to be left as legacies. Those worn by Richard, Bishop of London, who died in 1303, were valued at £5, no inconsiderable sum in that day, and ancient records often enumerate amongst regal and ecclesiastical treasures *chirothecæ cum perlis et gemmis in plata quadrata* . . .

⁴ "Immensam clementiam tuam rogamus, omnipotens et piissime Deus ut manus istius famuli tui patris nostri sicut externis obducuntur manicis istis sic internis purgentur rore tue benedictionis."

cum tassellis argenteis et parvis lapidibus, &c. Even gloves in ordinary wear soon came to be no longer made of homely materials, leather or buckskin, like those belonging to Henry the Sixth, of which an engraving is given in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, and which cost four shillings the dozen pairs, but were extremely gorgeous, though inelegant in shape, being made of thin material, lined with velvet, the "tops" white silk or crimson satin, trimmed with gold or silver lace, with fringe or pendant spangles, with "taffata and reben," or decorated with elaborate embroidery in coloured silks and gold thread. The needlework upon the cuffs of gloves—to judge by the specimens still preserved—was most beautiful both in design and execution.

For a long time, until the thirteenth or fourteenth century in fact, the use of gloves seems to have been almost exclusively confined to men. Perhaps this was because they were either insignia of office, or were worn as a protection against weather, at work, and in warfare. The women of former days did not go abroad much, nor did they aspire to share in masculine employments and amusements. Even among ladies of rank the use of gloves did not become universal, it appears, until the era of Elizabeth, who encouraged everything which promoted the vanity of her sex. She was particularly fond of perfumed gloves, which had recently been introduced, those made in Spain being famous for the specially sweet and enduring character of the scent imparted to them by means of fragrant herbs and distilled oils. At any rate her wardrobe must have been as well stocked with gloves as with gowns, since wherever she went she had presented to her "a paire of swete gloves, cuffed with gold and silver," "a paire of perfumed gloves," and so on. The *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* records as gifts :

By the Lady Mary Grey ij peir of swete gloves with fower dozen buttons of golde, in every one a side perle.

By Lady Mary Sydney, one peir of perfumed gloves with xxiii small buttons of golde, in every one of them a small diamond, &c.

Shakespeare writes of "gloves as sweet as damask roses," and in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Hero says to Beatrice :

These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Every one knows how vain Elizabeth was of her hands. Du Maurier says in his *Mémoires* how, "having been sent to her,

at every audience he had with her Majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times to display her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white." The fit of the glove seems then to have been considered of no importance; even when of fine workmanship they were of such liberal dimensions, and to modern ideas so unshapely, that they could only have disfigured the hand they covered. Probably the custom of measuring for gloves, the practice of Simon Glover,⁵ was not then in fashion, the beauty of the glove and the delicacy of the material employed being alone regarded. A very interesting relic of Mary Queen of Scots is preserved in the Saffron Walden Museum, viz., a splendid glove presented by her on the morning of her execution to a gentleman of the Dayrell family, in whose possession it now remains. It is thus described :

The glove is made of a light buff-coloured leather, the elaborate embroidery on the gauntlet being worked with silver wire and silk of various colours. The roses are of pale and dark blue, and two shades of very pale crimson. The foliage represents trees, and is composed of two shades of æsthetic green. A bird in flight with a long tail figures conspicuously among the work. . . . That part of the glove which forms the gauntlet is lined with crimson satin, which is as fresh and bright as the day it was made, a narrow band being turned outwards as a binding to the gauntlet, on to which is sewn the gold fringe or lace, on the points of which are fastened groups of small pendant steel or silver spangles. The opening at the side of the gauntlet is connected by two broad bands of crimson silk, faded now almost to a pale pink, and each hand is decorated with pieces of tarnished silver lace on each side.

A somewhat different article of apparel this to the iron glove which left a mark on the wrist of the unhappy Queen, when she was compelled by its cruel grasp to sign Rizzio's death-warrant.

Patronized so extensively by Elizabeth, gloves soon became common to all classes and conditions of men, and formed a considerable item in the household book of expenses. Old records still extant show entries such as these—

Paid to Jacson the hardwareman, for a dousin and a halfe of Spanysshe gloves 7s. 6d.

Six pair of plain gloves with coloured tops, vjs.

1520. Pd. for vj payer of gloves for my master . . . ijs. viijd.

Itm. for a payer of hedgying gloves for ye carter iiijd.

Itm. pd. for a payer of gloves bought at ye feyer (Ely) jd.

⁵ *Fair Maid of Perth.*

An amusing record in the *Calendar of State Papers*, 1580, shows that gloves were expected to correspond with the character of the wearer—

Owen Lloyd to Wm. Pryse—Desires him to send 16 pair of Oxford gloves of the finest, of 5 or 6 groats a pair, of double Chevrell, 6 for women, 6 for men, and 4 for very ancient and grave men, spiritual.

In the end of the sixteenth century, "gloves knytte of sylke" are mentioned as an article of trade imported from Holland. The greatest refinement in the way of material seems to have been chicken-skin, which was thought to impart a peculiar delicacy to the hand, especially if worn by night. This effeminate practice of sleeping in gloves was not confined to women, being introduced by Henry the Third of France, and followed by men as late as the reign of George the Third. Another and less innocent abuse of what was originally an useful article of dress is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, who tells us, as an instance of the extent to which the science of poisoning was carried on the Continent in the Middle Ages, that diabolical cunning invented gloves which could not be put on without inflicting a mortal disease on the wearer. It is, however, doubtful whether authentic proof can be found of any one being killed in this manner.

But enough has been said with respect to the history and material of gloves. We will now say a few words about the significance formerly attaching to them, and of which a few traces still linger, in some familiar form of speech, or popular proverb, some fast-disappearing formality, or the custom of taking off the gloves on certain occasions as a token of respect.

From time immemorial, throwing down the gauntlet has been a symbol of defiance, a challenge to battle both in real contests and in the mimic warfare of tournaments. Virgil, in the Fifth Book of the *Æneid*, as we have seen, represents Entellus as casting a gauntlet on the ground before entering the lists with Dares. In the Middle Ages, when the leaders of opposing armies challenged each other to single combat, a herald bearing a glove was sent with the message. Shakespeare makes Henry the Fifth, when he engages under an incognito in a wordy dispute with one of his soldiers on the eve of the battle of Agincourt, exchange gloves with him as a proof that if they both survive the battle, the quarrel shall be settled with blows. Amongst the Highlanders the custom of employing

the glove as a sign of challenge given or vengeance to be taken, lingered long. "Did one of them break faith? The surest remedy was for the injured person to appear at the next meeting-place, bearing a glove on the point of a lance, and proclaim the perfidy. The symbol roused so keen a sense of right, so fervently appealed to their rough justice, that the offender was often slain by his own clan to wipe out the disgrace brought upon them." To bite the glove was the sure prelude of a quarrel—

Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove and shook his head.

writes Scott in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, adding in a note—

It is yet remembered that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion with whom he had quarrelled, and learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

In contrast to the employment of gloves as tokens of hostility, we have now to consider some of the circumstances under which they figured as messengers of goodwill, as signs of protection or friendship.

In early times tenure of lands was granted and investiture conferred by the delivery of a glove. A register of the Parliament of Paris, dated 1294, says that "The Earl of Flanders, by the delivery of a glove into the hands of the King, gave him possession of the good town of Flanders." It is even supposed by some that this manner of confirming a contract dates as far back as the times of the Judges of Israel, and that when Elimelech in transferring his land to Booz takes off his *shoe*, the word ought to be translated *glove*.⁶ Be this as it may, the custom seems to have come originally from the East. In feudal times, the glove entered largely into transactions connected with the tenure and transfer of property, and gloves formed a part of the rent paid for land. The manor of Elston, in Nottinghamshire, was held by the annual payment of one pound of cummin seed, a steel needle, and two pairs of gloves, a rent which we imagine the landlord's greatest enemy would not

⁶ See Ruth iv. 7, 8.

object to pay. The King sent his glove when he relegated his authority to others, or gave his consent to the holding of a fair, or setting up a market. Until quite recently it was customary to display a large glove, brightly coloured or gilded, at the entrance to the annual fair in some country towns. In *Timon of Athens* the senators ask a glove of Alcibiades before tendering their submission, and he gives it in pledge of his protection.

Thus the glove came to be at one time "a sign of irrefragable faith," as Jonathan Oldbuck terms it; in fact, it was not unfrequently sworn upon, as if it were a relic or some holy thing. Witness Slender's affirmation to Pistol's guilt, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—

By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Biron, too, in *Love's Labour lost*, takes an oath on "this white glove."

When a gift of lands or other property was made to the Church, a glove was often placed upon the altar to make the promise binding; for instance, when the Earl of Shrewsbury vowed the construction of an abbey to St. Peter in 1083, in token of his intent, he placed his glove on the altar of the monastery there.⁷ Lovers exchanged gloves as a pledge of mutual fidelity, and gloves, or before these were worn by ladies, the sleeve which formed their substitute, often figure as the favours worn by knights upon their helmets in a tourney. The lily maid of Astolat brought Sir Lancelot

A scarlet sleeve broidered with great pearls

when he consented to wear her favour in the lists at Camelot.

One or more pairs of gloves used to be a recognized present from retainers and servants upon New Year's Day, for which they were liberally rewarded with money, as the records in old household books testify. They were also a medium of bribery, being presented to judges to obtain a favourable decision. Sir Thomas More is well known to have refused the lining—consisting of forty gold pieces—of a pair of gloves presented to him by a grateful suitor who had won her cause before him. All judges were not equally virtuous, otherwise the Portuguese proverb would have no force; *he does not wear gloves* being expressive of a man's perfect integrity.

The fashion of making presents of gloves was for a long time universal on all occasions and in all relations of life, by

⁷ Dugdale, *Monasticon*.

private individuals and public bodies, the value of the gloves having a wide range, and being proportioned to the rank of the recipient. In this the Universities stand out as pre-eminent. Any notable personage or royal visitor was welcomed with a present of "some verie rich and gorgeous gloves." Sometimes the chancellor and the heads of houses, hearing that persons of consequence were in the neighbourhood, would go out to meet them in order to offer this gift. Professor Thorold Rogers has met with many instances among the muniments of Colleges in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries of gifts of costly gloves, presumably not seldom *lined* after the manner objected to by Sir Thomas More. This practice of presenting gloves to distinguished visitors by the Universities or Colleges is said to have been intended to indicate that they considered their guests worthy to remain with covered hands, even in the presence of the highest collegiate dignitaries, although the etiquette of that period required "one who would be courteous" to "do off his hood, his gloves also," in the presence of a superior or on entering a house.

Any of our readers who may wish to know more about the trade in gloves and their manufacture from the earliest times up to the present day, in our own country and in other lands, will find ample information on this subject, as well as many interesting details as to their use in by-gone days, in Mr. Beck's little book. It is on our own authority that we add one more fact, viz., that French tradition asserts St. Anne to have been a knitter of gloves; she is therefore the chosen patroness of glovers in that country, and her day is, or rather was, kept with special solemnity by all engaged in that craft. The glovers of Perth had St. Bartholomew for their patron; the reason of this is apparent when we remember that the skimmers were associated with the glovers in that great Scotch corporation.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

A Co-operative Farm in Ireland fifty years ago.

THE principle of co-operation has so largely extended itself to nearly every department of human industry, and its adoption, under the encouraging legislative aids now sanctioning the practice, has been attended by such satisfactory results, that an extension and development in the particular direction of agriculture seems but a question of time and education. In the idea of corporate organization and federated labour much that is useful to the interests of society is involved and concerned. Since Owen, the first practical teacher of the doctrine, advocated it, co-operation has made vast and surprising progress in every country of Europe. It has embraced every branch of human enterprise with results highly favourable and satisfactory. The famous Swiss cheeses and the outputs of many Cornish mines are the consequences of co-operative labour. In Paris we had had instances of the most advantageous combinations among the workmen of that city, notably in the printing, masonry, house-building, and piano-making trades. Le Claire, its earliest apostle in France, with the frequent disturbances that at first continually upset his business and unsettled his workmen, found it a losing undertaking to endeavour to carry on the precarious pursuit of a building-contractor, and was going to abandon the enterprise when the thought occurred to him of continuing it upon the new idea of a proportional association and division of profits between his men and himself—he being allowed the highest wages of superintendence and a heavy interest on any capital he invested, *les ouvriers*, on their part, becoming partners in the nett earnings. All previous difficulties vanished—the principle of common interests and federated employment solved the problem. The men, from being discontented revolutionaries, became self-respecting and prosperous citizens. This society now embraces nine hundred members. The same favourable results followed a like experiment tried by other capitalists, remarkably so in the case of Dupont and the printing confraternity. But the most wonderful

development of the system was perhaps that wherein the workmen themselves combined, and this in the face of great poverty and difficulty in the beginning of the experiment, owing to want of the necessary capital, yet carried on their organization until it became a highly profitable business. At Rochdale, in England, a similar movement was initiated, and Mr. Holyoake describes how marvellous was the transformation wrought among simple cobblers and others once they combined for their common benefit and profit. As Mill shows so conclusively in his *Political Economy*, the results of the progressive advance of the co-operative principle are invariably an increase in the aggregate productiveness of industry, and the gradual and general tendency that would exist to give a greater stimulus to labour, by making the workman do the furthest possible amount of work, instead of the least, in exchange for his remuneration. The long standing and embittered feud between labour and capital would by this means be transformed into a friendly rivalry of friends and associates—the conflict of classes struggling for opposite and opposing interests would be found changed into a generous pursuit of a common purpose and the attainment of a common good. That by such incentives to industry a new dignity would be acquired by labour, and a new sense of security and independence attained by the co-partners in the association, seems an established economic truth.

These beneficent consequences are sure to result from an intelligent and well-balanced extension of the principle and practice of co-operative enterprise. Judging from its proved and attested evidences of substantial success when tried in the various trading and manufacturing occupations which man undertakes, it is strange that its extensive employment in the domain of agriculture has been so long delayed. In no other department of industry could a better field for organized operations offer itself. In the present uncertain condition of agrarian affairs, with the relations between the landowners, or so called capitalists on the one hand, and the workers and producers on the other, strained and unsatisfactory, so that every expedient to reconcile their conflicting interests seems but a patching over of an old sore and not its healthy healing, one wonders how even the conservatism of agriculturists keeps that class from adventuring on the yet untrodden paths of "federated farming." Agriculture in a peculiar manner seems adapted to the experiment of associated profits. It is, as an

eminent French economist, M. le Play, says: "Ce que offre seul aux familles-souches un moyen permanent de travail et de subsistence. Elle se prête avec une admirable élasticité à toutes les convenances de la petite ou de la grande industrie. Elle s'organise spontanément selon l'état intellectuel ou moral des familles et selon les rapports si divers que peuvent exister entrè elles. Plus que toute autre branche d'activité elle caractérise la vie nationale. Elle est, dans l'ordre matériel et dans le régime de travail, la force qui complète le mieux l'œuvre de la création. Enfin la pré-éminence de l'agriculture sur les autres arts a été erigée en axiome."

A source and means of employment which presents such advantages for the purposes of a plan of associated profit-sharing can hardly remain much longer out of the scope of co-operative enterprise. An industry which gives man nearly everything necessary for his subsistence, and thus secures him an independence such as no other can afford in the same degree, which enables him to be relatively free from the fluctuations of trade, the fall of markets, or other reverses which try so severely the ordinary complex combinations of trade, manufacture, and commerce, such an industry must necessarily assert for itself a suitable recognition of its utility. A branch of human activity which, like agriculture, identifies itself so intimately with the general prosperity of a country, and which therefore has not inaptly been called the flywheel that regulates the progress of all other subsidiary industries, and which also associates itself so intimately with the well-being of a people, cannot in this age of advancement be left untouched by the Midas' hand of combined labour.

It is to be hoped therefore that before long efforts will be made in these countries in the direction of co-operative farming. That its results would compare favourably with the workings of the large capitalist system adopted in England, or the small farm industry in France, seems most probable, if one may judge of its superior productive effects when brought into competition with these same systems in other industries. A country depending upon a few large farms officered by stewards, and worked with mechanical regularity, or trusting to the uncertain and fluctuating earnings of the small farmer, is not likely to be as prosperous nor is the condition of its people sure to be as happy and contented as would be the case, were most of these operations

carried on by federated labour, self-controlled and self-directed, and therefore calling out the best part of human nature and appealing to the best instincts of man. Such an arrangement would undoubtedly tend to the elimination of much of that dangerous friction which is evolved from the present relations of labour and capital, and by so much advance the general security of the State.

As a practical proof of these remarks, I shall briefly detail the successful workings of a co-operative farming society which existed in Ireland nearly fifty years ago, and was from its inception entirely regulated and controlled by the great principle of community of labour. The conditions under which the system was tried were peculiarly unfavourable; yet the marked and marvellous success of the enterprise produced a great and lasting impression upon the public mind at that time, and were it not for the want of legislative protection such as is now extended to co-operative enterprises, and the consequent break up of the settlement on the bankruptcy of the landlord, there is no doubt there would have been a great extension and perpetuation of that saving system. But with its uncontrolled discontinuance, came the fearful famine which wrecked this unfortunate country and quite unhinged the public mind, until all the old land-marks of the community being removed, there was little thought of renovation, little hope of resurrection, and co-operation became a thing of the past. The life-story of that community is briefly told.

In 1831 Ireland was in a sorely disturbed condition, born of religious dissension, bred by the "Bible bigotry of the Britisher," and by the terrible exactions of Protestant and absentee landlords. Secret leagues of every conceivable character and designation honeycombed provincial society. "Terry Alts" and "Whiteboys" *et hoc genus omne* were organized to terrorize and wreak the "wild justice of revenge" upon every species of property. The English Government, unfortunately, had nothing to offer by way of remedy, redress, or reform for the admitted evils of the situation but coercion in all its stringency. A prison or the workhouse became the only provision for poverty. Soldiery, in big battalions, police in crowds, these were the familiar expedients tried, only to intensify and embitter the situation.

At this peculiarly awkward time the co-operative farm of Ralahine was started, and with these unpromising materials

for its establishment a labour association was formed. In a brief letter to the *Spectator* (July 1884) the zealous secretary of that institution, Mr. E. T. Craig, said :

"On my arrival in the county of Clare I found the district in the wildest confusion." . . . "These influences," he further on adds, speaking of the lessons of self-help imparted, "were effective in socializing and refining the 'wild Irish,' who from being a terror to the district, became, under the guidance of a Saxon, within two months, orderly, industrious, contented, thrifty, and comparatively happy. So great was the change that the Chief Secretary admitted it in the House of Commons. For thirty years after there was no murder in the districts about Ralahine. And yet, any one acquainted with the history of the country knows well that the time was not favourable to such a novel and complex experiment—the public mind was disturbed to the fullest extent of abnormal turmoil and trouble even for this country. Civil war, in all its fierce frenzy prevailed—man's hand was raised against his brother, and, goaded on by famine and want, the peasantry became reckless and uncontrollable in their wild lawlessness." Mr. Craig thus describes in his *History of Ralahine* what he saw around him when he found himself there : "The starving peasantry were clamorous for land, for employment, and for food, and it was proposed to convince them by military force of arguments, and to silence them by a supply of powder and shot. While quietness followed the appearance of the soldiery and police in one district, the discontented and starving peasantry assembled together in other parts and perpetrated the most atrocious crimes. An active magistrate, an obnoxious landlord, agent or steward, was not assured of safety for a single night. The peasantry marched in bands through the south-western counties, demanding a reduction of rents and an increase of wages, which were then only six-pence a day for agricultural labourers. In the west of Ireland there were two hundred thousand people in want of food, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a vote of £50,000 to be applied to the starving people in making roads, &c."

We leave it to this Englishman just fresh from his native land to give his impressions of this gross administrative neglect. Mr. Craig writes : "What a melancholy picture of a rich soil only partially cultivated, and a willing people unemployed. Condemned to remain ignorant, they had become brutal in their

revenge for social injustice, and were driven to wild and demoniacal deeds of desperate violence, through want of food, work, and employment. To preserve property, it was deemed proper to shoot the creators of wealth."

I could accumulate proof upon proof of the simple statements of that "Saxon" witness to the condition of affairs in Ireland in 1831, when the first flutterings of the wings of the angel of death were heard among *eight millions* of a population. Next year famine and its twin-sister fever did sad havoc, and despairing want "wrote rebel deep on the nation's heart." But this scene of suffering was but a prelude to the awful devastation wrought in black '47 and '48—years whose sad memories are burned into the Irish mind too lastingly ever to be effaced. However I am not concerned now with the history of these horrors, but rather with the story of a thriving community, established and thriving in peace and plenty, in the midst of surrounding sorrow, sickness, and destitution. I dwelt upon this period's record, and described the state of the country for the purpose of showing with what apparently unfit material, and at what an unpropitious time, Mr. Craig set about the organization of his co-operative community at Ralahine. I shall now briefly recount the work he did, and the results of his labours. To my mind it seems marvellous how a self-controlled and self-managed society of nearly one hundred members could, at such a period, suffering from the disadvantages of a previous lawless life, be got to live together under stringent rules of their own making, and abide together in brotherly peace and friendship. The impartial testimonies of the success of the enterprise, attested by such eye-witnesses as Mr. Owen of New Lanark fame, Mr. Finch of Liverpool, as well as in Parliamentary reports, show that no undue affection for his project, no inclination to pass over defects, or to forget the inconveniences of the practical working of the plan, induced the writer of the story of Ralahine to pen such an interesting account of the rise and progress of that community. The facts and incidents of the narrative I can only attempt to summarize.

The Vandaleurs of Clare were an old and well-known family, and like all the Irish gentry of that, for them, lawless rollicking time, they managed to live beyond their means, and enjoy a chronic state of bankruptcy and debt. Lord Beaconsfield once spoke of men "acred to the lips and consoled to the chin" but were that epigrammatic writer describing an

Irish landlord, he would probably be inclined to speak of that unfortunate class as "mortgaged to the mouths and encumbered to the eyebrows." They were at the opening years of this century, noted and only notable for the three distinguishing characteristics they boasted of, "their pride, poverty, and pedigree." One of that class, but rather a more intelligent and better specimen of the *irritable genus*, was John Scott Vandaleur. He possessed a property which his impecuniosity and the unsaleability of land rendered useless to him, but with a very keen eye to business he proposed to let it, for the purpose of trying the experiment of co-operative farming, which the popular writings of Mr. Owen of Manchester made a "fashionable fad." Mr. Vandaleur lost no time in putting himself in communication with Mr. E. T. Craig, and after some preliminary arrangements, the latter agreed to leave for his new enterprise in Ireland. It seemed a forlorn hope, beside which a relief expedition to the North Pole for the Franklin crew then paled in relative feasibility. Despite, however, of every possible drawback which the affections of friends and country could put in his way; despite the dismally dark prospect of success which a strange and unsettled people offered to the adventurer of such an experiment, this energetic enthusiast started, with the same apostolic zeal which distinguishes his action to-day in favour of the great and noble cause of Co-operation, and in due time arrived at Ralahine, a picturesquely situated farm-stead on the road from Limerick to Ennis. Nature had done her utmost for the locality to embellish and beautify it. Man was doing his utmost to brutalize and destroy the effects of such magnificent scenery. The lordly Shannon—the largest river in the three kingdoms—laved the northern boundaries of the estate. A dense mass of forest land, some of the finest of its kind, called Cratloe Wood, was situated at the other end of the new farm. There was a diversity of bog and upland, plantation and meadow, plain and hill, such as are only to be seen so well combined in the Emerald Isle. But the people who lived there were becoming very devils in vagrant villainy; regular occupation had given way to plunder and robbery, the spade was exchanged for the rifle. Soon the arrival of the "Sassenach" (Irish for Saxon) was spread abroad and arrangements were speedily made for the "removal" of this obnoxious interloper. His grave was dug outside the mansion, upon the lawn, and he was promised "a daisy-decked carpet" for a monument. Still, unheeding this

plain warning, Mr. Craig went amongst these untamed spirits, spoke quietly and reasonably to them, and in fine treated them as brothers and as Christians. The effect was magical. They soon thronged round him, heard with deep interest of his philanthropic plans, volunteered their aid, and in a few days a community of eighty-one persons was formed. Rules were framed and readily adopted by them, and as an instance of their character and stringency I select at random a few extracts from the code :—

Rule 9 enacted: "We engage that whatever talents we may individually possess, whether mental or muscular, agricultural, manufacturing or scientific, shall be directed to the benefit of all, as well by their immediate exercise in all necessary occupations, as by communicating our knowledge to each other, and particularly to the young."

Rule 11.—That all the youths, male and female, do engage to learn some useful trade, together with agriculture and gardening, between the ages of nine and seventeen years.

Rule 12.—That the committee of labourers meet every evening to arrange the business for the following day. (This committee was regularly appointed by ballot.)

Rule 13 regulated the hours of work, which were from six in the morning to six in the evening in summer-time, and from day-break till dusk in winter, while another prescript enjoined that no work disagreeable to any person, was to be insisted on, but any contumacious idler was liable to be expelled by a majority of votes of his co-partners. Examining more fully the constitution of the Society, we find its general regulations equally admirable, and that all its laws and internal organization were based upon the most liberal and enlightened principles. The expenses of the education of the growing families were to be defrayed from the corporate funds, and arrangements were made by which a regularly-trained and certificated teacher of the Catholic persuasion, to which the majority of the members belonged, was secured as a teacher of the community's school. The curriculum of studies carried out in the communal school was extensive and varied, thoroughly in keeping with the occupations and calling of the children, and eminently calculated to develop their tastes and talents. The cost of the clothing and feeding of the youth was also a common charge, and in order to free the mothers from the care of their offspring, or rather to provide for them some protection from the neglect and carelessness incidental to the lives of the

children of hard-toiling parents, the little ones were supposed to stop most of the day in the large and spacious grounds allotted for their special accommodation. The effect of these, and other judicious arrangements, were, we are told, marvellous. Unkempt and unruly little rascals, under these civilizing and genial influences, became well-trimmed and well-conducted, and, while losing none of the natural vivacity of happy childhood, enjoyed all its sweetness and light without alloy of the vice or wretchedness of the hovels they had known. This kindly training of the young was a most creditable feature in the Society's programme, and was fruitful of great, enduring, and noble consequences. But the regimen under which the adults were bound, was very strict, and one of the chief provisions was an unbending prohibition of the use of intoxicating liquor of any kind. The members were forbidden to sell or buy any alcoholic drinks, snuff or tobacco, and any infringement of this rule was regarded as a serious transgression. Here a moral revolution was wrought in a day. There is during the continuance of the Society, no instance recorded of a wilful and deliberate breach of this temperance rule, and only one case occurred off the farm, when a member attended a wake, and, as was the general practice at these dangerous gatherings, had partaken of drink. This delict, under the circumstances, was palliated by the hard conditions of the provocation, and the offender pardoned on payment of a fine. The chief living and moving principle of the organization appears to have been the great fact that it was self-controlled. Each man regulated his own and had a voice in the regulation of his co-labourers' daily work. The plan adopted was simple but effectual. In the large room, where the men congregated each evening after the day's toil was over, was hung a number of slates having the occupation of each member for the coming day clearly written upon them. This record was criticized and questioned, and if the other men found that a "tack" was too easy and comfortable for their fellow-workman, or on the contrary uncongenial and unsuited to him, they were able, by a majority of votes, to change the allocation in any manner or degree they pleased. This was to them a happy change. The stewards and bailiffs they were accustomed to have over them were harder in their hearts and crueller in their treatment than could be well imagined, and the memories of their harsh exactions burned deep into their souls. And now they found themselves freed from such

restraints: they enjoyed the sense of being their own masters to a degree never dreamt of. So assiduous were they in their work that never was a complaint heard of idleness or neglect. Double the work drawn out of them on the hired system was given voluntarily and in half the time. A traveller, who once came to this new settlement, the fame of whose success brought so many to visit it and see with their own eyes such strange scenes as self-controlled Celts toiling harmoniously together, related that he noticed in the far outskirts of the farm a labourer, elbow deep in a drain, clearing it of stones. He interrogated the man, and found that, away from supervision or oversight, he was at this inconvenient and uncomfortable work—without employer's eye or steward's scrutiny. On another occasion a poor widow in the neighbourhood was in a sore plight: her crops were ripe, and she had not the means to employ a harvester. The Ralahine boys set off to her fields, and between times cut and garnered every grain for her, threshed it and made it ready for market. In a short time a large tract of boggy land was reclaimed to verdant fertility and freshness. Weeds disappeared, the fields were cleared of stones, gates and fences were repaired, and in twelve months the cultivable land of the farm was increased by over fifty acres of reclaimed bog. The cattle kept were of the best breed, and the cows of the highest milk-giving class. A department of the household most productive and profitable was the dairy, and, combined with improved notions of butter making, was the necessary training they acquired in a kitchen-garden, which to most of the community was certainly a new experience. The rent paid for the farm consisting of six hundred and thirty-one acres, was £900 a year—rather a stiff sum in these times. By a provision in the agreement between the landlord and the trustees on part of the society, the rent at that figure was paid in kind; the corn, hay, &c., being delivered at the Limerick markets free of cost to Mr. Vandaleur. This system was thought recommendable upon many grounds, but in my opinion it conduced more to the advantage of the landlord than to the benefit of the Society, but still at that time, and with the slow progress of economic thought then reached, it was deemed an equitable arrangement, although the owner admitted afterwards that the rent *per se* was too high. Yet from the beginning of the transaction until its untimely and abrupt ending, the fixed amount was paid to the very penny,

and upon the exact day stipulated. I do not imagine it would now be possible in Ireland to establish any system of federated farming upon such an exceedingly one-sided basis, for it would be justly held as a principle of the partnership, that both parties should be liable to the same liabilities and losses. Under that contract, however, *colite qui colite*, the landlord was preferentially protected, and, despite any fluctuations in the markets for agricultural produce, or any depression in the prices of stock raised on the land, he was secure of his rent, and, in fine, no matter how things went, his £900 was safe. That seemed a weak point in the bargain, and that the landlord deserved no consideration whatsoever, appeared in the sequel. When by his folly and extravagance his whole property went into bankruptcy and he was compelled to fly the country, there was appropriated and seized in the first haul of the bailiffs, as assets for his card and other gaming creditors, the very property of these unfortunate men at Ralahine, so that the fruitful results of their combined labour, their fertile fields, and herds, and flocks, were the spoils of this fellow's fraudulent failure. A case of more terrible injustice can hardly be conceived. Through no fault of any one of the eighty-one honest, hard-working labourers, for no act of its own, the community found itself helplessly adrift, and the results of its two years' improving toil confiscated. Verily it was, as too often the case in Ireland, an exemplification of the classic saying of Horace :

Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.

So it was with these industrious poor people. They were sacrificed to another's extravagance.

What appeared to be an excellent feature in the arrangements of the Society was the payment of the weekly wage of the members in "labour-notes." The agricultural operations undertaken were so successful, that the prevailing rate of wage in the country was able to be paid from the beginning, and the heavy initial costs all the while discharged. The average rate per diem was then (fifty-three years ago) 6d. per day for an adult. This was gradually increased at Ralahine, until in twelve months the increase reached one hundred per cent., or 1s. a day, and the higher condition of cultivation secured in the meantime, the greater comfort of the labourers, and the absence of the necessity for an expenditure on building decent habitations, would have enabled the community (along with making, as it

did from the first, provision for illness and incapacity) to have distributed among themselves an annually increasing amount of profits from the common wage-fund. At that time, over half a century ago, the mechanical means and appliances for hay-making, ploughing, and harvesting were of the most primitive character. Little was known, even in more advanced English districts, of any of the machine aids now almost indispensable. With these priceless advantages available now-a-days, it is needless to add how much more expeditiously and economically all the otherwise tiresome and time-losing farming occupations would be gone through, and by how much the more profitable would the experiment of federated farming become. Another serious drawback experienced, and not likely to be found existing to such a degree in any part of the three kingdoms at present, was the low standard of education then prevalent. Most of the men at Ralahine were rude, ignorant, and illiterate, and yet it was wonderful how cordially they co-operated with each other and how intelligently they understood and carried out their respective duties. The power of regulating the work of the farm, which was the function of this peasant parliament, although a matter of serious and weighty importance, was exercised in a most excellent manner, reflecting high credit upon their abilities and intelligence. Newspapers and books were almost unknown to them, and the other means of political education and social enlightenment were equally strange and unfamiliar. That necessary adjunct to any well-ordered community, provision for the recreation and enjoyment of the members according to their different tasks, were not forgotten or overlooked, for several means of jollification and amusement were provided. Mr. Craig, the efficient Secretary, was a kindly directing spirit over the little progressive Society, yet his position was held at their will and pleasure. His firm yet gentle administration of affairs was not deemed irritating or exacting, but generously supported and upheld. Things were going on satisfactorily, the community was thriving, its numbers increasing, its example becoming contagious, when the fiat of bankruptcy against the landlord involved the Society in the universal ruin and destruction. No laws, such as now wisely exist, for the recognition and protection of Co-operative Societies or for the separation of the tenants' interests from those of their landlord, were then on the Statute Book, no measures could be taken to preserve the interests of the innocent—all were alike caught in the

maelström of destructive insolvency, and the little community had, perforce, to break up. Its ties and bonds were sundered, and it was smashed into its individual atoms. Discontented and disappointed individuals wandered about the district, and the land reverted to what it was at first. But the memory of the work done even yet remains fresh in the locality; the recollection of its usefulness still lingers round the spot as of a once blessed place. People for many years after talked of the "new system" with fervour and favour, and wished for its re-establishment in more congenial quarters and under more agreeable circumstances. But the black and gaunt figures of want and wretchedness were everywhere to be seen: with hundreds dying each week in dark '47 and '48, with thousands in misery, to think of such thoughts was to imagine the impossible and hope for the unrealizable. It remains to be seen and shown, if now, in better days and with better laws, the same experiment of federated farming may not be with far greater success tried under conditions more lasting and extensive. The fifty years that have since elapsed have wrought marvels. We have now an educated people to deal with, modern agricultural appliances are available, and land can be secured by lease or purchased in fee upon equitable terms; railways have opened up the country, and there prevails a strong, assertive national spirit and the determined desire of an advancing people to utilize and develop the resources of the island. Under all these favourable circumstances, and with a yet unsolved land problem before the Legislature, the history of the work done by co-operation at Ralahine fifty years ago may prove as instructive as it is interesting.

RICHARD J. KELLY.

What shall we read?

THE answer to this question is not so very simple a one as might at first be supposed. Many who have read all they care to read of the books on their own shelves, and are dissatisfied with the contents of the parcels from Mudie's, would be well pleased if THE MONTH would tell them of something new, to awaken interest or gratify a taste for excitement, and will be disappointed when they find that the question is not answered by giving a list of works that will do this. But if they, and the other readers of this paper, will kindly give up for the moment the thought of books of mere amusement, and follow us in a more thoughtful consideration of the subject, it may perhaps serve to help them to a fresh interest, and a much more sustained gratification from reading, than they have experienced heretofore. We ask at least that they would just *think* a little whether what we say is true or not.

1. If, then, a person were to ask the question, What shall I read? we could only answer it satisfactorily by making the inquiry, Tell me, first, why you read at all? What motive have you for reading? Is it simply to kill time, to get rid of *ennui*, and amuse yourself when there is nothing else to do? To suppose that educated Catholics would be content with an answer which the world in general would be ashamed to make, would be nothing less than an insult to our great educational establishments, our colleges and convent schools, which are quite competent to send out our young people into the world with a cultivated intelligence. But we may suppose that one motive which would influence many in the matter of reading would be to keep up their knowledge, to be *au courant* with what is going on in the world, to be as well informed as others in matters of general knowledge, to be able to converse with others on the most distinguished men, on the marvels of science, on latest discoveries and the newest inventions. Catholics having still the tradition amongst them of a time when they were

excluded from the society and education of their equals, are naturally somewhat keen as to taking their place in society, entering into its enjoyments and indulging in its follies to the full, and they have often a desire to show that they are quite equal to take their place in it as well as the best. Then there is not unfrequently to be found a notion that non-Catholics are more cultivated and better informed than ourselves—that they are oftener well read and consequently more interesting to converse with. And so from these causes not a few amongst us desire to be well up to the mark in this respect, and are as ready to know and read books that are generally known and read by the world as to read sensational novels. They have come to see that a knowledge of the greatest actor or dancer of the day, of the newest opera or most distinguished singer, is not all that is to be found in the best ranks of society, and they have a laudable ambition to be equally well read and well informed with others in the subjects of the day. Hence they would be glad to know of books which are the latest and best, on the subjects of greatest interest in the ranks of society.

2. But there are many who have a more solid reason for interest in the question, *What shall we read?* With them it is not merely the desire to show themselves as well informed as the rest of the world, but they have a real desire to cultivate and improve their minds. They have come to see that, not for the sake of others, but for their own sake, it is desirable to be well read. Perhaps they have noticed among their friends some, who, because they have a taste for reading, are much more independent of weather and society and of external circumstances generally, for amusement and relaxation than they themselves are. Whatever is, or is going to be, their life in the world, such persons have the resource of reading—reading in the direction of some particular subject in which they have special interest, or reading the best books on every subject. With this resource they are not afraid of what may happen to them. In hours of dulness, loneliness, or even of sickness, or when shut out from the excitements of society, they find a constant friend in an interesting book. But to attain to this happy condition—perhaps the most enduringly delightful of all mere natural lives—the reader has not merely to have learnt how to read, *i.e.*, with exercise and exertion of the mind and its powers—thought, memory, imagination—but he must get hold of good books—books that have something in them. For a book is the

outward expression of the author's mind, and if the author's mind was a very ordinary one, without any special power or character, or at least without a good knowledge of some particular subject, his book is more likely to create a distaste for reading than anything else. But now the number of books is infinite, and moreover books—like the razors that were not made to shave but to sell—are published not mainly in the interest of those who desire to communicate knowledge, but still more in the interest of the publisher. Thus it becomes more and more difficult to know what to read. The very abundance and overflow of literature makes it hard work to make a selection of good books suitable to the tastes and capacities and circumstances of different readers. How many things have to be taken into account and considered before a good answer can be returned to the question, *What shall we read?*

3. So far we have been considering the question only in regard to our own gratification. But be patient, O gentle reader, while we put before your consideration something which, since it must affect you if you read at all, is a matter that concerns no one so much as yourself. Reading is an exercise, an amusement, a recreation, a resource. But it is something else as well. We eat to satisfy hunger, to gratify appetite, but we know well enough that in partaking of our meals we are not merely enjoying ourselves, but taking in food to support the system and keep up health and strength. This food is so selected and prepared, that those who are fairly strong have ordinarily no fear that what is set before them will be prejudicial to them. But suppose we are so circumstanced that we have to provide for ourselves, to select our own food; we know that then we must see what we are about. For we depend for health, strength, and even life, on the food we take. If we take that which does not suit us, which will not support our constitution, or which breeds disease, who is responsible for this? who suffers from it but ourselves? The effects of unwholesome or unsuitable food, taken occasionally or in small quantities, may not be very mischievous, but if men get to take it habitually—to feed on it till it gets into the system, it becomes ruinous. As it is, despite of the resources and improvements of civilization, there is, it is well known, no such fruitful cause of weak and broken health, of disease and of premature death, as food or drink that is deficient or excessive, or adulterated or unwholesome; and if we neglect to attend to this, we are fairly

the sufferers, for we are responsible for that with which we feed our bodies.

Why is it that so few realize that what is true of the body is also true of the mind? This also is dependent on food. This, like the body, is nourished and supported by that which we give to it. Its vigour and health, nay, in the long run, its character, is dependent on the kind of nourishment which is supplied to it, and we are responsible, as we are in the case of the body, for the description of food with which we supply it. The ideas, notions, principles, and tastes which direct our actions and form our habits and build up our character, are to a large extent derived from that with which we ourselves have fed our minds. They are at least nourished and strengthened by it. We often delude ourselves with the imagination that our minds are so well informed and evenly balanced, that we sit in judgment on all that we read and hear, and are not led away by it—that our mental digestion is good enough to accept what is wholesome and reject what is pernicious. But this is very seldom the case. Neither the body nor the mind is capable of repeatedly and continually receiving unwholesome food without being injured by it. It gets into the blood, it comes to be a part of the system; and the character is affected by it. We talk as if our ideas and views and tastes were obtained from the light of our own intellect and conscience, and do not realize that the intellect and conscience have themselves been darkened, and dulled, and perverted, by the unwholesome food we have given them. In how many cases do we not owe our present ideas, our state of mind and character, to what we have been reading? Our minds have *not* exercised discretion or sat in judgment on what we have read, but have been misled and carried away by it. It has not been our judgment at all, but the judgment of the authors whose books we selected.

Two causes combine to make it a matter of far greater difficulty to feed the mind than the body with wholesome food. As regards the body it is to a great extent done for us. There are doctors, and professors, and men of science, who make it their study and business to promote and assist the knowledge of what is good and healthful. Laws are put in force against unwholesome and adulterated food. Private enterprise and public institutions are set on foot to promote and supply what is good. But what help do we get towards securing the knowledge and use of wholesome literature? What laws or regulations are in

force against that which is misleading and mischievous? It must be something very gross indeed to bring it within the reach of the law. Time was when the Church exercised a wise and useful restraint over dangerous reading, but what she is able to effect in that way now is like a restraint on venial faults while those that are mortal go free. If the Government of any country, as in Russia, still retains a censorship over literature, or whenever, as in this country, the laws made in former times are put in force, there is an outcry that the liberty of the Press is invaded. No; it is looked upon as one of the most blessed privileges of a free country that, as regards the mind, we may feed on as much unwholesome food as we like.

It might have been thought that, under this condition of things, it would have been a matter of special attention to provide that every one should be taught to discriminate between wholesome and unwholesome literature; that, as we come forth into public life prepared more or less to face its difficulties and protect ourselves against its dangers, so we should be on our guard against the hidden mischief of indiscriminate reading, and have been taught how to take care of ourselves in this respect. Yet strange to say, the bulk of young people do not seem at all aware that they have anything to guard against or be afraid of. It is enough for them that a book should be exciting, amusing, interesting, well written, for them to get hold of it, without even adverting to the consideration of the effect it may have on their own minds.

Colleges and convents are often careful to the extreme against any dangerous literature finding entrance within their walls. Yet there it would probably do little harm, being corrected by the spirit and prevailing ideas of the place, and the absence of bad companions. But in too many cases it is not part of the educational programme to inform the pupils of the dangers and temptations they must encounter from this source, to teach them how to select books, to practise them in discriminating, and train them in avoiding and rejecting what is unwholesome, so as to prepare them against the time when they will be exposed to the dangerous liberty of reading whatever comes before them, without having any longer the safeguards of advice or restraint. Yet surely if our character is to a great extent built up, or on the other hand destroyed, by what we read, the forming of a good taste, a correct judgment, and above all a vigilant conscience in the matter of reading, is one of the most

important parts of any education that is to fit men and women to go through life. It would be well then if all had learned to study the question, *What shall we read?*

4. There is another purpose for which this question, *What shall we read?* may be and often is asked. We cannot enter into the society of the world now-a-days, without hearing subjects connected with religion and religious belief discussed. Many who are often not well read or adequately informed on what the Church teaches, have nevertheless a good deal to say on the difficulties of particular doctrines. Often what is said has great plausibility about it; sometimes a certain amount of reason; for there are professedly mysteries in religion, and questions on which, because they do not concern us now, we are, as Butler says, "very greatly in the dark." Yet it distresses us to hear things said against religion, its truth and purity, without being able to give an answer to them. We feel that there is a sufficient answer to the objections and mis-statements, but we want to be able to produce a good and telling answer, to refute the objection and put down the mis-statement. We should often be glad to know of books that would help us—books that enter into the objections of infidels and heretics, and discuss the religious questions of the day. When we have heard something on which we felt that we were not ourselves fully informed, our interest is excited, and we should be very glad to come home and refer to books that will give us the information we want to put down objections, and perhaps to satisfy our own minds. *What shall we read? What books will give us the information we seek?*

5. And this leads us to one more reason—the most important of all—for our asking the question, *What shall we read?* For, hearing the sceptical conversation of men of literature and refinement, and questions which go to the root of religion discussed, often, with the appearance of a fair and dispassionate spirit, we are led beyond the desire of answering their arguments, to a consciousness of our own ignorance, and that we have not thought or read much on these subjects ourselves, and that the opponents and enemies of religion are more up in the subject than we, who are its friends. And this suspicion or conviction may lead to a desire of further study of religion, its history, its doctrines, its difficulties, not for the sake of others so much as for ourselves. Indeed it is a very doubtful good that we should learn religious doctrine and

history with the view of arguing with others or refuting them. For though many zealous Catholics, out of very loyalty to the Church, are anxious to be able to do this, yet experience does not tend to the conclusion that arguing with religious opponents leads to their conversion, whereas the habit of mind, acquired by attacking others or arguing with them, has a fatal influence over the spiritual condition of the person possessing it. It somehow puts him into a wrong attitude of mind about religion. We are too easily diverted from the difficult duty of attending to ourselves, to the easier one of "pitching into" other people. We are very apt to mistake our own love of argument and contention for a zeal for God's glory. But, however, if we are to argue—if we think it is only part of our duty in these days to stand up openly for the truth, to speak as freely and fearlessly for the faith of God as Agnostics and men of the world do against it, let us at least be fully assured that we cannot do so with any effect unless we are well up in the subject ourselves. Men of science are fond of laying to the reproach of those who live by faith, that they have not studied science thoroughly, but have at most a smattering of it; that, did they go into the subject, they would feel the weight of its claims, and the force of its objections to religion. Such a reproach is not unbearable. Many of us have not the time nor perhaps the ability to study science deeply, and have moreover no disposition to descend from the pedestal of faith to the level ground of religious indifference, in order to be able, as Agnostics desire, to compare the claims of science and religion with dispassionate impartiality. It is better to bear the reproach of an ignorance which is not culpable, than to expose ourselves to the danger of losing a treasure which we are too weak to protect. But while we need none of us be ashamed at not being able to enter into the lists with men of science on their own subject, it is a real matter of reproach and even of danger in the present day, that we are not well informed in our own subject. It is a real reproach to us if we are unable to explain intelligently the doctrines and practices of our own belief, and show ourselves to be as soon out of our depth here as on the subject of science. And it is a danger; for if we hear things said in the world about religion and its doctrines and history which are new to us, and very striking from the fresh light they cast into our minds, this may be the cause of grave temptation, and give force to the insinuation of

the world, that men only believe with a strong and simple faith, when they have been kept in ignorance. We need not be ashamed that men of science should know their own subject more fully and thoroughly than we do, but it is cause for shame when they are found to know ours better than we do, to have studied it more carefully, to have thought over it more deeply. And it is a shame if, while we learn sciences and study history, and take pains, some of us, to be well up in the subjects of the day, we are not well read, not full of thought, interest and intelligence on the subject of religion, and are destitute of any thorough acquaintance with its great doctrines and its history, and with that wonderful Book which "has God for its Author."

This, then, is the highest and best motive for inquiring, What shall we read? We must read not merely for the sake of those in the world, who, even if they are irreligious themselves, still instinctively turn to Catholics as those who are not mere amateurs in religion, but "in the profession." We must read, that we may be able to speak intelligently about it to men of intelligence. We must read again, not merely to guide and help those who look up to us and are dependent on us for guidance, our children, servants, and friends, that we may be able by advice and instruction and the selection of suitable books, to help and guard them. We must read for our own sake, as a protection to our own souls, and we must read books that give us thought, interest, and intelligence on religious subjects. To know what the Church really teaches, to be conversant with Sacred History, to have read the works of the great men, who have believed in and written on religion, its doctrines and difficulties, is the greatest safeguard against being "like children carried about by every wind of doctrine" that springs up.

But the subject, our readers will, we fear, think, is getting too serious; and we will go no further with the question, What shall we read? but will, in conclusion, say a few words on what answer we would give to the question.

The answer must in great measure depend on the will and purpose of the reader, and the object he sets before himself in reading at all. But whatever that object is, provided it is not a bad one, we think that some very real assistance may be given him by St. Anselm's Society for the Diffusion of Good Books.

St. Anselm's Society! we think we hear people say, for the

world is suspicious; so all this long sermon about reading is to get up St. Anselm's Society and advocate its claims to support!

No, dear reader, you are not quite right. All this is not for the sake of St. Anselm's Society. Put it the other way and then you will be nearer the mark. St. Anselm's Society is because of all this, this serious mischief of books being read indiscriminately, this great work of promoting the knowledge of sound and wholesome literature. If St. Anselm's Society cannot awaken attention to this danger, and assist in this good work, the sooner it comes to an end the better. *Its occupation will have gone.*

It was set up some twenty years since and received the sanction of the Holy See, an Indulgence being granted by the Holy Father to all who supported or subscribed to it.

Since that time the evil which it desired to grapple with has vastly increased, and, not least, amongst English-speaking people. We know of one of the Irish Bishops speaking in extremely strong terms of the great mischief done even in Ireland by people reading pernicious, unwholesome books and papers, which are misleading and corrupting them. Those who have visited America and interested themselves in learning the state of the people, are shocked and horrified at the unblushing indecency of the cheap literature provided for and accepted by the working classes. The young are corrupted by it. In this country things have not yet reached so extreme a point, but they are going on towards it, and we have to contend with this special element of difficulty, that education is just now being pressed forward with great energy amongst all classes, with the general result of there being a greatly increased and increasing intellectual activity and knowledge. All sorts of subjects are studied. People of all classes and conditions are acquainted with them and converse on them. They are pushed forward in competitive examinations and in public schools. All the world is "going in" for knowledge—but the knowledge of this world, and that which is of the earth, earthly. Can we stop the current of events, or make it go the other way? Nay; our own rivulets are flowing in to increase the force of the torrent. The one only thing that we can do is that which our Holy Father urges upon us. "In regard," he says, "to the flood of wicked books and those journals of disorder and iniquity whose influence is so baneful, the only possible remedy is, to writings we must oppose writings, and endeavour to turn that which is made

so powerful an instrument of evil to be an instrument of good."

This is the principle and aim of St. Anselm's Society. What means does it propose towards carrying it out?

1. To enlist and unite as many Catholics as possible in this aim and work of awakening and warning those over whom they may have any influence against indiscriminate reading, and helping to promote the reading of standard works and of wholesome literature.

2. Whenever this is being done or attempted, the Society gives assistance by issuing lists of books, selected by Catholics of culture and experience, and suitable for different classes of readers. These lists have indeed no authority, and objections may be taken by one person which others do not feel. But the Society will gladly correct any mistake that may be pointed out to it.

3. As, however, general readers do not, for the most part, and could not, buy books, but are used to obtain them from lending libraries and book stalls, a list is being made out by a few persons who have had unusual opportunities of knowing works of fiction and of general interest, so as to enable heads of families and others to make choice out of the existing lending libraries of books which are standard works or works of interest and merit, with little or nothing objectionable in them. This "Family List" will be of great use to those who are sensible enough to remember that we can effect most by not attempting to do all at once, but being satisfied to mitigate, as Balmez shows the Church did in civilizing the world, the evils which cannot be completely arrested.

4. But the work which St. Anselm's Society above all aims at doing is not lessening an evil, but doing a good. No *great* results can be expected to come from mere restraint in the matter of reading. We should like to encourage and stimulate the intellectual appetite by cultivating and educating it to a knowledge and taste for healthy reading. A taste for reading is in itself a valuable acquisition, a great safeguard, an inestimable resource. But, like a healthy appetite, it must be fed on wholesome food, or it will lose even its own vigour. Yet—shall we say it?—the attempt to resuscitate St. Anselm's Society owes its origin to the sad impressions forced on some of those who have brought into contact with the education of our young people in colleges, convents, and other schools, and whose spirit

was often stirred within them at seeing great pains bestowed and every sort of device adopted in order to ensure interest and success in the extra subjects of art and science and even flashy knowledge, while there was no trace of the pupils being trained to any taste for solid reading, or to an educated conscience about the selection of books. No doubt this was not intended, so it was thought that a Society like St. Anselm's might be of service in bringing books of sound and wholesome reading, whether religious or not, before those who might plead an ignorance about such books or where to get them.

5. St. Anselm's Society aims also at being of use by making and keeping up a catalogue of the works of living Catholic authors, classified according to names and subjects, besides keeping copies of the works themselves, so that they may be in every way accessible. We have a large number of such works, and many of them are entitled to much more study and attention than they generally receive. St. Anselm's Society may be an additional means of keeping them before the public, and should its means increase, it might do a great work by facilitating the reprinting of books that are too valuable to be allowed to drop out of use, or to helping forward the publication of new works.

6. At its first establishment, St. Anselm's Society gave many grants of books, free or at half-price, to prisons, work-houses, asylums, to soldiers, sailors, to orphanages, and other charitable institutions. Several thousands of pounds of books were thus put into the hands of those who could not otherwise obtain them. Applications of this sort are continually made now, but the Society cannot listen to them at present from the smallness of its income compared with the heavy expenses which its re-establishment entails.

Breakspere.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN the three friends again reached the door of their hotel, Christopher, who was a few steps in advance of the others, lounged into the reading-room to look at the papers, while Max and his sister walked up and down outside for a while, discussing the new projects for the future which Max's interview with the Queen of Calabria opened out to him. Presently he went in to tell the Marchioness of the unexpected meeting he had had, and Gertrude, as she passed upstairs, looked into the room where Christopher was. He was sitting with his head buried in his hands, in an attitude of such deep dejection that she could not refrain from going up to him, and after a glance at the paper before him, on which his gaze was still rivetted, she asked if he had had any bad news?

He started at the sound of her voice, and raising his head, with a faint and sickly smile he drew her attention to the following paragraph :

Fashionable Intelligence.—It is confidently stated in fashionable circles that Sir Walter Cummins, the heir of Mr. Samuel Breakspere, lately deceased at Paris, is about to lead to the altar the young and lovely Miss Beatrice Parr, sole heiress of the colossal fortune of Mr. Dionysius Parr, M.P., the wealthy banker and alderman. This is one of the most brilliant matches that has been announced for two or three seasons.

She read it through slowly, and, as she read it, mingled pity for Christopher and contempt for the mercenary motives by which she supposed Beatrice to be actuated filled her breast. For a moment she kept silence, but perceiving from the strangely agitated expression of her companion's countenance that he was waiting for her to speak, as she laid down the paper she said with a sigh : " After all, it is but the spirit of the day.

We expected too much of poor Beatrice, did we not? Remember what her father was. Take courage, dear friend; it is better so than to find out after marriage one has been mistaken."

He looked at her earnestly and gratefully, and there was more than common interest in his look and manner as he answered:

"Truest and best of friends, if I may be honoured by calling you so——"

"You may indeed, and more than ever now."

The evening of that day descended softly and sweetly on the valley of Rehbrunnen, the last golden rays of the sun lingering lovingly on the grey walls of the Burg, on the limestone crags frowning over the waters of the river, and on the many tinted woods, which this year had retained their foliage unusually long. The groups of visitors, more or less gay or grave, that had dotted the hill sides, enjoying the beauty of the day, had returned to their various hotels to prepare for the *table d'hôte* or to dress for the evening. The herds and hind were coming down from the upland to seek the shelter of the stall, as the night air began to wax frosty. All was a scene of peace and beauty, and invited to repose and contentment. Soon after, the full moon arose above the hills, sending floods of silver light over the scene, bringing out the ancient Burg, the sparkling river, and the quaint church tower in bright relief against the inky shadows of the pine forests and the deeper recesses of the basin.

Christopher was, at his open window, alone in the gathering twilight, and his eye dwelt wearily and wistfully on the beauteous prospect, which, with the sweet tones of a well-trained military band in the far distance, might have soothed his mind in delightful reverie, had it not been beset by a very whirlwind of passion. His was not, however, a nature to be much dazzled or depressed by the smiles or freaks of fortune. He had been brought up, indeed, in the hope that he would inherit the great wealth of his uncle in America, and he had sometimes cherished the thought of how much good it would be in his power to do with such abundant means. But his father was too sensible to let him rely on this expectation, which would have ruined his character and destroyed his energies, and had taught him to look to his own ability and industry as the proper and reliable instruments of success. Therefore, though disappointed and surprised, he had not been cast down

at the announcement that his uncle had left all his fortune to Walter, though the legacy appeared strange and unjust. But the intelligence conveyed in the paper, that Beatrice was about to be united to this same Walter, who thus seemed at every turn the favourite of fortune, and the shadow in his path, had indeed roused the strongest and most dangerous feelings in his nature, and he was at this moment a prey to one of those violent mental contests that decide a lifetime for good or for evil.

He tried to summon up philosophy and the remembrance of his father's sound religious teaching, but the poison instilled by bitter experience of the world's treachery seemed to inflame his worst passions, rousing him to a kind of revolt against authority, conscience, and Deity itself, which had seemed thus to sanction a great wrong. His strong nature was wrung and shaken, and as he stretched an arm over the fair moonlit landscape, he clenched his hand and shook it in defiance at all that soft inviting radiance. Such had life seemed to him; such the bright alluring perspective of early romance, the poetry of his first love. Yet what was there of truth, of really substantial permanence, in all that appearance of beauty and loveliness of fairyland. It was but a play of fancy, an optical delusion, soon to pass away, and leave its victim in chilling shade and gloomy darkness. "What folly," he exclaimed bitterly, "what folly life is! What is it worth? And love, that seems to gild life, of what value is it? It is as evanescent as the brilliancy the moonbeams lend to this valley—a dream from which one awakens to stern and bitter reality!"

Then a fierce struggle took place in his mind between the principles of light and darkness. The spirits of evil and of good waged stern war within him, and kept up a sharp contention. At one time he felt hurried on by feelings of disgust "at love, life, all things," to throw over all the better teachings of his youth, to discard conscience, to laugh at all moral principle, to defy religion, to cast himself headlong into the whirlpool of amusement and dissipation.

When the image of Beatrice came up to his mind, in all its youth and beauty; when he recalled how he had saved her, how she had slighted and scorned him because he was an obscure commoner, without a rent-roll, and now her readiness to receive and wed that scheming heartless charlatan, merely because of his wealth and newly-made honours,—all sense of higher

treasures and nobler titles was for the moment eclipsed within him. He was ready to say: "Evil be thou my good. What avail the empty, useless fancies called truth and justice and honour? Success and show are the only substantial forces in a world where knaves are honoured and traitors triumph. Let us bow down and worship them." The spirit of evil was evidently at that moment triumphant.

An hour or two had already elapsed in this tempestuous state of mind, and the moon was nearing the higher hills, while a large part of the valley was in deeper shade. This change served to symbolize the exit of the contest, for Christopher, in his weakened frame of body and of mind, was unable to resist the impulsion to evil, and starting up he issued rapidly from his room, and went hurriedly by the door of the apartment where he had been wont to pass many hours of peaceful and refreshing converse in the society of his friends. Leaving the hotel, he walked off in the direction of the Kurhaus, to which a palatial gambling-room was then attached, as was the wont in small German principalities. The place was brilliantly lighted, and play had begun. The room was thronged with the devotees to blind Fortune, or with the curious, attracted to the spot to watch the play. There might be seen the reckless Russian *boyar*, staking his millions; the British *roué*, insolent and supercilious; the swaggering French adventurer; aged dowagers, painted and ghastly; and worst of all, young women, once comely, now fierce and haggard, with sharp drawn features, distorted by the demon of play.

Into this vortex of evil Christopher plunged, and entering a circle of adventurers, he staked a considerable part of his remaining pay on the chances of the faro-table. For some time fortune smiled upon him so warmly that he won rapidly, and as he each time staked his winnings his gain was large. When pile after pile of shining gold was raked to his account, his eyes began to flash with excitement; the croupiers stared sternly at him, and an insinuating voice in caressing accents was heard to say in the crowd, "The monotony even of pleasure becomes wearisome; let me engage you to take some refreshment."

Christopher's mouth was parched and dry with fever, and in his reckless mood, careless about the company into which he was thrown, he allowed himself to be led by some Russian gamblers to a symposium at hand, where they plied him with

iced champagne till his brain was on fire, and all scruples were scattered to the winds.

He needed no prompting to return to the fatal faro-table, and began to stake higher than ever, but, as is so often the way, the temporary interruption seemed to have turned his fortune, and he lost most of his winnings. He persisted, but lost again and again, and at last had nothing more to stake, but as the passion of play was upon him, he was pondering whether he could stake a jewelled decoration he wore on his breast, when a gentle hand was laid on his arm, and a soft voice whispered in his ear, "It is late; come home, Christopher—the night air will harm you."

How had Gertrude discovered where he was, and why had she ventured to follow him? Breakspere felt bewildered and unspeakably abashed, and suffered himself to be led away without a word, his temples throbbing, and his cheek burnt up with fever. In the hotel all was silent, but Chuckles, who was still in attendance on his master, was standing by the door, and to his care Christopher was consigned.

When he awoke in the morning, after broken and unrefreshing slumbers, Max was sitting by his side, anxiously and affectionately watching him. The feverishness was gone, but it left behind great physical prostration, to which was added the depression and weariness caused by the mental conflict of the preceding evening. Nothing could be kinder than the way in which Max did his utmost to cheer and divert his friend, and when, at a later hour, Breakspere was induced to join the rest of the party, no possible allusion was made to the events of the night before, nor could the slightest alteration be detected, even by Christopher's morbid sensitiveness, in Gertrude's manner as she greeted him with her accustomed friendly smile, and begged him to join them in a drive they were about to take to a favourite spot near Rehbrunnen, the ruins of the ancient convent of *Marienwonne*.

The day was one of unusual mildness, and the soft air, the beauty of the scene, and the bright sunshine, seemed to soothe Christopher's spirits and revive his strength. On arriving at the foot of the rocky declivity on which the ruins stand, the whole party left the carriage and slowly made their way to the top, where they found themselves on a platform of considerable extent, commanding a fine view of the valley below. For a moment they stood in mute admiration of the scene, nor did

they notice the advent of another party of visitors, until one of the newly-arrived stepped forward, claiming acquaintance with Breakspere.

"It is surely my old friend Christopher; how glad I am to meet you. However did you come here?"

"Dr. Bogue! what a pleasure to hear your voice again," exclaimed Christopher, warmly grasping the hand the good old Scotchman stretched out to him. "What happy chance has brought *you* here?"

Then Miss Bogue came up, and introductions and mutual explanations followed, and they all descended the slope together.

"You were at Custozza, then, you bad boy?" said the doctor. "I see from your looks those Italian heroes made you feel their prowess."

"Just enough to give merit to the victory, doctor," rejoined Christopher, drawing his friend apart, in order to ask the eager question: "What news can you give me of my father? I never hear from him."

"None at all. In fact, I was going to ask you what had become of him. I have been very ill almost ever since you left England, and now we have come abroad for my health. I had a few lines from him just after my first seizure, complaining of household troubles. He seemed much harassed and depressed. Since then I have heard nothing of him, except that I was told he had left London in ill-health and had gone to Torquay."

Household troubles! What could they be? Something to do with that odious step-mother and that villain Walter! What had happened in his absence? Christopher asked himself, and the colour rushed back to his thin cheeks. Dr. Bogue noted his feverish agitation, and changed the subject of conversation. Then he bade him good-bye, promising to call on him in his hotel on the morrow.

In truth the good doctor felt a little anxious about his old friend's son, and his anxiety was not groundless. The intelligence he had received, added to his previous overwrought condition and great bodily weakness, brought on a terrible attack of fever, and for two weeks Christopher's life hung on a thread. Thanks to the skill of Dr. Franck, aided by the attentive care of Dr. Bogue, who nursed him with fatherly affection, Christopher, who had youth and a strong constitution in his favour, passed the crisis, and began slowly to recover.

Nothing that the most considerate kindness and thoughtful sympathy on the part of his friends could devise was left undone to alleviate the tedium of his illness and divest the mind of the patient from painful topics, but he seemed unable to rest, as he was bent upon going as soon as possible to England to look after his father. Nor could he be induced to abandon the project until Dr. Bogue interposed his authority and positively forbade it. He was himself, he said, returning home immediately—indeed, his journey had only been postponed on account of Christopher's illness—and would undertake to make all inquiries, a task he was much better fitted for, as his patient would for some time be utterly unfit to travel, or to bear any exertion, not to speak of the fogs of the English climate, which, in the critical state of his lungs, would probably prove fatal to him. So, as the Marchioness, whose delicate health compelled her to pass the remainder of the winter in a mild genial air, and who would not hear of returning to Italy, decided to settle herself at Vevay, it was finally agreed that Christopher should accompany her thither, in the hope that he would completely recover from the effects of his wound in the soft air of that sheltered spot. Meanwhile, Max had been induced by the Queen of Calabria to accept a diplomatic charge in the Pannonian service, and was leaving his relatives in order to stay some time in the sphere of royalty, perhaps later on to be sent to a distant post. His sister and aunt saw him depart without regret, feeling sure that this was the most likely means of diverting him from the sombre melancholy which had weighed upon him ever since Custozza.

Dr. Bogue was as good as his word ; immediately upon his return to London, he made it his business to find out what had befallen his old friend during the interval. His task proved unexpectedly easy, for in visiting the Consumption Hospital, he happened to come across James Fuggles, who gave him all the information he desired, and much more which he was greatly astonished and distressed to hear. The good Scotchman wrote at once to Christopher, telling him where Mr. Breakspere was ; he thought it wisest, however, to conceal from him the painful episode of Crazybank, merely informing him that grief at the suspicion attaching to Christopher, and the persecutions to which Walter subjected him, had produced a despondency verging on the mysterious disease called *mania*, and rendering necessary a temporary absence from home and

complete rest from business. He told him furthermore, that he had obtained a clue to the mystery which, if he succeeded in tracing a servant formerly in Mrs. Breakspere's employ, would, he hoped, enable him to clear Christopher's character, and fasten the guilt on the true culprit. He also confirmed the report of Walter's approaching marriage. "He is engaged," he wrote, "to a young lady named Parr, whose fortune he doubtless covets; she is the niece of a lady with whom I have long been acquainted. The wedding is fixed to take place in the spring." This was all he said, for Gertrude had told him of Christopher's unfortunate attachment to the bride-elect; but to the Marchioness he wrote more explicitly, concluding with a high eulogium on the character and conduct of his young friend.

CHAPTER XXV.

AS soon as Christopher Breakspere was sufficiently recovered to travel, the Marchioness Pescara, who unlike her wont, appeared restless and uneasy, urged the immediate departure of the party for Vevay, where, as has been said, it had been resolved that they should pass the remainder of the winter. Thither accordingly they proceeded by easy stages, and soon found themselves installed in an old chateau, pleasantly situated in a sheltered nook, and comfortable in the interior. Roomy enough it certainly was, almost too spacious for the diminished and melancholy group of persons who now became its occupants. For Max was already gone to a distance, and none of the constant succession of visitors who brought life and gaiety and change to the Villa Pescara, now came to cheer the Marchioness in her seclusion with tidings of the busy world she still loved, though she had long renounced it. Nor did the wide halls and spacious apartments re-echo to the willing steps of the numerous domestics, some of whom—old and attached retainers of the family—were on a footing of affectionate familiarity with their mistress which English hauteur could hardly tolerate, and whose attentive services and kindly care were sorely missed by her in her present suffering state. The presence of the Abbé Delacroix was a comfort; he had returned to France when the Marchioness' household was broken up, and now hastened

to Vevay to rejoin his old friend, to whom his conversation and society gave evident relief and consolation.

Matters went on quietly for a time, until the middle of January, when Pierre, the Marchioness' favourite and most trusted servant, arrived from Italy, where his mistress, whilst retaining him in her service, had left him, with strict injunctions to spare neither time, trouble, or expense to obtain intelligence of her lost son. Pierre's researches had been successful; he had learnt Lorenzo's fate, and the story he had to tell was a sad one. He told how his young master had been struck down on the battlefield by his cousin Max's hand, and though the wound was not a fatal one, yet being found wearing the Garibaldian uniform, he had been taken to the camp of that General, and treated as if he were one of the ruffianly crew of which his forces were mainly composed. Disgusted with his uncongenial surroundings, harassed by the remembrance of his mother's grief, and the thought of the stain still attaching to his honour, the delicately-nurtured and high-spirited young Marquis one night evaded the sentries and effected his escape, ere his wound was thoroughly healed; the excitement of flight, and the fatigue of a long ride brought on an attack of fever, to which he succumbed in the course of a few days. He died at an hospital not far from Verona. During the intervals of delirium, he entreated that a messenger might be sent to apprise his mother of his condition and summon the Abbé Delacroix to his side; one was accordingly despatched, but the Villa Pescara was found to be deserted, and the messenger was not sufficiently interested in his errand to ascertain the whereabouts of its owner.

The Marchioness listened to this recital in tearless silence; it was indeed a crushing blow for a mother to hear such a story respecting her darling son. It would be difficult to say whether anger against Max for his share in her son's death, grief at the loss of her only child, or regret at having left Italy without having ascertained what had become of him, was the feeling at first uppermost in her mind. The shock proved too much for her enfeebled and care-worn frame; she never again left her couch. Feeling herself to be fast sinking, she one day, after a long talk with her trusted friend and adviser, M. Delacroix, sent for Christopher, and, not a little to his surprise, addressed him as follows:

"I have not long to live dear friend, and my failing breath

bids me say what I have to impart in few words. Forgive the frankness of a dying woman. I am anxious about my niece's future; this is my great, my only regret in dying; I love her as a daughter, and I had hoped to leave her a protector in——" She breathed fast and painfully, but soon resumed: "It was my cherished wish and full intention that she should marry Lorenzo, and while he lived, never with my consent should she have wedded another. But that dream is over now; she will be my heir, for I cannot agree to leave any of my property to her brother. I have lately thought I might find a protector for her in you . . . hush, and listen: do not interrupt me, but hear me out, I know all you would say. You are untitled, you are a foreigner, and you have not won her love. I have here"—she placed her hand on a sealed packet—"your patent of nobility as a Count of the Austrian Empire, it was willingly awarded you on account of conspicuous gallantry on the battlefield. This is to satisfy you, not Gertrude and myself, for we know full well that there is no title higher than that of a true gentleman, and that a chivalrous nature is the most valuable of distinctions. I confess I do not like the English people, they are a nation of heretics; but you have been brought up in the true faith, and Dr. Bogue tells me you have borne calumny with patience, and the loss of a promised fortune with equanimity; you have displayed no resentment against those who wronged you, and to forgive injuries is the most difficult duty of a Christian. As to the other point, I know there is no friend my Gertrude esteems so much as you, and such friendship as now exists between you will easily ripen into the tenderer feelings of mutual affection."

The pale face of the aged gentlewoman looked almost beautiful as she spoke, her eyes were fixed upon the countenance of the young man, watching the effect of her words with painful anxiety.

"Dear madam," he replied, "my best of friends, I am overwhelmed by all you say. I know not how to express my gratitude for what you have done for me, still more for the good opinion you have formed of me, one of which I fear I am quite undeserving."

"I know all that you feel, but do not thwart my last wish, my dying request, I pray, I beseech you."

"Should I be right to take advantage of your kindness, and press upon Gertrude a love which she knows I gave to another,

by whom it was spurned? Heaven knows I adore, I almost worship your niece, dear madam, but feel only too keenly my unworthiness."

"Promise, nay swear, to do my dying behest, if Gertrude does not oppose it."

Christopher would fain have asked time for consideration, but he felt he must answer at once. He paused some moments, as a multitude of thoughts crowded upon his mind: he knew his health was still in a very precarious condition, and that at the best, he would never again be fit for active service—he knew too that if there were a woman he could admire and love it was Gertrude, and he acceded to the Marchioness' request. As he bent over her emaciated hand and touched it affectionately with his lips, he said to himself that at any rate it was with Gertrude that the final decision rested.

Reviews.

I.—DR. MORIARTY'S PASTORALS.¹

THE Editors of the *Allocutions and Pastorals* of Dr. Moriarty, the late amiable and accomplished Bishop of Kerry, are to be congratulated both on the excellence of the materials at their disposal and on the efficient way in which they have executed their task.

Eloquent writing is naturally expected from the pen of so distinguished a preacher as Dr. Moriarty, but in these Pastorals and Allocutions we have something more than mere excellence of language. The former Professor of All Hallows shows the depth and solidity of his theological knowledge in these able and concise allocutions, in which he addresses his clergy with such graceful simplicity of style, happily tempered and strengthened with some of those forcible home truths which are not always out of place because they do not happen to be strictly or immediately necessary.

The Synodal addresses to his clergy are framed upon a systematic plan, and convey in brief an excellent and connected summary of some leading points of pastoral theology. They deal with the chief subjects which should occupy the attention of those who devote themselves to the various duties of the parochial ministry: The preaching of the Word of God; zeal, and the rules to be observed in administering the Sacrament of Penance; pastoral vigilance; the care of the sick and dying; devotions to be encouraged—are among the various subjects which are treated with clearness and a practical insight into other various aspects which experience—the experience of an able and highly educated man—alone could give. Many passages of these addresses are very impressive, and when given with the living voice must have been more impressive still.

¹ *Allocutions to the Clergy and Pastorals of the late Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry.* Dublin: Browne and Nolan, 1884.

Speaking to his clergy of the high importance of preaching, Dr. Moriarty says :

Do you wish to transmit to the future generations of your people that faith, which through poverty and privation and despite of bloody persecution, your predecessors in the ministry transmitted to you? If so, preach the word, *Prædica verbum*. Do you wish the knowledge of God to be poured abroad abundantly, so that in fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah it may fill the earth like the coming waters of the sea? If so, *Prædica verbum*. Do you desire to see your people, clinging to our holy mother the Church, with a love stronger than death, ready to suffer poverty, and even lose their lives in the torments of hunger, rather than leave the bosom of that Mother that brought them forth to Christ? *Prædica verbum*. Do you wish them to be obedient to her laws, observant of her discipline, respectful to her ministers? *Prædica verbum*. Do you desire to see vice uprooted, and virtue flourishing? Do you desire that the whole Christian community should be knit together in one body in Christ by that charity which is the bond of perfection? Then, once more, *Prædica verbum*—preach the word.

Very happy and forcible are the numerous quotations from Scripture which knit together and illustrate the substance of these discourses, arguing a familiarity with the text of Holy Scripture as extensive as it was intimate. The learned Bishop gives in his own use of the sacred text a striking instance of the power which judicious quotations from Holy Writ infuses into a discourse on sacred subjects. Every one who is in any way concerned with ministering to the souls of others will do well to lay to heart the lessons, both of example and precept, that Dr. Moriarty teaches in these addresses. It is not easy to make extracts where so much is worth quoting, especially as such extracts must suffer by being divorced from their context. Perhaps the great and practical importance of the subject will warrant the selection of the following warning, which comes with peculiar force from one occupying Dr. Moriarty's distinguished position :

Guard against a sophism too common with a certain school of theologians whose writings have been much used in this country. I mean the French theologians of the seventeenth century ; it consists in always confounding the *pars rigidior* and the *pars tutior*. We should follow, they say, the safest path. Most decidedly. But that that opinion which is adverse to human liberty and favourable to law, is the safer ! That is specially what I would not generally admit, nay, rather generally deny. . . . If there is question merely of the interpretation of the law, or what is lawful or unlawful, without reference to ulterior

danger, then, generally, the *pars benignior* is also the *pars tutior*, as rendering more easy the law's observance, and removing farther from the danger of mortal sin.

These extracts will suffice to show the practical nature of Dr. Moriarty's discourses, and it would be difficult to find a volume, containing more plain, useful, and straightforward advice, to commend especially to the reading of young priests entering upon their responsible duties. Of the Pastorals it is unnecessary to say anything: they are more historic, inasmuch as they refer to phases which have since passed away. But we cannot conclude this too brief notice of a valuable volume without echoing the words of the Editors, who in their Preface express their conviction that the suppression of Dr. Moriarty's writings would be a positive loss to the priests of Ireland and of other countries.

2.—LUTHER : AN HISTORICAL PORTRAIT.¹

It will be a strange thing if Dr. Verres' book does not become a "classical" work on the Life of Luther. It is pleasantly written and the style is attractive. It displays a careful research and thorough knowledge of the subject. Every statement has been weighed in the balance before being made. Above all the moderation of the book is quite remarkable—quite wonderful we should have said, were it not for the sense of justice and the charity which characterize the author. There is not a word of declamation or an unproved insinuation against Luther's moral character. There is a wise reticence which renders the book in general free from any passages which could give offence, despite the subject of which it treats and the man that it describes. The existing corruptions in the Church, and even at the Papal Court, are neither denied nor slurred over. The result of all this is that as a book of controversy it is invaluable. It is far more conclusively damning to the character of Martin Luther than if it denounced his impieties and grossness in pages of rhetorical declamation. It presents to us a most impartial picture of Luther as he is shown to be by his works and words, and the fact that it quotes good as well as bad, instead of searching for the coarsest and foulest of his many coarse and foul sayings, and omits the worst of them

¹ *Luther : an Historical Portrait.* By Dr. Verres. London : Burns and Oates.

for decency's sake, is its best recommendation, and makes us the more able to appreciate how bad he was.

To begin with his monastic life. Dr. Verres tells us how the great Reformer's miseries first arose. He became a monk on impulse, without any real vocation, in a fright at the sudden death of a friend. Inside the walls of the monastery he never learned to be humble and docile. He committed the mistake, so often fatal to young religious, of practising all sorts of foolish austerities, contrary to the advice of his Superiors. This naturally produced discontent and despondency, and his mind became ill at ease and torn with scruples. This fervour did not last long. Exposed by his natural disposition to strong temptations, he courted instead of avoiding the occasions of them. To judge by the following story told of him by Wolfgang Agricola, when he was studying at Erfurt (1507-8) he, at a very early period, was treading the downward path with reckless steps.

Whilst Luther was studying at Erfurt, he used to get leave from the Superior of the monastery to visit Spalatinus, who lived in the town, apparently to study with him : but the widow who was his friend's landlady, had a pretty daughter, whom he liked so much that she had to sit near him and he taught her lacemaking, which he had learned at home : and when he looked at the girl, he sighed and frequently said to Spalatinus, "O Spalatine, Spalatine, thou canst not believe, how I have this pretty girl in my heart : I will not die till I manage to woo a pretty girl." To which Spalatinus answered : "Brother Martin, this will never do : remember thou art a monk !" But Luther said : "What does it matter to me ?" When at last there was too much of the lacemaking business, the mother forbade the house to the monk (p. 216).

After this we are not surprised to hear that he would sometimes omit his Office for weeks, afterwards attempting to atone for the neglect by reciting in one day the parts omitted during the previous weeks. Then the delusion came in that God does everything for us and men need not even cooperate. This led to presumption and self-deception, his vigorous mind was ill at ease and craved some external activity to lay the painful workings of his soul.

In 1511 he was sent on some mission to Rome, and came away full of indignation at the state of things there. There was some ground for the bad impression he received : worldliness and worse than worldliness was rife in high places, but the general corruption of which he afterwards spoke was an invention or a gross exaggeration, springing from his hatred

of the Church's yoke. At all events, we hear nothing of it at the time, and the stories he professes to believe were far too improbable and absurd for a man of Luther's ability to be deceived by them. He accepted or professed to accept, for instance, the fable of Pope Joan, and other similar fictions, some of which at least he must have known to be false.

Disloyalty to Rome invariably leads to a dissatisfaction with the Church's doctrine. The secret rebel loses the clearness of his mental vision in matters of faith, and having forfeited the guidance of the Holy Spirit, takes kindly to heretical propositions and unsound theses. Luther was an object of just suspicion to his Superiors before he took up the cudgels against Indulgences. But it was not until the preaching of Tetzels gave him an opportunity for assailing the Church's teaching that he raised the standard of revolt by the ninety-five theses nailed to the door of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg. These were carefully guarded and their errors veiled under ambiguous language, but many of them were ill-sounding to Catholic ears and some were positively erroneous. This was the letting out of the water, and thenceforward the muddy stream of Luther's revolt flowed on with increasing force and volume. We leave Dr. Verres to tell the oft-told story, and merely call the reader's attention to the method of treatment of one or two of the most striking and familiar epochs in the Reformer's life.

We must just say a word about the Dominican, Tetzels. He seems to have been an excellent theologian. Hefele says of him: "Whoever has read Tetzels' antitheses must needs confess, that this man understood very well the difficult doctrine about Indulgences." "His theses were distinguished by theological correctness and preciseness of expression," says our author (p. 62). Whether he was prudent and discreet is another matter. He was charged with leading an immoral life, but this is probably a calumny. He died, it is said, of a broken heart, at his monastery at Leipzig, soon after the religious revolution broke out.

We naturally turn with interest to Luther's residence at the castle of the Wartburg. There he believed that he had numerous visits from the devil, who, to judge from his own testimony, treated him with a rude familiarity which shows how completely he regarded the unhappy monk as his slave and subject. There he translated the New Testament; there he wrote some of his most venomous pamphlets. His description of his own life

there is this: "Here I sit idle and muzzy all day long. I, who ought to be fervent in spirit, am full of the fervour of fleshly lust, idleness, sloth, and drowsiness."² Dr. Verres says nothing of the interviews with the devil, or the inkstand he is said to have hurled at him in their friendly disputes. It is this avoidance of the legendary which gives to the book its great value.

The horrors of the revolt of the peasants have often been laid at Luther's door. Dr. Verres justly concedes to him that he certainly never wished or intended these atrocities. The judicial blindness which had fallen on the apostate and the rebel prevented him from seeing that the poor, misguided, ignorant peasantry were only carrying into practice the doctrines he taught. "All who co-operate," he says, "and risk their lives, possessions, and honour in the destruction of the bishoprics and of the power of the Bishops, they are dear children of God and the right sort of Christians. . . . If they will not hear God's Word, if they rave and rage with excommunicating, burning, murdering, and all sorts of evil, what is more just than that a strong rebellion should sweep them from the face of the earth?" When he uses incendiary language such as this, who can hold him guiltless of the results which followed?

We pass over the chapters which discuss Luther's views on matrimony and his scandalous permission of bigamy to the Landgrave of Hesse, to say a word about the concluding scenes of his life. He had been eminently successful in his work of destruction, in pulling down the altars of God, in opening the floodgates of licentiousness and immorality. He himself was frightened at the havoc that he had wrought, and attempted to meet it by his usual coarse and violent invective. To divert himself, he commenced fresh denunciations of the Pope and all things Papal, and in the last year of his life wrote the most scurrilous of all his filthy Billingsgate productions, entitled, *Against Poperie founded by Satan*. Some of the expressions quoted by Dr. Verres are too bad to be reproduced in our pages, and yet he does not quote the worst. It was the crowning work of the great Reformer's life; the last expression of the fury and rage against all things holy and sacred which inspired him. In the following February (1546) he was taken ill at Eisleben, and shortly before his death he relates that he had an apparition of the devil, who appeared before him, and

² "Ego otiosus hic et crapulosus tota die sedeo. Qui fervere spiritu debeo, ferveo carne, pigritia, libidine, otio, somnolentia" (pp. 109, 110).

with insulting and filthy gestures taunted him with his want of success. A day or two afterwards he became worse, and after re-asserting his belief in the revelation of truth made to him, the miserable man died after a short agony.

Dr. Verres' book is one which our readers can rely upon as giving a fair and impartial view of Luther's work and times. "There are many bright traits in him," he says in one of the concluding chapters, in which his character is portrayed. He had great natural virtues, and these are generously conceded to him. But unhappily natural virtues, talents, force of will, kindness, liberality, were all devoted to the devil's service. We are not surprised to find our author arriving at the conclusion that his most striking fault, the parent of all his other faults, was his unbounded pride. It was the old story, *Non serviam*, and this was Luther's ruin.

3.—OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.¹

The Very Rev. Mgr. Dillon, of the Archdiocese of Sydney, was advised, after twenty years of missionary labour, to seek a well-earned rest in a milder climate, and the present volume is the fruit of his holiday researches. It is a history of the famous and ancient Sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Counsel in Genazzano, not very far from Rome. This history will be interesting to all who love the Mother of God and are desirous of extending devotion to her.

Genazzano is near, if not on, the site of the ancient Præneste. Readers of classical literature need not be informed of the Floral Festivities which took place annually in Latium under the Empire. In these festivities decency and modesty were destroyed, and youth debauched and brutalized. Yet in the designs of Providence, the very spot, as Mgr. Dillon shows, where the unholy rites of the Sabine goddess Flora, or of Venus, were celebrated, the purity of the Virgin Mother becomes the object of Catholic worship. The licentiousness of the locality increased under the Emperors until the conversion of Constantine, when he gave the grounds on which the games used to take place to Pope St. Sylvester. St. Sylvester's successor, St. Mark, made the place Christian; built the first church, and dedicated it to

¹ *The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel. A History of the ancient Sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Counsel in Genazzano.* By Mgr. Dillon. London: Burns and Oates.

Our Lady of Good Counsel. After the lapse of many centuries it passed into the hands of the Colonnas, and we find them in 1356 handing over the church to the care of the Augustinians. The 25th of April continued to be in Christian times the great feast day at Genazzano, just as in Pagan times it was devoted to the homage of impure goddesses. And on this very day it pleased Heaven to give the simple Italian people a wonderful reward of their predilection for the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel. About four p.m., a large crowd were gathered in the Piazza of Santa Maria, and were astonished to hear strains of celestial harmony.

Soon far above the highest houses, above the church spires and the lofty castle turrets, they beheld a beautiful white cloud darting forth vivid rays of light in every direction, amidst the music of Heaven and a splendour that obscured the sun. It gradually descended, and to their amazement finally rested upon the farthest portion of the unfinished wall of the Chapel of St. Biagu . . . Gradually the rays of light ceased to dart, the cloud began to clear gently away, and then, to their astonishment, there remained disclosed a most beautiful object. It was an image of our Lady, holding the Divine Child Jesus in her arms, and she seemed to smile upon them and to say: "Fear not, I am your Mother, and you are and shall be my beloved children" (p. 79).

This is the origin of the devotion paid to the image of Our Lady of Good Counsel. The Madonna of Genazzano is a fresco: it has remained in the spot where it may be seen to-day, for four hundred and sixteen years, and how many centuries it existed before no man can tell. The very existence of this fragile image seems a miracle; the preservation of its colours is a second, and there is a third, greatest of all. It remains distant from the wall without apparent support (pp. 86, 87). But where did this wonderful image come from? Straight from Paradise, as the simple folk of Genazzano believed? or had it been a denizen of other climes, and did it journey to this fair spot, near the Alban hills, even as the Holy House travelled from Nazareth to Dalmatia, and from Dalmatia to Loreto? The answer to this question must be sought in the interesting pages of Mgr. Dillon. Albania was as deeply grieved to lose the holy Image as Genazzano was pleased to receive it, and there are some very touching verses given in p. 231 expressive of the deep desire of the Albanians to possess once again the much-loved image.

Mgr. Dillon devotes a chapter to the miracles performed at her shrine, another to the devotion of Popes for the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel; and we must specially recommend to our readers Chapter XXIII., on the devotion of the Italian people for the Blessed Virgin. The chapter will amply repay perusal, and we are much pleased to find Mgr. Dillon testifying that the vast bulk of the Italians have no sympathy with the plunder and sacrilege of their rulers. The masses in the country, removed from the danger of large towns, are Catholic to the core.

There is an Appendix on Roman Ecclesiastical Education, which we read with pleasure, and quite agree with the author that Rome possesses advantages for theological studies which no other place can ever hope to possess. Rome is the best training ground for the young ecclesiastic. We wish Mgr. Dillon's book every success. May it spread more and more devotion to our Lady!

4.—BROWNSON'S WORKS.¹

This, the tenth volume of the collected works of Dr. Brownson, contains a series of essays on "Christianity and Heathenism in Politics and Society," which appeared in *Brownson's Quarterly Review* in the years 1845—52. They were written in a very stirring period of the history of our century. The events and the movements that preceded and followed the great revolutionary crash of 1848, forced on the attention of all thoughtful men the question of the position of the Church in a world, that seemed to be so rapidly and widely changing its social and political organization. Brownson, writing in America and for American readers, kept close watch upon the currents of thought and action in Europe, and, even where he has somewhat misjudged the times and the event has falsified his prediction, his essays are well worth reading. They have a value independent of the immediate occasion that suggested them, and they deal with topics that have still a deep interest for all Catholics who watch the signs of the times. It is striking to see how much of them is taken up with events and men in Europe. But, as might be expected, even here Brownson aims chiefly at drawing a lesson for Catholics in America, where he is not endeavouring

¹ *The Works of Orestes A. Brownson.* Collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. x. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, 1884.

to set right some false view of his countrymen as to the meaning of movements in progress on this side of the Atlantic. Some of the essays deal directly with American questions, but even here the writer's appeal to principles of world-wide application gives to his work a lasting interest and value. Thus the remarkable essay on "Native Americanism," originally published in his Review early in 1845, does much more than expose the short-sighted follies of a movement that strove, as he says, not against admitting foreigners to the rights of American citizenship, but against admitting a certain class of foreigners, namely, Irish Catholics. He seizes upon the anti-Catholic spirit which was the real soul of the movement, and argues that so far from Catholicity being a danger to popular and Republican institutions, the best hope for the Great Republic must lie in the increase in numbers of her Catholic citizens. And he concludes:

Here is our hope for our Republic. We look for our safety to the spread of Catholicity. We render solid and imperishable our free institutions just in proportion as we extend the Kingdom of God among our people, and establish in their hearts the reign of justice and charity. And here then is our answer to those who tell us Catholicity is incompatible with free institutions. *We tell them that they cannot maintain free institutions without it.* It is not a free Government that makes a free people, but a free people that makes a free Government, and we know no freedom but that wherewith the Son makes free.

In the same bold spirit he tells the anti-Catholic agitators that all they can say and do causes him no anxiety, he is so certain that the future of the New World belongs to the Church. No doubt he makes mistakes, he sometimes overstrains an argument, or over-estimates the importance of a fact. With many other good men, he seems to have held in 1849 that a strong and lasting reaction against the anti-Christian forms of revolution had begun. But he never claimed to be infallible even in the editorial sense; and one cannot read far in any of his essays without feeling the power of the man, his wide reach of view, his keen critical faculty, and above all his intense loyalty to the Church. For him the great battle of the world is only the old strife between heathenism and Christianity in a new form, and he calls on his fellow-Catholics to remember that much of the thought even of so-called Christians of our day is full of heathen naturalism. In one of his essays he shows how the same spirit of heathenism has left its mark on much of the

old popular literature of Europe, and he remarks in passing how the charming pages of the writer of *Mores Catholici* give us a false picture of the middle ages, and suggest false conclusions, mainly because they leave this element in the picture out of account. This remark is characteristic of the man. If at times he himself exaggerates, he is at least anxious to avoid one-sided exaggeration even in defence of the cause he has most at heart. Thus, in his essay on "Paganism in Education," he rejects the views set forth by the Abbé Gaume in his once famous pamphlet, *Le Ver Rongeur des Sociétés Modernes*. Consistent as he really is with himself, we can well imagine that he was often misinterpreted and misunderstood. For all that is lawless and anti-Christian in European revolution he has only condemnation, but his condemnation is that of a man who is also ready to condemn "the ordinary shallow and selfish declamation of Conservatives against modern revolutionary movements." And he continues:

The only Conservatism we can respect is that which frankly acknowledges the wrong, and seeks by proper means to redress it wherever it finds it. It is after all less against revolutions that we would direct the virtuous indignation of our Conservative friends, now that the reaction has become strong, than against the misgovernment, the tyranny, the vices and the crimes, the heartlessness, the cruelty, the neglect of the poor by those who should love and succour them, or the wrongs inflicted on them, which provoke revolutions and give Satan an opportunity to possess the multitude, and pervert their purest sentiments and their most generous enthusiasm to evil. Revolution was no fitting remedy for the evils which the system of secular government, attained to its full growth in Louis the Fourteenth, had generated. It was the remedy of madness or wild despair. But the evils had grown beyond all reasonable endurance. They outraged alike natural benevolence and Christian charity. Let not the friends of religion and order have censures only for those who sought madly to remove them by revolutions, and none for those whose vices and crimes caused them, lest they render religion and order odious to all men of human hearts.

This is a wise warning, sometimes needed by Catholic writers in these times of fierce strife with the Revolution. But words like these must sometimes have startled more timid and less clear-headed men. We must conclude by heartily recommending these essays to our readers. Even where one disagrees with their author, there is generally something to learn from him, and throughout his essays are so full of aptly expressed thought that no brief review like this can do justice to them.

5.—SHAKESPEARE'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.¹

Dr. Raich's view of this celebrated controversy may be gathered from his title page. "Shakespeare s'il était quelque chose, était Catholique," says Chateaubriand, and Dr. Raich has chosen these words for the motto of his book. For some reason or other the question of the poet's religion seems to be debated more vigorously in Germany than in England. M. Rio's rather extravagant work, which has never, we believe, found an English translator, appeared in German soon after the publication of the French original. Since then the well-known critics, Bernays and K. Elze, have on two or three different occasions attacked his conclusions, while, on the other side, several Catholic writers of eminence have come forward prepared in whole or in part to defend them. Of these latter Dr. Raich is the most recent. His book is a full, temperate, but at the same time powerfully written statement of what we may call the Catholic side of the controversy. It does not advance much that is new, neither does it pretend to do so, but as a summary of the facts and arguments which have been quoted in favour of Shakespeare's Catholicity, as a discussion of what the writer calls his *Moral-system*, and of the religious bearing of his plays, we may recommend it warmly to all for whom the discussion possesses any interest. Even those who, like ourselves, may think the writer's conclusions hardly justified by the evidence he produces, will always find his remarks sensible, and his opinions worthy of consideration.

We cannot perhaps better give the reader an idea of the general scope of the work than by translating a passage from the concluding chapter, which sums up the chief results of his investigations.

Admitting that the external evidence is not conclusive, and turning to the plays themselves, our author says :

In the first place the question arises : How can we explain the remarkable attitude of the poet relatively to the numerous representatives of the clergy of the different Churches, if he were himself a Protestant ? In his Histories, as well as in the free creations of his poetic genius, the Catholic priesthood, and in particular the religious orders, are without a single exception treated with respect and honour,

¹ *It Shakespeare's Stellung zur Katholischen Religion.* Von Dr. J. M. Raich Mainz, 1884.

while some individual characters among them are idealized with all the marks of the poet's especial predilection. The same is true of his nuns. On the other hand, the ministers of Protestantism are only held up to ridicule.

Towards the Puritans accordingly, the most distinctive type of English Protestantism, his attitude is one of hostility, while in the Catholic Church he finds no subject for reproach even in the smallest particular.

He has a clear view of the Church's doctrine, he follows its practices into the most minute detail, and knows how to apply them correctly, without ever allowing himself to be betrayed into a blunder. Whence can Shakespeare have derived this information, if he did not suck it in in his infancy at his mother's breast?

His views about the Bible and tradition, about free-will and conscience, his whole system of morality, his ideas as to the conversion and justification of the Christian during life and on his death-bed, have been derived from the Catholic catechism, the embodied doctrine of the Council of Trent. On the other hand he sets himself in all these matters in evident antagonism to Luther, to Calvin, and to the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Established Church of England. As against this Anglican rule of faith, he extends his protection to Purgatory, to the veneration of saints, to Catholic asceticism, and Catholic methods of prayer.

Such being the tone of his mind, he stands in marked contrast to the Protestant dramatists of his day, who betray their Protestantism by their imperfect knowledge and their hostile spirit, whenever they trespass upon the spiritual province of the Church.

If we have a fault to find with Dr. Raich, it is that he rather strains his arguments, and that he does not state the weak points of his own case with sufficient frankness. As to Shakespeare's general sympathy with the doctrines of the Church we quite agree with him, but that he is true to it in the most minute particulars we are not so satisfied. For instance, no play shows greater traces of the Catholic *Moralsystem* than *Hamlet*. Still it is hardly a Catholic idea, we contend, that one of the holy souls should rise from the flames of Purgatory (Dr. Raich makes it a great point that the ghost comes from *Purgatory*) to impress upon his offspring the Christian duty of revenge. "Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder" is the ghost's express injunction. The Catechism of the Council of Trent would surely have taught Shakespeare something better than this. Again, the author does well, we think, in calling attention to the wonderful ascetical insight shown in *Measure for Measure*. But the

conclusion of the play almost spoils all. The novice Isabella, whose noble detachment from the world has excited our admiration, is rewarded by dramatic justice with the hand of the duke in marriage, and presumably leaves her convent for the world again. So, too, this same good duke, after hearing confessions in the habit of a monk, consoles Claudio in his fear of death with the thought that death is after all no more than a sleep, an idea which appears again in *Hamlet* with the doubt of a dream behind it—"To sleep—perchance to dream"—and is repeated in *The Tempest* without any qualification at all. Further, it is a matter of surprise that if Shakespeare was really so conscientious in his veneration for religious, he should have allowed himself anywhere to quote the scurrilous saying about the "nun's lip and the friar's mouth." Above all, we should like more evidence than Dr. Raich's short chapter affords as to the contrast between Shakespeare and his contemporaries. The poet Spenser certainly, in spite of his hatred of Rome, retains abundant traces of the spirit of the older faith, and Fletcher, the son of one of Elizabeth's bishops, goes far beyond the great dramatist in his attacks upon the Puritans.

However, Dr. Raich's first object, as he tells us in his preface, is to show that there is no intrinsic absurdity in speaking of Shakespeare as a Catholic. In this no candid reader can deny that he is successful, and with a large margin to spare. Some of his chapters, as, for instance, those on the three plays, *King John*, *Henry the Fifth*, and *Henry the Eighth*, are excellent. Still, the showing that Shakespeare may not improbably have been a Catholic is a very different matter from proving that he was one. If Dr. Raich would only let us substitute for Chateaubriand's dictum the assertion that Shakespeare, whether he had any religion or not, was certainly no Protestant, we should go with him very heartily indeed. Never did religious bias lead a clever critic into a greater absurdity than when it prompted Professor Dowden to claim Shakespeare as the representative genius of Protestantism. Carlyle was a man whose views were limited enough in all that concerned the Catholic Church, but even he had eyes to see further than this.

The author of this work seems to have taken great pains to read up all the literature of his subject, but there are still one or two books we might have expected a reference to. One of these is Bishop Wordsworth's *Shakespeare and the Bible*, which

records many fancied indications of the poet's Protestantism. They are none of them of any great importance, but they might be worth a passing note. Of infinitely greater value is Mr. Simpson's discussion of the whole question of Shakespeare's religion in one of the volumes of the *Rambler*. To Mr. Simpson is almost entirely due the importance which the question has since acquired, for from his articles was taken all that was really valuable in M. Rio's book. He continued to support the same view to the end of his life, and the explanation of the "evening mass" difficulty, which Dr. Raich quotes at second hand, was originally due to him.

6.—A LADY'S EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA.¹

The title of this book must not mislead the reader into the belief that he has before him an addition to the numerous volumes of travels—more or less interesting—which figure so largely in Mr. Mudie's catalogue. It consists of some slight and unpretending, but pleasing and well-drawn sketches of Russian life and manners, from the pen of a lady, who having lost the bulk of her property in the Franco-German War, was compelled to leave her relatives in Paris, and, a widow at the early age of twenty-two, to turn her talents to good account, by seeking employment as governess in a foreign country. She was purposing reluctantly to direct her steps towards our shores, where so large a number of her country-people had already taken refuge, when she happened to hear that a former school-fellow had obtained an excellent and lucrative situation in St. Petersburg, and to her she accordingly applied for advice and assistance. The advice of this friend may be epitomized in the single word "come," and this advice Madame de Grival prepared promptly to follow; it was the depth of winter, she was travelling alone, on an utterly unknown route, no wonder then if the heart of this brave little lady sometimes failed her. No one who has been in circumstances at all similar to hers can fail to sympathize with her feelings when, on her arrival at St. Petersburg, the driver of the *isvotchick*, muttering some words she understood not, set her down in the square where her friend resided, and left her to find out the house as best she could.

¹ *Voyage sur les bords de la Neva.* Par Madame de Grival. Paris: Société Générale de Librairie Catholique, 1883.

I found myself [she says] alone in a street resembling our Rue de Rivoli, night had already fallen, and I sought in vain amidst the gloom to discover a policeman from whom to obtain the information I needed. As I walked along slowly I kept repeating the lesson a travelling companion had taught me, endeavouring to pronounce with the correct accent the words, *Pinsionn Lemianine* (Pension de Mlle. Lemianine). My trouble was in vain; the looked-for deliverer failed to put in an appearance. The house before which I stopped was not in the least like a school, in fact, it was a provision-warehouse. I looked further; there were nothing but shops and shops again, in which I always descried the same rough-looking men, dressed in *caftans*, with long hair and thick beards. It was useless to attempt making myself understood by them, so I addressed myself to a passer-by: *Pinsionn Lemianine?* I inquired, with what I hoped was an excellent Russian accent. *Niž ponimaïou*—"I do not understand," was the only reply. Three or four times did I renew the attempt, receiving each time the same answer. Of all the numerous passers-by, not one seemed to understand French. A horrible dread came over me, lost as I was in this interminable street, not knowing a word of Russian, and perceiving no one capable of extricating me from my forlorn position. All the shops were closed with the exception of those where eatables were sold, and certainly the drivers of the hired vehicles standing in the street, who looked like great, ill-made women, with their long skirts sweeping the ground, and fastened in with a belt at the waist, could not help me much. My fears increased every moment, my spirits fell below zero; I seemed to myself the most imprudent, rash, foolish woman on the face of the earth (pp. 43, 44).

At length an officer who happened to pass, volunteered, in answer to Madame de Grival's despairing appeal, to be her guide, and her dilemma was at an end. We leave it to the reader to learn for himself how cordial was the reception she met with from her friend, and how she ere long succeeded in obtaining an excellent appointment in the family of a princess, the education of whose only daughter she undertook to complete. During the two years spent in this family, Madame de Grival had every opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the Russian people as they really are, the Russians *at home*, as they can only be seen and known by one who resides in their midst, not by the traveller who at the best can only obtain a cursory and superficial knowledge of the country through which he passes. Those who are strangers to Russian life will find a great deal of information in the pages of this book, given in an attractive and pleasing form, without any dry statistics or tedious descriptions. We will quote the account of a visit

she made to a Russian presbytery whilst staying at the country estate of the prince :

After the Mass was concluded, when the priest gave us the cross to kiss, he begged us with an urgency that would admit of no denial, to honour his house with a visit. . . . Entering a comfortable-looking dwelling, we are ushered into a spacious apartment which serves the purpose of both dining and drawing-room. On the tea-table, which is covered with a cloth of snowy whiteness, stands the smoking *samovar*, while around it are tastefully arranged various kinds of sweet pastry and other delicacies of household manufacture. The priest, elegantly attired in a brown silk cassock, did the honours of the tea, ably seconded by his wife *the popadia*, and his daughter, whose musical propensities were indicated by an open piano.

The prince had, fortunately for him, taken the precaution of saying: "Very little tea for me if you please," and we were severely punished for not having exercised a like prudent foresight. In this hospitable house the cups resembled basins, and were, moreover, filled to the very brim. We were forced to drink every drop under pain of offending these good people, whose ideas of manners are not exactly aristocratic. My pupil and I made heroic efforts; we grew first pink, then red, next we became crimson, and finally our countenances assumed a purple hue. We glanced at each other as if to say: Courage! a few more struggles and it will be over! At last it came to an end, Heaven be praised! I reminded the prince that time was getting on, and so we took leave, and entering our carriage drove to the Catholic church (pp. 290, 291).

In conclusion it must be remarked that Madame de Grival owed her success, in a great measure, to her own qualities, the charm of her manner, her tact, and happy power of adapting herself to the circumstances in which she was placed, and the persons with whom she was thrown. Something of her own charm she imparts to her *souvenirs*, and we anticipate with pleasure the fulfilment of her half-promise to publish another volume at a future period. So in parting we echo her own words, and bid her *au revoir, pas adieu*.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Father Nieremberg's *Difference between the Temporal and Eternal*¹ is one of those solid spiritual books which gives evidence at the same time of the holiness, the learning, and the practical experience of the writer in the work of an Apostle. In the sketch of his life by Father Russell which is prefixed to the new edition, we read that he gave four hours every day to prayer, and at the same time taught theology and Sacred Scripture with wonderful success, heard confessions, visited the hospitals, and wrote a large number of spiritual and other works. The best known among his writings are *The Adoration in Spirit and in Truth* and *The Difference between the Temporal and Eternal*. The former has been re-printed in London, and Messrs. Gill have just issued a new edition of the latter, under the revision of Father Matthew Russell, S.J. It is a reprint of the old translation by Sir Vivian Molyneux, published in 1671, with some slight corrections. The quaintness of the style is exactly suited to the character of the book. Father Nieremberg's works are full of illustrative and most striking stories, which can hardly fail to make an impression on the reader, and to convey the truths they are intended to teach in the way most likely to produce lasting fruit. They are excellent for reading in the refectory of religious houses, and we can especially recommend this carefully revised issue of *The Temporal and Eternal* for this purpose.

A new edition of Mgr. de Ségur's succinct and solid little treatise on the Freemasons² is very well timed in answer to the Holy Father's desire that, by spoken and written exposure of

¹ *The Difference between Temporal and Eternal*. Translated from the Spanish of Father J. E. Nieremberg, S.J., by Sir Vivian Molyneux. New edition, revised by Rev. M. Russell. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

² *Les Francs-Maçons*. Ce qu'ils sont, ce qu'ils veulent. Par Mgr. de Ségur. Paris: Librairie St. Joseph, 112, Rue de Rennes.

their ill-doing, all good Catholics should be warned against them. Mgr. de Ségur deals exclusively with the religious and moral danger resulting from the spread of the sect, putting aside altogether the social and political mischief they do. He gives in detail the various degrees, the ceremonies, and the oaths of the Freemasons, and points out with telling force that, even when Deists in name, the God they worship is the God of Voltaire, Rousseau, Renan, and Garibaldi, not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. *Les Francs-maçons* is sold post free for thirty centimes (threepence), and the fact that this is the sixty-first edition is the best proof of its excellence.

The Devotion to the Infant Jesus has a special attraction for many holy souls, and Father Sebastian, one of the Irish Passionists, has conceived the happy idea of putting together a Manual of this Devotion³ for their use. It commences with a series of forty-four good practical considerations more or less bearing upon the Sacred Infancy. After the Ordinary of the Mass there follows the Proper of the Mass for the Sundays and feasts relating to the same subject, and the volume concludes with a number of Devotions directed to the same end. There is a holy simplicity pervading this useful little book which will be its best recommendation to those who make use of it, and it contains many beautiful prayers and pious thoughts.

*The Spirit of St. Teresa*⁴ is a collection of some of the most characteristic of the writings and sayings of the Saint, followed by a Novena of Meditations suitable as a preparation for her feast. The first portion of the book consists of a series of prayers or exclamations of the soul to God suitable for short meditations. The second portion explains in her own words what is meant by a life of prayer, its dangers, its aids, its fruits, its joys. For the spiritual reading of the members of a religious community or of pious people living in the world, nothing could be better than the almost inspired teaching of this great Saint. Her own life was the practice of the doctrine she lays down for others, and those who would follow in her steps will do well to study day by day some portion of the lessons by which she learned the secret of perfection.

We all like to look forward to the Triumph of the Church,

³ *Manual of the Infant Jesus.* By Father Sebastian, Passionist. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

⁴ *The Spirit of St. Teresa.* Translated and arranged by the Author of *The Life of St. Teresa.* London: Burns and Oates.

and are inclined to look favourably on any prophet who will announce it to us. Messrs. Richardson have just republished the Prophecies of St. Malachy and other Saints and holy persons respecting events still in the womb of the future.⁵ Every one will read them with interest, and though many of them are dubious and others vague in the extreme, yet they suggest grounds of hope which we pray God may be fulfilled. Catholics need all the encouragement they can get, and we are grateful to any one who finds reason for hoping that the Triumph of the Church is near at hand.

*Drifting Leaves*⁶ is a collection of thoughtful little poems, evincing an earnest spirit of heart-felt piety. Many of them appear to have been written at the chief seasons of the Church's year, and are in harmony with the spirit of each. Some of the best of all of them were inspired by the month of May and by the devotion of the writer to our Blessed Lady. We are glad to welcome from Catholic America such signs of literary activity and progress, and hope that the need of religious literature there may induce many to undertake the task of supplying the want.

Bishop Ullathorne has published an excellent discourse on Drunkenness,⁷ pointing out in eloquent and striking language the terrible miseries of intemperance. In spite of all the noble efforts made to check it, "the land," as he says, still "reels with drunkenness." But it is a consolation to know that little by little it is diminishing. In the upper class it is now rare, and among the poor certainly less prevalent than it used to be.

Every one knows when Hospital Saturday and Hospital Sunday come round, but their origin is not so plain. A pamphlet⁸ lately published discusses their first beginning, and gives some useful suggestions for making the money collected more useful to the hospitals. It is to Canon Miller of Birmingham that we owe Hospital Sunday, while the first Hospital Saturday collection was made in Liverpool in 1871.

*The Little Lamb*⁹ is a short and simple tale for young

⁵ *Prophecies of St. Malachy and other Saints concerning the Triumph of the Catholic Church.* London: Richardson.

⁶ *Drifting Leaves.* By M. E. Henry. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

⁷ *A Sermon against Drunkenness.* By Bishop Ullathorne. London: Burns and Oates.

⁸ *Hospital Saturday and Hospital Sunday.* By W. C. Burdett. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

⁹ *The Little Lamb.* By Canon Schmid. Translated by M. E. W. Graham. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1884.

children, showing the advantages attendant on right doing, and the generosity with which virtuous actions are sometimes rewarded even in this life. A stray lamb found by a little girl on a cold dark night, proves the source of good fortune to herself and others; it procures her kind and wealthy friends, it is the means of recovering long-lost relatives, in short, it becomes a medium of blessing and prosperity to the whole neighbourhood. The tale is full of incidents, and every incident affords occasion for some moral teaching; the upshot of the whole being that goodness, piety, and virtue are the only qualities which can render us truly happy, rich, and estimable. One excellent point about the tale is that it presents only examples of virtue, and not instances of vice, to the youthful reader.

We have received from America a succinct classical mythology,¹⁰ containing all that well informed persons are expected to know respecting the ancient gods and goddesses. It is ingeniously arranged as a game, the account of each of the deities or heroes being printed on a separate card, and the cards distributed among the players in such a way that those taking part in the game would easily and naturally acquire the knowledge desired. Everything objectionable is carefully excluded, and it has the recommendation of having been composed for the author's own children. At the head of each card is an engraving of the personage whose history is related upon it.

¹⁰ The Game of Mythology. By Mrs. N. T. Cooke. Published by Peter G. Thomson, Cincinnati, Ohio.

II.—MAGAZINES.

There are no second or third orders affiliated to the Society of Jesus, but in the place of these, the Congregations or Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin for men are a widespread institution of inestimable value. In connection with the Papal Brief granting a Plenary Indulgence on the occasion of their approaching Tercentenary, the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* gives an account of their origin, form, object, and means of organization. The Brief eulogizing these Congregations is termed a pendant to the recent Encyclical denouncing Freemasonry, and it is hoped that the Servants of Mary may prove potent in counteracting the baneful influence of the secret societies. *Archbishop Egbert of Treves* is the title given to an article which discusses the question whether the marriage of the Emperor Otto the Second to a Greek bride had an influence in introducing a byzantine element into the art of the period. The epoch of history—from the middle of the tenth to the middle of the eleventh century—of which this prelate was one of the principal personages, is one of great interest, but amongst those least known to the general reader. Father Wasmann contributes an entertaining paper on the “honey ants of the garden of the gods.” Attention has lately been drawn to the curious manner in which these insignificant but industrious and intelligent little insects collect and store up honey as a winter provision of food, by Dr. Cook of Philadelphia. The locality where they are found is situated in Colorado, and derives its name from the peculiar statuesque shape of the blocks of sandstone enclosing it. The habits and ways of the diminutive ant are now a subject of interest not only to specialists but to the public at large. Father Baumgartner continues the sprightly narrative of his journey northwards. Leaving the Faroe Islands where the “fisheries” are all-engrossing—fish the food of man and beast, fish the staple article of commerce, fish the one object of study and thought—he describes his entrance into a new world, imposing through the gloomy grandeur of its barren rocks and icy solitudes, taking the reader with him as far as Reykjavik, of unfamiliar aspect, where the arrival of the steamer was an event of no small consequence.

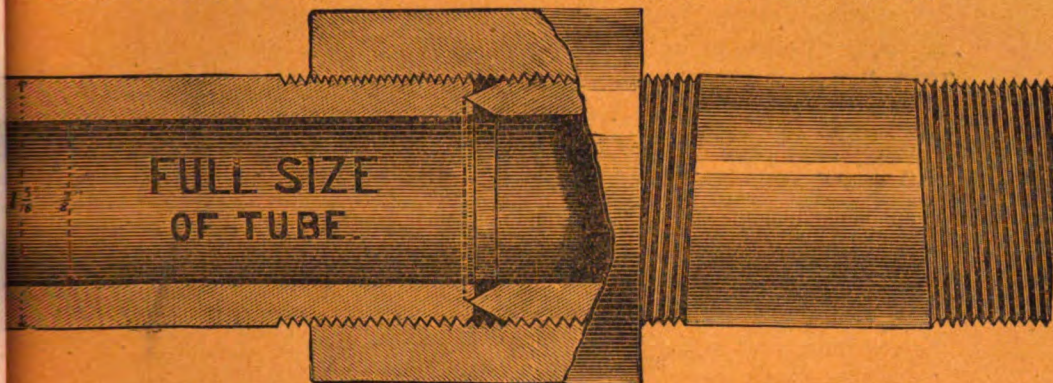
In the *Katholik* for August we have the conclusion of the essays which have shown how the doctrines of St. Thomas, far from being a servile imitation of the teaching of the great philo-

sophers of antiquity, correct and supersede it on the most important metaphysical questions. The outcome of the painstaking and thoughtful examination of Wyclif's claim to the gratitude of his country, which was commenced in the last issue, is not gratifying to those who exalt his merits, for they are proved to be simply nil, viewed merely from the literary standpoint, since there is no proof that he translated more than the four Gospels, and those he falsified to such an extent that their use was forbidden. The popular Protestant idea that the clergy withheld the Scriptures from the laity—arising perhaps in part from the prohibition of Wyclif's garbled version—is abundantly disproved. The very fact that so many previous translations and copies of the Bible existed—and these were wonderfully numerous, far more so than is generally supposed—is in itself an argument that they were placed within reach of the laity, since the Latin version sufficed for the clergy. God's Church ever takes care of God's children; not only were Bibles fixed on stands in the churches for the use of all who could read, but as early as 679, it was decreed by a Synod held in Rome, that the Scriptures should be read aloud for the benefit of the illiterate. Another volume of Acts from the State archives of Prussia has appeared, illustrative of the polity of Frederick the Second in ecclesiastical matters. The *Katholik* quotes several passages, which are far more interesting than extracts from Blue Books generally are. Frederick the Second could not endure that the Pope should have jurisdiction in his realm, and the means he employed to get the clergy into entire subjection to and dependence on the Crown, was by placing a creature of his own as coadjutor to every ecclesiastical dignitary, to act as a spy, and to step into the office if it fell vacant, at any rate to take charge of the temporalities until a successor should be nominated. A systematic course of oppression, and, as far as possible, suppression of Catholics seems to have been long pursued by Prussian monarchs. Until the commencement of the present century it appears to have occurred to no one to doubt that Shakespeare was a Protestant. Since then, his creed has been the theme of much discussion, both here and in Germany, where our great poet is more read and perhaps more esteemed than in our own country; the most comprehensive work on the subject being one lately published by Dr. Raich, of which an excellent synopsis is given in the *Katholik*. We have ourselves reviewed it elsewhere.

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THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1884.



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John Wyclif, his Life and Teaching.

PART THE FOURTH.

IN attempting to trace the origin and progress of that system of heretical teaching which passes under the name of Wyclifism, I have hitherto limited my inquiries within the range of its external history, for the purpose of showing how closely it identified itself with the political movements of the period. Wyclif was quite as conspicuous a character in the House of Commons at Westminster as he was in the House of Convocation at Oxford; and his influence made itself felt for evil no less in the one than in the other. In both he was the demagogue, the advocate of extreme measures, the leveller and the revolutionist. The novelties which he and his followers laboured with such restless activity to introduce into England had a double aim and application; they were meant to affect not only the Church but the State also. His teaching implied a new creed, a new code of laws, a new system of morality. He attacked the political traditions which had prevailed since the earliest days of the English monarchy; he attacked the doctrinal principles of the belief which had been established among us by its Divine Founder. Old things were to be regarded as the weak and beggarly elements of an effete superstition, and were doomed to fade away at the rising of this "Morning Star of the Reformation."

The revolutionary party, which aimed at such sweeping measures, was encouraged to persevere in its efforts by two considerations, which promised it success. The Church and the State had suffered, and were suffering from the steady developement of various hostile principles, of which the chief were the growth of Cesarism and the decline of the Papacy. The dispute between Philip the Fair, King of France, and Pope Boniface the Eighth had contributed to the promulgation of sundry theories which were fatal to Royal as well as Pontifical authority, and these principles were not allowed long to

remain dormant. Their chief advocate was the English Franciscan, William of Occam,¹ whose doctrines were echoed by Wyclif and his followers. He maintained that the Sovereign had the power, not only to tax the property of the clergy upon his own independent authority, but further to resume any grants which had been made by his ancestors to the Church, should it happen that the wants of the State so required it. He maintained, in short, that the authority of the Sovereign is supreme over the Church within his own dominions; but at the same time he held that this authority is derived from the people, who can withdraw it from their ruler if they think necessary. The same principles were applied to the Church with the same results. Occam and his school held that the Pope might become a heretic; that the Church of Rome, the entire body of the clergy, and even General Councils, might fall from the truth and teach error and falsehood. Here we recognize the source whence Wyclif drew many of his principles.

While such theories as these were tolerated in the English Court, the fact of their existence and acceptance in London could be no secret in Oxford; and that Wyclif was their advocate must have been notorious in the University. If any doubt existed upon this point, it was dispelled by his appearance in public as their exponent. Rash and arrogant as was his onslaught upon the Church, and doomed by anticipation to an ignominious overthrow, the revolutionary party—strong in the support of the State—was bold enough to hazard the experiment of a trial of strength. Wyclif began the attack with considerable skill. He advanced doctrines which, though apparently speculative rather than positive, were of such a questionable character that they roused the hostility of several members of the University. Of these supporters of the faith, one of the earliest and most influential was Doctor John Cunningham.

Cunningham stood high in public estimation at Oxford, and deservedly so. He was a man of spotless character and acknowledged scholarship, Provincial of the Order of the Carmelites, and confessor to John of Gaunt. He seems to have been

¹ So named from the village of Ockham in Surrey, where he was born. The precise date of his birth and death are uncertain. Along with Marsilius and Joannes de Janduno, he wished to make the ecclesiastical power subordinate to the royal in all matters.

Wyclif's senior, but upon this point we have no certain information. He began the discussion by attacking some of the theories which had recently been advanced by Wyclif in a *Determination upon Ideas*. My readers will thank me if I refrain from giving them any extracts from these disquisitions, for they discuss questions far too abstruse for the generality of degenerate moderns. The controversy is important chiefly from the fact that shortly afterwards (A.D. 1381) it was followed up by an open and direct attack upon the doctrine of the Eucharist, in which Wyclif maintained, among other heresies, that the Consecrated Host upon the altar is not Christ Himself, but an effectual sign of Him; that the doctrine of Transubstantiation has no ground in Scripture, and that the bread and wine remain substantially unchanged after consecration. When pressed in argument to explain his meaning more distinctly, Wyclif attempted to do so by maintaining that Christ is in the Eucharist only virtually, just as a king is in the whole of his realm. He suggested various other analogies illustrative of his meaning, some of which are so remote as to be unworthy of notice, while others are too indecent and blasphemous to be quoted. He added that the chief object of his teaching was to call the Church back from the idolatry upon the doctrine of the Eucharist in which she had now continued for many hundreds of years.

An attack so defiant and so public upon these leading doctrines of the faith could not be permitted to pass by unnoticed. Accordingly the Chancellor of the University, supported by twelve Doctors of Theology and Canon Law, condemned the two propositions in which Wyclif's tenets respecting the Eucharist had been embodied by him; and these propositions were declared to be "erroneous, opposed to the decrees of the Church, and contrary to Catholic verity." This condemnation was made known to Wyclif as he was publicly lecturing in the schools belonging to the Canons of St. Augustine. After having protested against the validity of the sentence, he appealed, not to the Pope, or the Bishop, or his ordinary, as would have been the usual and the proper course, but to the King; thereby showing his belief in the supremacy of the civil power over the ecclesiastical. Wiser heads than his own saw the danger of provoking a premature collision—the time would come presently—and they seem to have recommended a compromise. The Duke of Lancaster

came down to Oxford in person, and enjoined Wyclif to be silent upon the subject, in discussing which he had already given so much offence.² But the uncurbed spirit of the heresiarch muttered its *Non serviam*, and tried to evade the difficulties into which he had plunged himself, not by frankly and humbly admitting that he had been in error, but by drawing up a confession in which he repeated his former heresies respecting the Blessed Eucharist, and added new ones. He now affirmed that all the Doctors of the Church had erred, with the sole exception of Berengarius,³ that Satan was now unbound,⁴ and had power over the "Master of the Sentences"⁵ and all who preached the Catholic faith. He concluded his speculations by denouncing a woe upon the adulterous generation of his own day who trusted the testimony of Innocent [the Third] or Raymond [de Penna Forti] rather than that of the Gospel; and a double woe upon the apostate lips which place the latter Church before the earlier, and who say that the Sacrament is not true bread and true wine.

As was natural, this confession of Dr. Wyclif provoked considerable discussion, and many answers to it were written. The best known of these is a treatise, the work of an Augustinian named Thomas Winterton; and others were composed by monks of Durham and St. Alban's. The Church did not fail in her duty; but the results which speedily followed made it obvious to friend and foe alike that if she meant to hold her own she would have to fight for it. Wherever this firebrand made his appearance discord and division followed. "The hearers (says Walden⁶) challenged each other to battle, and schisms broke out in every town." As his office required, the Archbishop of Canterbury interposed his authority in support

² How far we have all the facts before us seems questionable. Possibly Wyclif's connection with the Court enabled him to know that he would be exposed to no real danger in disregarding the Duke's advice or command. We see that no evil result followed upon his disobedience.

³ A heretic whose doctrine on the Eucharist was condemned by Pope Nicolas the Second and by the Councils of Tours, Vercelli, and the Lateran.

⁴ Apoc. xx. 2, 3.

⁵ Peter Lombard, styled the "Master of the Sentences," was the text-book for theology which was generally used in the schools until the appearance of the *Summa Theologiæ* of St. Thomas of Aquin. To condemn him was to condemn the accredited teaching of the Church.

⁶ The work to which I here refer is the *Fasciculi Zuaniorum magistri Johannis Wyclif cum tritico*, edited by the Rev. W. W. Shirley, M.A. London, 1858, 8vo. The edition is edited with care and learning from the unique MS. in the Bodleian Library, and is entitled to respectful notice.

of the public peace. The letter which he wrote to Dr. Peter Stokys, a Carmelite, is extant, and furnishes us with a trustworthy account of the condition of affairs within the University of Oxford as they existed towards the middle of the year 1382. Having heard that many unlicensed preachers were spreading heresies throughout his province, "hurtful to the state of the entire Church and the quiet of the realm, thereby causing men to leave the Catholic faith, out of which there is no salvation," the Archbishop charged Stokys to prohibit the teaching of certain erroneous propositions within the University, which he then proceeds to specify in detail. They were ten in number. Three related to the Eucharist, and repeated the heresies and errors already specified. Of the others, one affirmed that when a bishop or priest is in mortal sin, he can neither ordain, nor consecrate, nor baptize. The others taught that if a penitent were truly contrite, confession is useless; that Christ did not appoint the Mass; that God should obey the devil; that if a Pope were a bad man, he has no power over faithful Christians, except (possibly) such power as he may have received from the devil; that there should be no Pope after Urban the Sixth, but that every Church should be governed by its own laws; with others too numerous to be specified.

At one of the Congregations which met in London to consider the above heretical opinions occurred an incident which led to serious results. Three graduates of Oxford having refused to join in the condemnation of these articles, were cited by the Archbishop to give an account of their opinions. Of these one, named Aston, was condemned; the other two, Hereford and Repingdon, refusing to appear in court, were declared to be contumacious, and were accordingly excommunicated.

The controversy was not yet ended. In the same year the Orders of the Friars Preachers and Minors, the Augustinians and the Carmelites, all of whom had houses in Oxford, addressed a joint letter to John, King of Castille and Leon, and Duke of Lancaster, in which they detailed the grievances to which they were exposed by the calumnies of Wyclif and his followers. Of these Wyclifites, one of the most active and mischievous was Doctor Nicolas Hereford; and they requested that this individual might be summoned to London, there to give an account of his conduct.

No reply having been vouchsafed to this letter, the revolutionary party was encouraged to persevere in the

course upon which it had now entered. Hereford had his revenge. Walden refers to a sermon preached by this personage upon the feast of the Ascension, "in which he excited the people to insurrection, and excused and defended Wyclif;" but respecting which he gives us no further information. Fortunately, however, a full and authenticated abstract of this remarkable discourse has been preserved in one of the Bodleian manuscripts,⁷ for a reference to which I am indebted to the kindness of Professor Arnold, the learned editor of the Oxford edition of Wyclif's English writings. As this sermon has never been printed, I gladly embrace this opportunity of laying before the reader an outline of its contents, which are valuable as offering a genuine specimen of the length to which the more advanced followers of Wyclifism were prepared to carry their theories. We should not forget that as Hereford addressed the people in their mother-tongue, much of the quaintness and power of the original must have been lost in its translation into the Latin form in which alone it has come down to us.

Hereford's sermon was delivered on May 15, 1382 (being Ascension Day), at the Cross in the Churchyard of St. Frideswide's Church in Oxford. As might have been expected, there was a large congregation. The Chancellor and other dignitaries of the University of course were there in their official capacity; and the mob of the town and outskirts were not absent. Some came led thither by their sympathy with the known sentiments of the speaker; some came to express their opposition to his teaching; while many others were drawn by curiosity and the hope that they might be so fortunate as to witness a collision between the rival parties.

Dr. Hereford stood up and began to speak. After a few introductory remarks upon the great event of the day, the preacher expressed himself somewhat to the following effect:

"Although [said he] the attack made by St. Richard⁸ upon the begging friars—in which I follow him to-day—may seem to have produced little or no effect during his life, yet I am persuaded that at the present moment he is making earnest intercession with God for me, and for all who are fellow-workers

⁷ MS. Bodl. 840, p. 848.

⁸ By St. Richard is doubtless meant Richard Fitz-Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh, whose antipathy to the mendicant orders of friars has already been referred to.

along with me in the object which binds us together. He and the whole court of Heaven along with him, cry out against our opponents.⁹ We ought to love the whole community more than we love any single individual within it. All that I am doing springs from my zeal for the commons, for whom I am prepared to suffer all things."

Then followed an attack upon the prevailing vices of the day ; and first of all upon the gluttony and unclean lives of the laity. But these were speedily dismissed, and the speaker found a more congenial subject on which to dilate when he proceeded to enlarge upon the evil lives of the secular clergy, as well prelates as curates, whom he taxes with trafficking in benefices and other spiritual commodities.

Then came the turn of the regulars. Of the canons and monks and such as held property, many, said he, had acquired it unjustly. They have got hold of lands and farms by their perjury, by cheating, treachery, and fraud. They hold them by a false title, consequently they are thieves and robbers, and the followers of Judas who betrayed Christ. They violate the intentions of the men who founded the community to which they belong. They delight to be called lords, and to ride about on gaily caparisoned horses. They engage in worldly pursuits, and are keen and far-sighted in the ways of the world. "I assert [said he] without fear of contradiction, that there is not a single large abbey in the whole of England which is clean-handed in this matter. Such men are thieves and robbers ; for everything that they possess, over and above that which is absolutely necessary for their food and clothing, is the property of the poor."

The language was plain, and plainly counselled pillage, riot, and insurrection ; but he was even yet more outspoken when he expressed his opinions about the mendicant orders, of which, be it remembered, there were several large communities at the time in Oxford. "These men [said Hereford] love temporal things more than spiritual ; for when they go a begging they ask you to give them nothing better than the things of this present life. They never have enough, give them what you will. The poverty of the poor man is no security to him from their importunity. It is folly to give them any alms. But of all fools the greatest is the man who gives a yearly stipend to a friar to pray

⁹ It is significant that in the Bidding Prayer, which followed in the sermon, the preacher made no special mention of the Pope, as was customary.

for him ! By so doing you convert the one Mediator between God and you into an enemy ; you turn a friend into a foe. Sometimes one of these same friars becomes a graduate, a Master of Arts for instance, or a Bachelor. So much the worse for you ; for it makes him all the more pressing for alms. 'Look at me,' says one of these fellows, 'I am now a Bachelor, and my wants are greater than the wants of other men. I must have wherewithal to support my position.' And the higher the degree the higher the price you have to pay. They are not masters of theology, they are masters of vanity, wicked children, lurdens and losels. They come to the University merely for the purpose of taking a secular degree, hoping thereby to pick up some worldly honour, things contrary to their vow and profession. Hereby they prove themselves to be plain apostates. Of all men in the realm these begging friars [said he] are the most burdensome to it ; and therefore they are the greatest disturbers of its peace. I am safe in telling you that it never will be well with England as long as they are suffered to remain within it. The only way to humble them is to take their possessions from them. They will never be worth anything until you have stopped them from begging." And then, stretching out his arms, the preacher exclaimed : "I entreat you to do this, all of you who are here assembled, clerks and laymen ; I entreat each and all of you, for the sake of Him who died upon the Cross, to do your best to carry this measure into effect."

The remainder of Hereford's harangue was in a tone somewhat less excited ; but the spirit was no less bitter, and the sentiments no less revolutionary. "The men of whom I am speaking (said this mischievous demagogue) build lofty houses and stately churches, which are things expressly forbidden by their Rule. If the king and the realm would strip them of these possessions and thus deprive them of their superfluous wealth, as they ought to do, there would be no need for his Majesty to plunder the poor commons of the realm by taxes, as now is the custom. But woe and alas ! he has no officers who will carry out this act of justice. And since there are none whose special office and function it is to do this work, it devolves upon you, O faithful Christians ! to put forth your hands and carry this work to its due conclusion. And then it is my assured hope that all will prosper with us, for right well do I know that this is the will of the Almighty God Himself, and that so it ought to be."

Whether the sermon had come to its intended conclusion at this point, or whether it was here interrupted by the Chancellor and his assessors, does not appear. But the services of a notary public, who had been in attendance from the beginning, were here put into requisition, and an instrument was drawn up and duly executed, a copy of which forms the basis of the preceding narrative.

Irregular and turbulent as was this meeting, lawless and revolutionary as were the sentiments which were expressed in it, we are justified in accepting it as clearly and fairly exhibiting the doctrines and the spirit of Wyclif. But the Rector of Lutterworth would not have spoken so loudly and distinctly as did Dr. Nicolas Hereford. He would have concealed his meaning under dubious phrases, and would have been careful to reserve for himself some quiet postern-door by which to escape. We are all the more grateful therefore to his honest but indiscreet disciple for his sermon at Oxford, for it enables us better to understand the doctrines of his master than the master himself would have had the courage to express them.

This aggression upon the rights of the Church received a great accession of strength from the time when it became popularized by the agency of such men as the Oxford Wyclifites, of whom Hereford was one of the most conspicuous. But there were many others in the University who were of the same way of thinking, and were no less bold in giving utterance to their opinions. The history of another of these missionaries of Wyclifism is worthy of being here chronicled. Walden¹⁰ mentions a canon of Leicester named Philip Repingdon, who, from the time that he had taken his doctor's degree, boldly preached heresy on the doctrine of the Sacrament of the Altar, having previously concealed his opinions under the cloak of a winning modesty and humility. Yet he was appointed by the Chancellor of the University (Robert Rugge) to preach at St. Frideswide's Cross on the festival of Corpus Christi; and a repetition of the utterances which had occasioned so much scandal on the previous Ascension Day being anticipated on the present occasion, the Archbishop of Canterbury ordered the Chancellor to cause the Acts of the synod which had condemned Wyclif to be publicly read in the hearing of Repingdon, as a caution to him before he began his sermon. At the same time the Archbishop took the opportunity of rebuking the Chancellor for having

¹⁰ Walden, p. 296.

intrusted a man who had already gained such an evil name as Hereford had earned for himself with the privilege of uttering his opinions upon one of the greatest solemnities of the Church. The offended Chancellor stood upon the dignity of his position; "neither archbishop, nor bishop, had any authority over the University," said he, "even in the matter of heresy." Apparently he was favourably inclined towards Wyclif, certainly he played a double part. He promised that he would assist at the reading of the document enjoined by the Archbishop, but he hired about a hundred men in armour who came with drawn swords ready to slaughter the unhappy Carmelite upon whom had devolved the hazardous duty of reading the decrees of the synod. Attended by his proctors and the mayor of the city, along with various others of kindred sentiments, the Chancellor was present at Repingdon's sermon. Unfortunately no copy of this discourse has reached us,¹¹ but it seems to have equalled that of Hereford's by its violence and audacity. He exhorted the people to rise and plunder the churches, he said that the temporal lords ought to be named in the Bidding Prayer before the Pope and the Bishops, he defended Wyclif through thick and thin, and spoke in railing terms of many classes of men and several individuals. He declared that the Duke of Lancaster took the matter much to heart, and that he would defend all the Lollards, whom he called holy priests. When the sermon was ended, the preacher, attended by twenty men, who wore armour under their clothes, entered for a space into St. Frideswide's Church. The Chancellor waited for him at the door, and when he and Repingdon met they walked away together, laughing. The Lollards in the crowd were delighted at the victory which they had gained.

The Church hastened to vindicate her insulted authority. The Chancellor and his supporters were summoned by the Archbishop to appear before him at Lambeth, there to give an explanation of their riotous proceedings. The evidence against them being conclusive, they were found guilty upon several counts. It was proved that they had favoured Wyclif and his adherents, and they had no further defence; whereupon a new set of Articles, more stringent than the former, were handed to the Chancellor for publication. In reply he urged that he did not dare to read them in Oxford, where his life would be

¹¹ A report upon it was drawn up, however, at the time by a notary public, of which it was intended that a copy should be inserted by Walden in his *Fasciculus* (see p. 300). But it does not appear in that volume.

endangered were he to do so. The Archbishop, unable to exercise any further jurisdiction over the authorities of the University, had no other remedy than to transfer the case to the civil courts, by whom two monitory writs were addressed to Dr. Rugge and the proctors. Hereupon Repingdon and Hereford were suspended. They lost no time in laying their case before their patron the Duke of Lancaster, urging that the condemnation of the articles which had been pronounced to be heretical by the bishops, would lead to the weakening of the temporal power. The Duke appeared at first inclined to take their part; but when he understood what were their real opinions on the Sacrament of the Altar, his sentiments towards them changed, "and he held them in abomination ever afterwards." He referred them back to the Archbishop, and dismissed them from his presence.

Failing in their attempt upon the Duke, Hereford and Repingdon in their defence, and by the Archbishop's permission, laid before him a series of twenty-four conclusions, which upon examination were found to be no less objectionable than their former statements had been. They maintained their opinions with the same pertinacity for which their conduct had been so conspicuous. Here the history of these two Oxford doctors vanishes out of sight, for at this point Walden's narrative is interrupted and passes on to other matters.

I have entered at some length into these details as furnishing the best illustration which we possess of the progress which Wyclif's doctrines were making in England during his lifetime. If such proceedings as these could take place in the University of Oxford, it is reasonable to suppose that the progress of these new opinions must have been yet more rapid in quarters where the authority of the Church was less dominant than in this, the supposed stronghold of orthodoxy. And the instances which Walden has here recorded are followed by others which continue in almost unbroken succession from the time of Richard the Second to that of Henry the Eighth. A more careful inspection of the Episcopal Registers throughout the country would most probably reveal numerous instances of heretical pravity, of the existence of which at the present moment we know nothing. We know enough, however, to authorize the belief that the descent of Wyclifism can be traced from its author until it was revived, remodelled, and adapted to their immediate wants by such men as Hus and Zwingli in Switzerland, Luther in

Germany, Calvin in France, Cranmer in England, and Knox in Scotland. Each of these heretics drew largely from the polluted fountain which was opened out by the arch-heretic of Lutterworth, and there is scarcely a point in which they dissent from the teaching of the Catholic Church which cannot be traced back to the pages of John Wyclif.

Such being the case, how are we to explain the long interval which elapsed between the age of Wyclif and that of Luther? Why should it be necessary that Wyclifism should go through a period of incubation amounting to about a century and a half, before it reappeared under slightly modified forms in the various individuals whom we call the Reformers?

In answer to these questions I venture to express my conviction that nothing but a succession of accidental events prevented the outbreak from having occurred very shortly after the death of Wyclif. The nation was ripe for it, and had the attempt been made by an exponent adequate to the effort, it probably would have been successful. But none such having presented himself, all remained in a state of unquiet anticipation of an event which could not be far distant.

The House of Lancaster during the reign of Henry the Fourth had enough to do to retain its seat upon a tottering throne, and did not dare to estrange from itself the support which it derived from the bishops and the clergy. The energy of the nation was engrossed under Henry the Fifth in the prosecution of his mad scheme of the conquest of France; and the mental infirmities of his feeble son and successor more than explain his quiescence. The Wars of the Roses occupied the thoughts of the King and the people under Edward the Fourth. During the reign of Henry the Seventh the one ruling idea of the Sovereign was the security of the sceptre for the family of Tudor. It was not until the middle of that of the Eighth Henry that the King and the people were in a position to take up the question of the *Regale* and the *Pontificale* at the point at which Wyclif had left it. And even then a powerful stimulus was wanted, and it was presented to the King in the person of Anne Boleyn. The spirit of pride and ambition, of lust and avarice, were summoned, and each and all obeyed the invitation. They were but fulfilling the work which Wyclif had given them to do, and the Protestant Reformation is the record of their success.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

*Greater Britain and Greater Ireland.*¹

PROFESSOR SEELEY's Lectures on the Expansion of England will well repay a careful perusal of the general reader. Their author is one who evidently has a full grasp of his subject, which he treats in a masterly way, as a philosophical historian, with lucid order, scientific analysis, and thoughtful comprehensiveness. His language and style are natural and simple, and at the same time vigorous and clear. The spirit in which he writes is temperate and impartial.

The object of the present notice is not to review these Lectures as a whole, but to call attention to a single point: and we say that interesting, original, instructive, true in the main, as may be the Professor's summing up of England's history during the past three centuries, and the forecast he gives of England's future, under the formula of her expansion into Greater Britain—there is one great flaw in his treatment of the subject, especially in what regards England's more recent expansion, and his augury for her future, which is that he leaves Ireland wholly out of consideration. This omission we conceive to be a great mistake, going far in the judgment of many, and it may be justly, to detract from the correctness of his premisses, the force of his argument, and the probable truth of his conclusions. To appreciate adequately this censure, it would be necessary to study carefully the Lectures; but as some of the readers of *THE MONTH* will not perhaps see the book, it may be well here to make a digression, and to state concisely their main thesis and argument. This for the most part we shall do in the author's own words.

The question raised is: What is the general drift or goal to which England as a State has been advancing during recent centuries, and what may we augur for her future? And the

¹ *The Expansion of England*. Two Courses of Lectures by J. R. Seeley, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, &c. &c. London: Macmillan and Co., 1883.

Professor shows that the tendency in English history for some well-nigh three hundred years has been towards the creation of a world-state, and laying the foundations of a Greater Britain, by the diffusion of the English race and the expansion of the English State into other countries of the globe.

The New World, suddenly laid open by Vasco da Gama and Columbus, had more than any other event the effect of controlling European affairs and of ruling and shaping the politics of the Western States of Europe, as well as of acting upon the several European communities, influencing their aims, modifying their occupations, developing their resources, altering their industrial and economical character, and transforming them severally from what they were formerly in mediæval times to their modern condition and rank.

In recent centuries the great struggle of the Western States of Europe has been for the possession of the New World. This has been the centre around which successively ranged their wars, and the focus to which their political aims more or less directly converged. The five States engaged in this struggle are Spain, Portugal, France, Holland, and England. Among these Spain and Portugal had the start by a whole century: Holland was in the field before England. There was once a Greater Spain, a Greater Portugal, a Greater France, and a Greater Holland, as well as a Greater Britain; but from various causes these four Empires have either perished or have become insignificant; and England is now the only considerable survivor of a family of great world-empires which arose out of the contact of the Western States of Europe with the New World, and she alone remains in possession of a vast and commanding colonial power.

The great central fact in this chapter of England's history is that she has had at different times two such empires. A hundred years ago, she had another set of colonies which had already a population of three millions. These colonies broke away, and formed a federal State of which the population has in a century multiplied more than sixteen-fold, and is now equal to that of the mother-country and its colonies taken together, and greater than every European State except Russia.

But so decided is the drift of England's destiny towards the occupation of the New World, that after she had created one Empire and lost it, she finds herself possessed of a second.

Excluding certain small possessions which are chiefly of the

nature of naval or military stations, this second Empire of Greater Britain consists, besides the United Kingdom, of four great groups of territory, inhabited either chiefly or to a large extent by Englishmen, and subject to the Crown, and a fifth great territory also subject to the Crown, and ruled by English officials, but inhabited by a completely foreign race. The first four are the Dominion of Canada, the West Indian Islands (among which may be included some territories on the continent of Central and Southern America), the mass of South African possessions, and fourthly the Australian group including New Zealand. The dependency is India.

The four groups have a population of about ten millions of English subjects, of European and mainly English blood. The total population of the great dependency of India, and of the native States which look to England as the paramount Power, is about two hundred and fifty-five millions.

In any inquiry into Greater Britain and its future, much more account must be taken of our Colonial than of our Indian Empire.

Now the question is: What is to become of this second Empire? Will it go the way of the first? Is the expansion of England but a transient development like the expansion of Spain? Will there be another great disruption, and will Canada and Australia become independent States? Or will the opposite of this happen, and will Greater Britain rise to a higher form of organization, and her world-spread nation and State live in the future as a moral unity? Will the English race, which is divided by so many oceans, making a full use of modern scientific inventions, devise some organization like that of the United States, under which full liberty and solid union may be reconciled with unbounded territorial extension?

In dealing with this question, the Professor goes on to show that because of the breaking up of the older world-states, or the loss of our first colonial Empire, we are not therefore to foredoom this second Greater Britain; since the more modern colonization, in its whole system and theory, is entirely different from what it was formerly; the guiding principles and constituent elements of colonies are wholly changed, so that the conditions under which they held of old to the mother-States, and which ultimately led to their disruption, are now removed.

Those former world-empires were but artificial fabrics, bound together by, so to say, mechanical ties; wanting organic unity

and life, and consequently they were short-lived and doomed to fall to pieces. Whereas the foundations of a second Greater Britain have been laid under entirely changed circumstances and conditions.

The United States have been the first to give to the world the example of a federal organization in which vast territories, some of them thinly peopled and newly settled, may be held in solid union, and the fullest parliamentary freedom with older communities, whilst from these a constant stream of emigration is being thrown off into the more remote settlements, for the common interest of the whole State.

Distance, moreover, formerly so grave an impediment to a Greater Britain, is so no longer, since science has given to the political organism a new circulation, which is steam, and a new nervous system, which is electricity.

Again, the most striking characteristic of Greater Britain, as contrasted with former world-states—and an element of the utmost importance for its future permanent strength and union—is, that this Greater Britain is an extension not merely of the English State, but also of the English nationality. An extension of the State without an extension of nationality may indeed increase political power, but it becomes precarious and artificial. Colonies, where this obtains, are regarded not as part of the nation-state, but as possessions belonging to it, and are held to it by considerations of profit and loss; whereas the tie which unites a nation to its colonies by the extension of its nationality is one of the natural order, full of strength, and analogous to the family bond.

The chief forces (says the Professor) which hold a community permanently together and cause it to constitute one State, are three—common nationality, common religion, and common interest; and when it is argued that Greater Britain is a union that will not last long, and will soon fall to pieces, the ground taken is, that it wants the third of these binding forces, that it is not held together by community of interest. Of this allegation he maintains the contrary. With regard to ethnological unity, he asserts the general proposition to be true, that as for all purposes the people of Great Britain and Ireland feel themselves to be but one nation, so, notwithstanding considerable abatements, Greater Britain is homogeneous in nationality. As to there being one common religion at home and abroad, he appears to take this as a self-evident fact, about which nothing need be said, and no question raised.

Hence he is disposed to take a favourable forecast of the future stability of Greater Britain, provided that wise legislation and provident State policy shape well the materials in present use, and build solidly on the foundations already laid.

Here our somewhat lengthened explanation ends, and we return to our particular point.

We have no desire, and it would be beside our purpose, to dispute either the truth of Professor Seeley's premisses, or the justness of his conclusions. The three constituent elements of union he adduces may exist in force and combination sufficient for all the purposes of his case to render the permanence of Greater Britain very probable in the future. This we do not presume to question. But what we remark as very strange in his argument is, that whilst he considers with so great impartiality the *pros* and *cons*, carefully sifting and weighing all the various elements and forces that make for or against a world-state's permanent union and strength on the one hand, and its weakness and disruption on the other—it is strange, we say, that in his application of all this to Greater Britain, he should pass over Ireland in utter silence, and leave her entirely out of account. This is the more strange, both because Ireland has borne so large a part, through the emigration of her people, in England's expansion during the present century, and also because, whatever abatement might have to be made in the complete internal union of the British Isles, must confessedly on all hands be laid down to the head of Ireland: in so far as many of the very same conditions of union between home-states and their colonies, which, according to the Professor's showing, were sources of weakness, leading ultimately to the dissolution of former world-empires, are rightly or wrongly, but with much prominent notoriety in recent years, alleged to exist here at home in the relations between Ireland and England.

It was perhaps on this very account that Professor Seeley thought it well not to bring a topic so burning, and rife with all the vexed politics of the day, within the calm precincts of the Academic Lecture Hall; or in his opinion Ireland did not weigh importantly enough in England's history and prospects for separate and particular mention or discussion. In any case, and for whatever reason, he omits all thought and account of Ireland, pointedly ignores and avoids all question of her, and this clearly he appears to do of studious and set purpose.

We shall illustrate the foregoing remarks from several passages in his lectures.

He says: "In the way of internal disturbance all that we find between 1688 and 1815, are two abortive Jacobite insurrections in 1715 and 1745."² He makes no allusion to the Irish insurrection of 1798, as though this were no internal and domestic disturbance for England at all. And yet later on³ he speaks of this event as a "terrible rebellion," when, with somewhat of apparent inadvertence, he contemplates Ireland as a source of probable strength to England's enemy, and consequently of weakness and danger to herself.

Again: in speaking of "the constant stream of emigration at present to the United States of America,"⁴ he seems to go out of his way to illustrate this, not by what is the more obvious and striking, viz., the emigration from Ireland, but by that from Germany. To the much greater and more remarkable emigration thither, which intimately concerns his "England," viz., that from Ireland, he never once alludes throughout his Lectures; though the matter he treats of would seem naturally to call for its discussion. In like manner,⁵ when referring to emigration from these countries, he chooses to contemplate emigrants from England only; though the greater number, perhaps, every year, and certainly immensely the greater number proportionally each year, and the whole aggregate absolutely in recent decades, are from Ireland. The number of Irish emigrants from 1851 to 1881 amounted to nearly three millions.

Many other passages might be adduced in proof of the Professor's emphatic silence with regard to Ireland.

It is quite true indeed that technically he includes Ireland in that England, which he describes as "an island off the north-western coast of Europe, with an area of 120,000 square miles, and a population of thirty odd millions;"⁶ and that he passes off what some would call his assumption as though it were a truism, that Ireland, equally with Scotland and Wales, holds together in union with England "by common nationality, common religion, and common interest."⁷ Whereas, in the opinion of far the larger portion of the Irish people themselves, the two first of these ties are certainly wanting, if not the third also. With regard to common religion, it is notorious on the

² P. 20.³ P. 33.⁴ P. 42.⁵ P. 60.⁶ P. 158.⁷ P. 50.

one hand, that England, Scotland, and Wales are Protestant, and Ireland Catholic; whilst it is very clear on the other that in the Professor's judgment these are two distinct and antagonistic religions, whose mutual rivalry equally with that of two distinct nationalities, is a source of weakness and disunion to a State; which he instances⁸ by the case of Canada, with its "Frenchmen and Catholics," and its "English and Protestants."

As to common nationality, according to their own thinking, "the inhabitants (of Ireland) are not in the main of the same nation as those of the dominant country, but distinct from it,"⁹ and hence, according to the Professor's reasoning, being "a subject or rival nationality, they cannot be perfectly assimilated, but must remain as a permanent case of weakness and danger."¹⁰ This is very much the general impression of Englishmen also.

A large proportion of the Irish themselves regard "the tie which holds together (Ireland and England) as parts of a nation-state, as an artificial one, composed of considerations of profit and loss, and, not analogous to the family bond."¹¹ They feel that Ireland is not and never can be "to England as Kent or Cornwall," but for all practical purposes is rather "an estate which is to be worked for the benefit of England."¹² They would say, too, that Ireland is that country pre-eminently, whence—though he might not confess to it—the Professor borrowed his comparison of the alien "absentee landlord who takes no further interest in his tenants,—still, though he gives nothing else, he at least gives the use of land, which is really his own, making at the same time a perpetual mortgage on their industry."¹³

We have culled the foregoing from among many passages in which the Professor describes the artificial conditions under which world-states formerly held together, and we have applied them *mutatis mutandis* to the relations so often alleged to exist here at home between England and Ireland. If a careful reckoning is taken of abatements that must be made to thorough unity and cohesion in Greater Britain abroad, it is unreasonable to pass over in silence whatever such abatements may be found in the nation-state at home, since its unity and strength ought, one would think, to be the foundation and test of the whole idea of Greater Britain as a moral unity and of the forecast of its future permanence.

⁸ P. 47.

⁹ P. 43.

¹² P. 65.

¹⁰ P. 46.

¹³ P. 69.

¹¹ P. 63.

Why absolutely ignore as beneath notice what all the world beside talks of as discordant elements in the United Kingdom? Their outcome, viz., the agitation of the last few years especially, has at any rate been influential enough to shape in great measure the course of English politics, to alter more and more the face and procedure of Parliament, and increasingly to modify or change the views of statesmen, as well as of large masses of Englishmen, not only on what regards Ireland, but on many social and domestic questions in England also. The same prominence may be asserted for the Irish question as the Professor records, though for another reason, of the American in the eighteenth century.¹⁴ "You would think that it was in Parliament that the Revolution took place. America is the great question of the Rockingham Cabinet, then later of the North Cabinet. The final loss of America is considered very important, because it brings down the North Cabinet."

May not this Irish question have somewhat of the same *pregnancy* that the Professor attributes to that of America?

We should have thought—considering the relation Ireland bears to the rest of the nation-state at home, and with its expansion through emigration abroad; considering too the prominence in which the whole question of Ireland is now placed—that it was part of his subject, as a philosophical historian, to take the question of that country into account. He might show, indeed, that it did not really affect his thesis or inferences, that it was exaggerated, superficial, ephemeral, unimportant, or what not; but it was hardly a matter to be ignored and avoided altogether. Since, if in a nation-state at home there is an element of disturbance threatening to affect its domestic unity, or the correlation of its parts, still more so perhaps would this have force abroad. And if there is a Greater Britain, there exists also a Greater Ireland, in which for the most part all the influential antipathies to England are multiplied and intensified.

Professor Seeley leaves it unnoticed, but a historian who treats of Greater Britain should not shrink from reckoning with Greater Ireland. Nor should he overlook the remarkable fact, or phenomenon we might call it, that this Greater Ireland is not only in full proportion co-extensive with England's expansion, but also that, greatly exceeding all due proportion, it extends beyond the limits of England's Empire, peopling and

¹⁴ P. 146.

strengthening a foreign State, in which it is growing more and more into power: that this Greater Ireland abroad still holds itself intimately united by the ties of a common nationality, a common religion, and common interests with Ireland at home, as distinct from England; whilst its opposition to England is deepened and intensified through the circumstances which brought about the enforced expatriation of so many of its people, as well as by the education and experience they have obtained in their adopted country.

Applying once more some words from the Lectures,¹⁵ the emigrants from Ireland have in one sense "carried their gods with them," whilst in another sense equally true they have "left them at home;" but that home is emphatically Ireland as distinct from England: and "they are in such circumstances as readily to find the courage, if only they have the opportunity, to stand out as state-builders, and the willing heart to sever themselves from English history, traditions, and memories, since undeniably England is a name which possesses for them sadly little attractive power." Whilst on the other hand their heart's affections cling fondly to the history, traditions, and memories of that island where their fathers lived for thousands of years; and Ireland is for them a name to which absence seems to lend even still more influence and charm.

According to the testimony of most of the Irish themselves, all those exceptional circumstances which Professor Seeley alleges as leading to the separation from England of its first American colonies have, *mutatis mutandis*, force in the case of Ireland and her emigrants.¹⁶

Events appear more and more to show to many thoughtful minds that in the long run England's future will be shaped and worked out in great measure, whether for good or evil, through Ireland, and that hence, proportionally, the prospects of Greater Britain depend, whether for good or evil, on the future of Greater Ireland.

Indications, moreover, are not wanting that the whole question of England's Colonial Empire will ere long be brought into greater prominence, and that the subject of its more complete unification must be practically dealt with.

An influential conference, as our readers will remember, was recently held in London, at which, besides many Peers, Members of Parliament, Officials and ex-officials of all political

¹⁵ P. 155.

¹⁶ Pp. 151, seq.

parties, were present the High Commissioner of Canada, the Agents-General of New South Wales, New Zealand, and the Cape, the Premier of Ontario, and many others interested in the subject and connected with the Colonies. The question, as the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., who presided, said, was now not: Is it well to keep our Colonies? but, How shall we keep our Colonies? The meeting unanimously passed the resolution: "That the political relations between Great Britain and her Colonies must inevitably lead to ultimate federation, or to disintegration, and that in order to avert the latter, and to secure the permanent unity of the Empire, some form of federation is indispensable." At the same time a provisional Committee was formed for the organization of a society by which schemes of federation may be considered.

Again, the action taken of late by the Australian Colonies, with regard to the annexation of New Guinea and other islands, is very significant, together with their adoption of the Sydney resolutions on the subject of federation.

It is evident, moreover, that the whole question is beginning to enter into an entirely new phase, and to wear another aspect than that simply of the correlation of England to her Colonies. Already it is assuming larger proportions, and taking its place among world-wide politics, for there are manifest signs of late that other European States are practically considering it. France and Germany are showing more than aspirations for *their* expansion also, and have been each of them recently taking new departures in the way of colonization and extension abroad, which must necessarily affect our own colonial policy.

And here we simply ask the question: In this vast matter of Imperial federation, which can be nothing less than the re-organization or re-settlement of the whole British Empire, has the Irish element no distinctive part to play? The cry for federation now arising abroad in our Colonies, and which finds its echo here at home, has long been heard in Ireland. Will it there receive any response? Or is it there alone to be unattended to, ignored, and silenced? We do not hazard a reply. The *Tablet*, we observe, lately expressed an opinion, that then it may with best chance be listened to from Ireland, when the question of the general federation of the British Empire is effectively brought before the attention of Government. Certain it is, events are bringing federation into daily increasing prominence, and that time will ere long give a decided answer.

We conclude by saying, that could the cordial union of Ireland with England be solidly achieved, what is wanting to the strength of the Empire, both at home and abroad, would in our opinion be securely established. For we believe that there is in Ireland, though of late overlaid and obscured by circumstances of accidental confusion, a latent power of traditional conservatism and conscientious law-abidingness (if we may use such a term) which, if only conciliated by just and generous measures, would go far to serve as a check on certain extreme radical opinions that are threatening in their downward progress the disintegration of all established and time-honoured institutions in Great Britain. The principles of religious faith and morality, so strongly rooted in the Irish character, would act as a safeguard against the decay and ultimate loss of all belief in Divine revelation and moral obligation, to which the contradictory tenets and the lawlessness of so many opposing sects continually expose our population. The acknowledged intellectual gifts, and the more spiritual tone, as a rule, of the children of Erin, would tend much to preserve the people of this island from descending to the level of a mere worldly materialism, to which their greater temporal prosperity and power so easily incline them. We need say nothing with regard to the increased physical and material strength that would accrue to the Empire from the cordial union of the two nations. Nor will we add a word in this purely secular article on those blessings of a higher order which such union, through the Providence of God, would procure for the extension and welfare of His Holy Church, and the influence and spread of the Catholic religion.

Quod faxit Deus.

The Catholic Triumph in Belgium.

AT the conclusion of the article entitled "Belgium under Liberal Government," in the March number of THE MONTH, we expressed a hope that we should have occasion to resume later on in the year the record of Belgian Liberal Government Administration in 1883, and "to be able to chronicle their total defeat in the coming elections of June, 1884."

The hope we then expressed has been realized beyond our most sanguine expectations. We may, we think, put aside the records of the Liberal Administration from 1883 until its downfall in June last. It is now a matter of the past, a painful, degrading page of Belgian history, one to be forgotten if possible, to be erased, let us hope, by the efforts and energies of her new Ministry. It will be more cheerful and consoling to start afresh with June 10, 1884, to record what has passed since then, and what has been done to restore peace and prosperity to the kingdom.

Before dealing with the Legislative elections of the 10th of June, it will be as well to turn back to those of the Provincial Councillors, on the 25th of May, as they furnished at the time unmistakeable proofs of the turn of popular opinion against the Ministry. One half of the Councillors of the nine Provinces had to put up for re-election, the other half having to await their turn in two years' time from then. The political feeling of the whole country is never truly gauged owing to the existence of this system of partial elections. Before the 25th of May the party strength of the Provincial Councillors was as follows: Liberals, 296; Catholics, 339. The Province of *Antwerp* stood thus: 44 Catholics, 26 Liberals. *Namur*: 23 Liberals to 37 Catholics. In *Hainault*, 80 Liberals and 8 Catholics. After the elections the forces were as follows: Catholics, 389; Liberals, 246. In *Antwerp* the Liberals lost their 26 seats, in *Namur* 10, in *Hainault* 6—giving to the Catholics a majority in the nine provinces of 143 seats, the

increase being nearly 100. The result of the elections taken as a whole was thus a crushing defeat for the Ministry, and augured but ill for their chances of success in the coming elections of June. With the exception of the Province of Luxemburg, where the Catholics lost three seats, their triumph was almost complete. Even in a suburb of Brussels—St. Josse-ten-Noode—the Catholic Independent candidates were returned with a majority of over 300 votes. This check to the Ministry proved how grossly they had miscalculated the working of their *Loi des Capacitaires*, a law they had originated in their own interest to be tried first at a provincial election, and, should it prove successful, to be put into practice at those of the Legislature. It will be remembered that this law threw open to all not possessing financial claims, the right of a vote on the passing of an examination before a jury composed of two Liberals and one Catholic, and upon subjects decided upon by Government through the Minister of Public Instruction.

The interval between these elections and those of June was spent by both parties in actively organizing their respective forces, in naming their candidates, publishing manifestoes, and carrying on a very violent and bitter newspaper war. At Brussels the first sign of the approaching collapse was given in the poll for the nomination of candidates by the Liberal Association. Its sixteen outgoing representatives sought reelection, and were returned as candidates by a vast majority of the Association, in spite of M. Frère-Orban's influence and efforts to bring in several of his own clique. The Progressionists triumphed completely over the Doctrinarians, the extreme Left against the Left Centre. Stormy scenes had repeatedly taken place in Parliament between these two strange component parts of modern Belgian Liberalism; hard words had passed too between M. Frère and M. Janson; and on more than one occasion the abstention of the latter gentleman and his friends had placed the Government in dangerous proximity to defeat. Neither of course trusted the other, and both were equally eager to rid himself of the other. The result then of this poll was another disagreeable check to M. Orban; he had sought, to the detriment of the Progressionists, to get in three safe and sure supporters. The Association, however, refused to fall in with his views.

The Catholic party in Brussels were not slow in following the lead given them by their adversaries. On the 2nd of June

they held a meeting, at which were present MM. Malou, Coomans, and Beernaert. This latter gentleman opened the proceedings, and naturally dwelt upon the split in the Liberal camp, discussed the provincial elections, and produced the list of candidates chosen to represent the Catholic Independent party. The publication of this list was received with immense applause, as indeed it deserved, containing as it did the well-known and popular names of the Comte de Mérode, Comte d'Oultremont, De Borchgrave, De Smedt, &c. &c. An address from the sixteen candidates was then read, in which the Liberal policy was briefly yet sharply reviewed. A brilliant speech from M. Malou closed the meeting. In one concise sentence he summed up the past legislation of his adversaries: "The existing Cabinet has always and everywhere had but one object in view, the interests of its party. Such an object is unworthy of the Government of a free country. I hope that, should the majority be favourable to us, it will be the honourable task of the new Ministry to restore to the citizens their rights, and that without wounding the legitimate rights of our adversaries."

Similar enthusiasm was manifested at the meeting held the same evening at the Independent Club, where resolutions were passed unanimously approving the list of candidates agreed upon by the Catholics and themselves. So formidable a coalition of interests and influences struck terror and dismay into the Liberal ranks. Their party was further split up by the coming forward of four Radical candidates, to whom many votes were sure to be given. The chances of the party, even if united, were greatly jeopardized by the list of popular candidates put forward by the Catholics and Independents. A leading Liberal organ wrote as follows, on learning who the candidates were: "For the moment, the question is not to know what the new direction of Liberal policy will be. The question is, to know whether there will be any at all after the 10th."

The political combination of Catholics and Independents at Brussels following immediately upon the Liberal rupture, produced a most wholesome and encouraging effect upon the Catholic Associations throughout the country. Confidence was everywhere inspired. At Antwerp a grand demonstration was held by the *Meetinguistes*, a name by which the Catholics are known. The outgoing members were put forward for re-election—MM. Victor Jacobs, Coomans, Guyot, Meeus, and Baron Osy.

The speech of M. Jacobs was the event of the day, and roused the electors to a pitch of the greatest enthusiasm. "The hour," he said, "is not one for repose. The situation is full of peril; the Government extends day by day its centralizing action, to the detriment of the liberty of provinces, communes, and individuals. The entire country is under the control of the capital. Everywhere it is the State that directs, controls, inspects, and superintends. Thus discord reigns everywhere, owing to this disordered meddling of the central power with local business and individual interests. . . . Discontent is universal. Whom has the Government satisfied beyond its brigade of school inspectors and masters? For them, indeed, nothing is too good. Are agriculturists likely to sing its praises? Is the national industry inclined to offer it wreaths? Will commerce send in its congratulations? It has succeeded in disgusting every one, and when disgust is universal, the day of deliverance is nigh."

The enthusiasm evoked at Antwerp was not slow in spreading—at *Namur, Louvain, Ostend, Nivelles*, the Catholics worked with a zeal and determination that increased the dismay in their adversaries' ranks. *La Flandre Libérale* wrote thus on the 4th of June: "It would be difficult to exaggerate the gravity of the situation of the Liberal party. . . . Rouse yourselves, Liberals of Antwerp, Bruges, Namur, and, alas! we must add—Brussels."

The appeal was a desperate one, but so was the situation. Liberalism was already downcast and half crushed. Confidence seemed to have left its chiefs, in vain their organs called upon them to rally their followers and retrieve the moral defeat they had undergone at Brussels. In vain they calumniated both Catholic and Independent candidates, in vain they exposed with bitter hatred and glaring falsehood the results to be expected from an overthrow of the Cabinet. In spite of all their efforts, they failed in stemming the tide of discontent and suspicion that had set in against them. On the other hand, the Catholic politicians and journalists were carrying on a vigorous crusade in every doubtful locality. They had little difficulty in framing an indictment that would carry with it conviction wherever they went, and to whomsoever they addressed themselves. Abuses, intolerance, usurpation of public and private liberties were to be found in every department of the Government, and had only to be parcelled out according to the interests and rights of the

audiences concerned. Every class of society, every trade and industry had been injured, one way or another, by the Liberal Ministry. Even the most intolerant of clergy-haters was beginning to find to their cost that the process of clergy-railing and school proselytizing was an expensive one, and was dipping deeply into their pockets. So palpable had this truth become, that several moderate Liberal organs openly urged upon the Ministry the necessity of reducing these items of expenditure. The advice came late, and at a moment when it was impossible to carry it out.

We must pass over the few intervening days, important as they were to the interests of the elections. We must however mention the brilliant series of leading articles in *Le Bien Public*, in which it exhorted its readers to grasp the importance of the situation, and so do their duty to their God, their children, and their country. The *Courier de Bruxelles*, the *Patriote*, and many others, exerted themselves indefatigably to expose the Liberal falsehoods which were plentifully scattered throughout the country, and to put before their readers the true interests of Church and country. The *Patriote*, a new venture in the Catholic cause, soon distinguished itself by its combative qualities, proving itself a very scourge to the Liberal party, sparing none, exposing many a case of jobbery and double dealing, and unearthing many a plot against Catholic institutions and Catholic privileges.

On the 9th of June the Liberal Committee made a last effort of reconciliation with the Radical candidates, in the hopes of getting them to withdraw. The negotiations happily failed.

We must now turn to the eventful 10th of June. We shall not endeavour to describe the scenes that took place at the various polling places throughout the country. They were full of feverish excitement and anxiety. However, the painful uncertainty was soon put an end to. Before three in the afternoon the overthrow of the Ministry was assured. What followed later on in the evening is generally known. There were disgraceful scenes, if not rioting, on the part of the Liberals in Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent.

We will take the election list in its alphabetical order. The Province of *Antwerp* comprised three towns and their districts: *Antwerp*, *Malines*, and *Turnhout*. At *Antwerp* there were 8 vacancies, 7 Catholic and 1 Liberal. Both parties put forward 8 candidates. The entire Catholic list was returned by

a majority of nearly 1,500 votes. At *Malines* and *Turnhout* the Catholics were returned without a contest. Thus in this province there was a gain of one seat to the Catholics.

The Province of *Brabant* includes the towns and districts of *Brussels*, *Louvain*, and *Nivelles*. In the capital there was a vacancy for the Senate. M. Allard, the Catholic candidate, secured it with 9,311 votes to 7,924. For the House of Representatives there were 16 vacancies, that number of Liberals seeking re-election, opposed by an equal number of Catholics. Three Radical candidates also put themselves forward. Here again the entire Catholic list passed with a majority of 1,300 votes, thus securing a gain of 16 seats or 32 votes. Among the Liberals thus thrown out were M. Van Humbeeck, author of the Educational Law of 1879, and M. Buls, the Mayor of Brussels.

In *West Flanders* the Liberals lost *Ostend*, their only seat in the province, and thus the whole province returned Catholic members. In *Luxemburg*, the most Liberal province of all Belgium, two seats were gained by the Catholics; and in the Province of *Namur* they wrested three from their Liberal adversaries.

So crushing, overwhelming a political defeat had never occurred since the proclamation of the country's independence in 1830. It is the more remarkable when we take into account that the half of the country called upon to vote was comprised of provinces (omitting that of *West Flanders*) known for their Liberal tendencies and principles. Beaten at *Ostend*, where Catholics had never before been able to succeed, beaten at *Marche*, and *Neufchateau*, beaten too in their very stronghold, *Brussels*: beaten again at *Namur* and *Nivelles*, where a Cabinet Minister, M. Olin, was ejected, again at *Philippeville*, again at *Dinant*, the strong Ministerial majority was swept away by the votes of some of their staunchest supporters, by the towns and communes they trusted most. Significant indeed as these victories were, still more so do they become when attention is paid to the fact that two Cabinet Ministers and four mayors were among the rejected candidates.

Nothing remained on the 11th of June of the proud Liberal majority so often invoked by M. Frère-Orban as representing the country in the laws and measures he forced it, willing or unwilling, to pass; it had disappeared, swept away by the honest indignation felt by an electoral body at the series of corrupt laws and party measures put in force to retain its hold

over the country. The six electoral reforms passed by the Ministry during the six years they had oppressed the country did not succeed in calming, even among their own strongholds, the rising storm of dissatisfaction and disgust which their policy had engendered. They had held to their programme of centralization, they had for six years monopolized all power and privilege, and had abused both. They had carried out a system of ingenious and odious persecution of Catholic communes and Catholic institutions, they had introduced an educational system that was intended to crush clerical influence in their schools, and that forced upon every town, village, and hamlet the expense of providing and maintaining a school wherein religion would be taught and God be respected; while in most instances their own schools were left to crumble and decay, and the ground where they stood to grow green with springing grass, leaving many hundreds of the schoolmasters and mistresses almost entirely unoccupied. For the maintenance of such a work they employed recklessly the country's finances, totally neglecting every other interest, every other industry. This pernicious and extravagant law ended its existence with inflicting upon the country a deficit that, since its promulgation, had increased until it reached the enormous total for 1884 of 25,000,000 francs.¹

After having thus ruined their country financially, and squandered its hard-earned resources upon an obnoxious, impious, and impracticable law, after having carried on a bitter and irritating warfare against the religion of two-thirds of the population, they at length found themselves face to face with an election. They had sown the seeds of a civil and religious warfare throughout the land, they had failed even to keep together their own followers. Dissension set in, and the Cabinet was doomed. As a ship adrift, whose crew is in mutiny, and the sea heavy and boisterous, founders through the incapability of her officers, through the mutiny of the crew, and through the violence of the opposing waves, so foundered the Liberal Government by a just retribution for their misdeeds.

They fell, regretted by none, respected by none. They left nothing behind them but sad traces of incompetency and discord. Their sole legacy to their successors was a heavy

¹ In 1860 the Educational Budget (the law of 1842 then being in force) was fixed at 6,783,349 francs, the number of attendances being 515,000. In 1881 (under the law of 1879) this Budget had risen to 32,518,372 francs, the number of attendances had fallen to 340,000.

financial deficit, a six years' record of taxation, persecution, and abuse of the constitutional powers intrusted to them.

The Cabinet formed by M. Malou to meet and remedy so responsible a task was composed as follows some few days after the elections :

Minister of Foreign Affairs	M. de Moreau.
„ Public Works. Agriculture	M. Beernaert.
„ Justice	M. Woeste.
„ Railway, Telegraph, Post .	M. Van den Peereboom.
„ Interior and Public Instruc- tion	M. Jacobs.
„ War	General Ponthus.
President of the Council. Finance .	M. Malou.

The House of Representatives was composed of 158 members, thus divided — 85 Catholics, 21 Independents, 52 Liberals. The Senate necessarily had to be dissolved, as it still possessed a small Liberal majority. The official journal, *Le Moniteur*, of the 18th of June, published the decree of dissolution, fixing the date of the new elections for the 8th of July. The Senate as it then stood was made up of 37 Liberals and 32 Catholics.

Pending these elections, it will be interesting and instructive to follow the intermediate action of the new Ministry up to the meeting of Parliament. Our authority is ever the official *Moniteur*, which in the absence of Parliamentary sittings speaks for the Cabinet.

On the 18th of June M. Woeste wrote the following letter to M. Laurent, a Professor of the University of Ghent, who was charged by the late Ministry with the work of revising the country's civil code. The work had made very considerable progress, Part III. having appeared, and, of course, fully satisfied the Ministry. Here is the letter :

Sir,—The new Cabinet has the intention of withdrawing the project of the law submitted to the deliberations of the Chambers, containing a scheme for the revision of the Civil Code. I have, in accordance with this decision, given orders to suspend the printing of this work.

It appeared to me advisable to communicate this intelligence to you without delay, in order that you may make your arrangements accordingly.

Accept, &c.,

The Minister of Justice,

WOESTE.

This letter was naturally stigmatized as brutal and insolent by the Liberal Press. But to those who knew that the work was animated by a bitterly hostile spirit against the Church and the civil rights of the religious orders, this timely suppression of the new code could not be considered otherwise than a positive duty on the part of the new Government.

The *Moniteur* of the 18th of June contained a Royal decree transferring the duties of Minister of Public Instruction to the Minister of the Interior (M. Jacobs). This decree was a significant one, and, pending the re-assembling of the Houses, left little doubt on any mind as to the fate that awaited the educational law of 1879.

Another decree, signed by the whole Cabinet, appeared in the *Moniteur* on the 25th, addressed especially to the officials employed by the State. It reminded them that they were, as citizens and individuals, free to vote as they liked, and to send their children to what schools they pleased, and that in so doing they need not fear any official interference whatever. On the other hand, they must refrain from taking any active part in elections, or mixing themselves up with one or other of the contending parties.

The Ministry were by no means ill-advised in calling the attention of State officials to what concerned them as to their duties as citizens and those belonging to the State that employed them. Since the 10th of June the Liberal papers, headed by M. Frère-Orban's organ, *L'Echo du Parlement*, had started a vigorous crusade of unscrupulous party charges against the new Ministry. They accused the new Cabinet of deception, intrigue, and intolerance, and this although scarce fifteen days had elapsed since the Ministry had been formed. Yet the charges were framed as if the responsibilities of the last six years' administration were theirs. Then the Royal decree warning the officials not to meddle with politics, yet openly telling them they were free to vote as they liked as citizens, was stigmatized as a threat. The suppression of the post of Minister of Public Instruction was described as an unconstitutional act (although its creation was not considered so), and its arbitrary character was pronounced worthy of a Ministry who were in the hands of clericals. They had forgotten, forsooth, that they spoke to a people who had seen, felt, and for five years been victims to a Minister of Public Instruction who had swollen the national budget beyond all reasonable

proportion, and had monopolized the entire increase of a taxation which was provided to meet the extravagances and absurdities of his policy. But, in the absence of evidence, even such charges as these were employed to blacken a Ministry whose only acts, as yet, were to take office and restore political order pending the meeting of the Chambers.

As the day fixed for the Senatorial elections approached, the tone of the Liberal press increased in bitterness and licence. Its position certainly was a desperate one. Were the electoral body but to repeat their vote of the 10th of June, Liberalism was virtually extinct for some years to come, save through its venomous and abusive newspapers, which now exerted themselves to throw every sort of ignominy, shame, and dishonour upon those whom the country had elected. This very press had, on the 11th of June, thus given their impressions of the 10th, and its results to the Liberal party :

L'Indépendance.—"C'est un cyclone."

Etoile Belge.—"Le parti Libéral est battu si pas abattu."

Flandre Libérale.—"La victoire des Catholiques était prévue, mais elle dépasse et de beaucoup les prévisions les plus pessimistes."

L'Echo du Parlement.—"C'est plus qu'un effondrement, c'est un désastre."

But now it completely changed front, and, pending the result of the poll, forgot the confessions forced upon it in spite of itself, and sought, though it sought in vain, to restore hope and confidence among its beaten and disorganized followers.

As the Cabinet of M. Malou had not yet time or occasion to declare its policy, the Liberal Press, with questionable disinterestedness, was ready to do it for them, especially as it was itself in want of a political cry. One had to be invented. What better one than that the new Ministry were going to impose a tax on bread? The absurdity of it never struck the inventors: the people would take it up at once, that was sufficient. A deficit existed, it had to be met, and how? with a tax on the poor man's loaf. So said the Liberal placards, as well as electioneering programmes.

In a meeting of the Conservative and Catholic Association of Brussels on the 28th of June, Monsieur Beernaert, Minister of Public Works and Agriculture, thus repudiated this malicious and cruel falsehood. "The Liberals have started another falsehood, on which they speculate somewhat heavily. We,

yes, we, who have ever opposed taxation upon articles of consumption, we are about to raise one. And on what? on bread! . . . According to *L'Etoile*, this tax is to bring us in 50,000,000 francs. *L'Echo du Parlement* goes beyond and puts it down at 83,950,000 francs. Thus a loaf that costs fivepence to-day, will be sixpence to-morrow. . . . Under present circumstances we should be more than mad if we raise the price of bread, not ten centimes (= a penny), but even one. Agricultural interests have suffered too heavily. It is this interest we must care for and watch over. . . . We have pledged ourselves to put an end to what even the friends of the late Administration called ridiculous educational outlay. We have for ever done with the system of education that has cost the country 70,000,000 francs. In consequence we must and will decrease the expenditure."

On Sunday, the 29th, the Catholic Constitutional Association held its meeting at Ghent, when the candidates for the Senate issued their address. Ghent had not taken part in the last elections, its turn having to come in two years time, and therefore much interest was excited about the elections for the Senate.

Liberal energy and invective were everywhere astir. M. Rolin was busy at Ghent, M. Bara at Tournay, MM. Van Humbeeck and Graux at Brussels. On the 3rd of July it was known that the Liberals had resolved not to contest the towns of *Antwerp, Bruges, Ypres, Louvain, Namur, Dinant, Neufchateau*. Even M. Bara, late Minister of Justice, spoke thus discouragingly to his constituents at *Tournay*: "I have no need," he said, "to rouse your Liberalism by fallacious promises, by hopes that I cannot entertain and that you would not share with me."

The verdict of the country bore out the truth of these words with a faithfulness that must have been painful even to M. Bara's modesty. The Catholics now hold 41 seats to 28 in the Senate, not including two towns where balloting had to take place.

The result was satisfactory enough; it had placed the Senate in political harmony with the country, and proved conclusively that the people were with the new Ministry. The triumph at *Ghent* was a grand one, those at *Verviers*, at *Soignies*, and at *Ath* were also more than satisfactory. But in the capital and at *Nivelles* the electoral verdict was inconclusive. In the former town the Catholics had not only failed in maintaining their late

majority, but had fallen short of the requisite number of votes for the return of their candidates. At *Nivelles*, a similar case occurred. So serious a change of front and of political ideas must have astonished most diplomatists and electioneering agents. It must, however, be observed that at least four hundred Catholic voters abstained from polling, owing in some cases to a feeling of over-confidence as to the results, while in others the getting in of the harvest proved an obstacle. Again, the advanced Radical section, which had opposed the Ministry of the 10th of June, now voted in a body against their successors. Above all, the Municipal Council of Brussels was entirely devoted to Liberalism. It will be our duty before bringing this article to a conclusion to deal with this Municipality and its official behaviour towards the Ministers. We need only remark here that since the downfall of the Frère-Orban Cabinet, open rebellion against the authority, unchecked licence of the Press, were permitted in the capital. Infamous and lying political placards were allowed daily to be paraded in the streets, to be sold in public thoroughfares, and encumber the boulevards and highways. So serious had this system of wilful misrepresentation become, such a hold had it gained on public opinion, that the President of *La Fédération des Indépendants*, Baron Greindl, and the Vice-President of the *L'Association Conservatrice Constitutionnelle de l'arrondissement de Bruxelles*, Baron Jolly, wrote a letter signed by them both on the 11th of July, to M. Malou, asking him for an official contradiction to the reports in circulation, that the Government intended to raise the price of bread, to put a tax on corn, and to suspend all public works in the capital. M. Malou replied on the same day, and gave an emphatic denial on behalf of himself and Cabinet.²

² Appended is the correspondence in question :

Monsieur le ministre,

Bruxelles, le 11th juillet 1884.

Le gouvernement n'a pas cru devoir démentir par la voie du *Moniteur* les projets qu'on lui prête d'établir un droit sur le pain ou sur les céréales et d'arrêter les travaux publics dans la capitale.

Malgré les déclarations précises de deux de vos collègues, nos adversaires persistent dans leurs affirmations.

Un mot de vous, monsieur le ministre, comme chef du cabinet, couperait court à tous ces mensonges.

Nous espérons que vous voudrez bien nous l'adresser.

Veuillez agréer, monsieur le ministre, l'assurance de notre respectueuse considération.

Le président de la fédération des Indépendants,

Baron GREINDL,

Le vice-président de l'Association conservatrice et constitutionnelle de l'arrondissement de Bruxelles,

Baron JOLLY.

A Monsieur J. Malou, Ministre des finances, à Bruxelles.

The opening of the newly-constituted Houses was fixed for the 22nd of July. On Monday, the 21st, the usual *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral Church of St. Gudule in the presence of their Majesties the King and Queen, the entire Cabinet, and the Courts of Cassation and Appeal. This was the first occasion since 1879 that the responsible Ministers of the Crown took part in this prayer to God for light and assistance upon the important business before them.

On the eve of the opening a circular from the Minister of Justice appeared in *Le Moniteur*, addressed to the Governors of Provinces, and dealing with the *Conseils de Fabrique des Eglises*. These are Councils, existing in every parish for the administration of the temporal concerns of the Church, composed of the curé and some half-dozen of the principal parishioners. The decisions of the Council have to be signed by the Mayor and approved of by the Members of the Permanent Deputation.³ No opposition being met with, the accounts pass and are approved of. Under M. Bara, however, matters were seldom so satisfactorily concluded. Was a bequest for Masses to be said made by a dying person for the benefit of his soul, the amount always appeared to M. Bara excessive, and a Royal decree was launched, intervening, and allowing the Council to accept perhaps a third, the residue to return to the family or relations, in the absence of either to the State. Did the village church stand in need of repairs, outside or inside, no matter how trifling, or did the curé want a new chasuble or

Monsieur le président,

Bruxelles, le 11 juillet 1884.

Déférant au désir exprimé par votre lettre de ce jour, j'ai l'honneur de confirmer, au nom du cabinet tout entier, les déclarations catégoriques faites par plusieurs de ses membres.

Le ministère n'a nullement l'intention de proposer l'établissement d'un droit quelconque, soit à l'entrée des grains étrangers, soit sur la farine ou sur le pain.

Loin d'arrêter les travaux qui intéressent la capitale nous avons déjà concouru à les activer.

Convaincus que le bon sens public ferait justice des mille bruits faux répandus chaque jour, nous avons cru inutile de les démentir par la voie du *Moniteur*. C'eût été attribuer à des billevesées une importance qu'elles n'ont pas.

Je souhaite, monsieur le président, sans oser l'espérer, que nos adversaires politiques aient la loyauté de renoncer désormais à de pareils moyens.

Agréez, Monsieur le président, l'assurance de ma considération très-distinguée.

J. MALOU.

A Monsieur le baron Jolly, président de l'Association conservatrice.

A Monsieur le baron Greindl, président de la Fédération des Indépendants.

³ A Council chosen by the Members of the Provincial Council from its own body to look after the interests of the Province, and which is in frequent communication with the Governor of the Province.

incense-boat, the Council had to sit and decide, and its decision had to be endorsed by M. Bara. If perchance the Commune was obstinate on the school question, or the curé zealous, as was generally the case, in filling his Catholic schools to the detriment of the official school, the request was sure to remain a very long time under consideration. We know of a case in a very small village church where the organist was employed as sacristan. His yearly stipend for both functions, when added together, was considerably under 1,000 francs (£40). The Council voted him an increase, not a very extravagant one, of 80 francs (£3 4s. 2d.) a year. Small as it was, he was not destined to receive it. M. Bara heard of this Commune, heard of the poor humble sacristan whose children frequented a Catholic school, and M. Bara sent them a *Royal* decree forbidding the Council to give the increase and the sacristan from receiving it. The *Moniteur* at that time contained many similar cases. With this little digression we must return to M. Woeste. He cancelled the numerous circulars and decrees of his predecessor, and directed the law to remain in force as it was before M. Bara's assumption of the post.

In the Senate, as in the House of Representatives, the business done on the 22nd was the verification of powers, constitution of *bureaux*, and validation of the elections. On Wednesday the 23rd the Ministry laid before the House two projects. The first was for the re-establishing of diplomatic relations with the Holy See; the second that of a new Education Bill. The House then adjourned until the following Tuesday, to give time for study of the two measures proposed. M. Moreau, Minister of Foreign Affairs, brought in the first, M. Jacobs the second, notifying in so doing that it was the intention of the Government to proceed at once with it and to pass it into law as soon as possible.

The following extract of M. Moreau's explanation of the reasons for the introduction of his Bill will be read with interest :

For more than half a century, whatever had been the political vicissitudes of the country, Belgium has ever maintained its diplomatic relations with the Holy See. In 1872 a vote for the suppression of the credit in the Budget for our Legation at Rome was proposed, but after a long discussion was negated by 63 votes to 32. In 1880 these relations were broken off under circumstances the remembrance of which will never be effaced. Since then the Opposition on many occasions

testified its desire for the re-establishment of these relations, and its intention of so doing should it ever come into power again. . . . A few days after the constitution of the new Cabinet, his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State took upon himself the initiative with an official communication expressing the feelings of great affection His Holiness had ever entertained for Belgium and his ardent wish to see diplomatic relations reopened. . . . With the King's sanction we at once associated ourselves with the wishes of the Holy Father, being convinced that we were the faithful interpreters of the desire of an immense majority of the people.⁴

No words of ours can convey an idea of the thankfulness of the vast Catholic majority at this prompt and loyal act of love and reparation towards the Holy See. The shameful rupture of 1882 was felt to be a disgrace and ignominy weighing heavily upon the country, forced upon it by an unscrupulous and intriguing Cabinet in open violence to the people's Faith and principles. That the first Parliamentary measure of the new Cabinet should be one of justice and homage to the spiritual Head of their country, who had been so grossly insulted by their predecessors, surprised no one. The Act was a bold and uncompromising one. It was a clear index of the policy about to be pursued, a policy in which reverence for the religious belief and principles of the country was to form a leading feature.

It is now time to turn our attention to the educational project submitted to the House on the 23rd of July, and since voted by it and the Senate, with a few unimportant amendments. In submitting it to our readers we will take it in the form in which it received the royal sanction on the 20th of September.

In the reasons for the introduction of the Bill, the history of the country's educational system and measures was concisely given. Our space will not possibly allow us to follow the right honourable gentleman's researches so far back as 1830. We must content ourselves with beginning with the year 1842. M. Jacobs thus speaks of the law then passed by his friends, and of that passed in 1879.

The law of 1842 was to a certain extent a law of centralization. . . . The law of 1879 was a law *à outrance*, and in its application the very text of the law was surpassed. It was the State that determined at

⁴ *Documents Parlementaires, Chambre des Représentants, Session extraordinaire de 1884*, p. 12.

its will the number of primary classes, guardian and adult schools, in each commune; it was the State, too, which determined the number of masters, who instructed them, who nominated them. The School Budget was fixed by the State. . . . In 1842 it was possible to establish an educational system applicable to the whole country, but a measure of this kind is impossible in 1884. A system of centralization could not now have any other result than that of imposing on one or the other parties that divide the country, the ideas of the other. This cannot any longer be thought of. The Belgian Catholics have suffered too cruelly the heavy weight of the law of 1879, to think for one moment of imposing a similar burden upon their opponents. If we desire, I do not say to satisfy every one, for it would be childish to imagine this possible, but to respect the interests of each, so far as is possible, the State must abandon direct school management.⁵

M. Jacobs then goes on to say that the English system, under certain reserves, appears to offer the most favourable solution of the difficulties of the educational question in Belgium. Here we may very well allow the law to speak for itself.

The law as voted comprises seventeen Articles or clauses. Briefly condensed they are as follows:

Article I.—In each commune there must be at least one communal school. The commune may adopt one or more private (or free) schools, and in this case the King may exempt it from the obligation of establishing or maintaining a communal school. This exemption however can never be accorded if twenty fathers of families having children at an age capable of attending school, demand the creation or maintenance of the communal school for the instruction of their children, and if the Permanent Deputation gives its approval to the claim.

This article is a very wide departure from the law of 1879, Article II. of which places in the Government's hands the absolute right of fixing the number of schools and school-masters. Now the commune alone is to exercise this control, the Government only imposing upon it the obligation of having a school, be it either the communal one or an adopted one. The second clause, relative to the interests of the minority, the twenty heads of families having children of an age capable of attending school, seems to us likely to be entirely one-sided in its application. No possible satisfactory results can accrue to the Catholics from it, and an immense deal of mischief. It

⁵ *Ibid.* pp. 4, seq.

will work well enough where the commune is Catholic, when it can suppress the official school and adopt one or more free schools, according to its requirements. If twenty really conscientious Liberals are to be found to demand the assistance of the commune, it will not be grudged them. But reverse the case, and take a commune that is Liberal. Here, of course, the official schools remain intact with their masters and mistresses as under the law of 1879; but what is the Catholic minority to do in this case, if Article I. gives but the power of demanding a *communal* school, just the very school they want to avoid? The rights of a Catholic minority are in this case simply *nil*.

Abuses, inefficiency of schools or instructors, will be met by the Government with a suppression of the State grant. The age of children frequenting school, and on whose behalf their parents are entitled to demand another school, is fixed at from six to fourteen years. The Permanent Deputation has to examine into and weigh these claims, and then submit them to the Minister for final settlement.

Article II.—The primary communal schools are under the control of the communes.

The Communal Council determines according to the wants of the locality their number and that of the staff of teachers.

The Council likewise determines in case of necessity the establishment and organization of guardian and adult schools.

This article puts an end to all the extravagant and absurd expenses forced upon the commune by the law of 1879, inasmuch as the commune alone has anything to say to the number of schools required. By the law of 1879 the Executive had decreed the foundation of a school where and when it chose, and forced the commune to provide the funds, ground, &c.

In the discussion that this article underwent, the question as to whether the instruction was to be gratuitous or not was thus solved by M. Jacobs: "Gratuitous instruction must in all cases be supplied to the poor, but it must not be general, otherwise the commune must bear the expense."⁶

The following are the cases as reserved to the interference of the Executive: "If the number of class hours is excessive or

⁶ August 12, *Annales Parlementaires*, p. 129. By a circular of the Minister dated the 21st of September, the school fees are not to be less than 5d. or more than 1s. 8d. a month.

the reverse, if the books are insufficient, if the schools are unhealthy, if the number of schools or masters is not in proportion to the requirements, if the rights of minorities are not observed. In these cases the weapon of subsidies becomes the efficacious sanction of these implicit obligations."⁷

Article III.—Poor children are to be educated gratuitously.⁸

The communes see that all those not frequenting a private school or one under inspection, attend one or the other. A list is to be prepared annually by the commune, in conjunction with the Charity Committee, of the children so attending, and the fees to be given to the schoolmasters to be decided by them.

Article IV. deals with the subjects to be taught: writing, reading, and arithmetic, weights and measures, the elements of French, German, and Flemish, according to the requirements of the parish; needlework for girls, gymnastics and an elementary agriculture for boys.

The communes are free to give to this programme what extension they may think advisable.

The communes may put at the head of their programme religious and moral instruction in all or any of their schools. This instruction is to be given at the end of school.

If twenty heads of families request that their children be dispensed with the obligation of assisting at the religious instruction, the King may at their demand oblige the commune to organize one or more special classes for the use of these children. If, notwithstanding the request of twenty heads of families, the commune refuses to include religious instruction in conformity with their views in the programme, or raises obstacles to the class being given by the minister of the religion concerned, the Government may themselves adopt a free school to meet the purpose asked.

Thus it depends entirely upon the vote of the Communal Council as to whether religious instruction is or is not to form a part of their official programme. If it decides in the affirm-

⁷ *Annales Parlementaires*, August 14, p. 173.

⁸ They are thus classified (1) Those children whose parents are in receipt of parochial assistance; (2) the children of workmen who have but a daily uncertain work; (3) orphans, &c.

ative, then the instruction is left by the law in the hands of the curé.⁹ The law in no way forces the commune to fix an emolument; it is free to do so or to refuse it.¹⁰

The religious feelings of a minority are safe-guarded by the clause that forces the Council to provide a special class to meet their special wants. The situation assumes a more serious aspect should the Council refuse to the religious principles in question a place in its official school programme. Then, on the demand of twenty fathers of families not being faithfully carried out, the Government itself steps in and establishes one or more schools, according to the number of this minority. This article, so far as the religious question is concerned, is as well adapted for the present state of the country as human ingenuity and political fairness can allow. Religious instruction is forced on no one, but it can no longer be refused to the humblest and poorest with impunity. In such large towns as *Brussels*, *Liège*, and *Ghent*, where Communal Councils have ever been anti-Catholic, and where for so many years the religious welfare of a numerous minority has been neglected and even tampered with, the dishonest legislation of the past is happily at an end.

M. Jacobs, speaking on this point, said: "We desire that the convictions of every one be respected, unless in so doing the majority be deprived of a complete harmonious instruction. The commune can, in the manner I have explained, establish an instruction more or less religious (confessional). It can, moreover, do so with head erect, as under the law of 1842, not with head bowed and half in hiding, as it was compelled to do under the law of 1879."¹¹

Article V.—The schoolmaster must lose no occasion of inculcating in those confided to his care the principles of morality, the duty, and the respect owing to their country and its national institutions. He must carefully abstain from all attacks on the religious convictions of the families whose children are confided to his care.

M. Jacobs, in his explanation to the Senate on this point, thus defined the bearing of moral instruction on education: "Practical morality does not need a class; it is not even a branch of instruction; it is not in such and such an half-hour

⁹ The religions recognized and subsidized by the State other than the Catholic, are the Protestant, and Jewish.

¹⁰ M. Jacobs, August 16, *Annales Parl.* p. 319.

¹¹ *Annales Parl.*, August 16, p. 319.

that it has to be taught, but at any moment, at every moment, when the opportunity occurs."¹²

Article VI. deals with the subsidies given by the State, the commune generally having to provide one half, the State and the Province the other. Pensions, &c., concern the last two.

Article VII. gives to the commune the power of dismissing, and suspending schoolmasters, provided the sanction of the Permanent Deputation is obtained.

A second clause deals with the salaries of the staff. A third fixes the pensions to be accorded to those who, serving under the law of 1879, are discharged of their functions under that of 1884. After a given length of service, the pension is never to be less than half of the salary given when in active work.¹³

Article VIII. throws open the post of schoolmaster and schoolmistress to all Belgians or those naturalized as such, to bearers of diplomas from public training Colleges, or from private ones under inspection, and to those who had passed an examination for such a post before a jury nominated for such a purpose.

Under the law of 1879 a royal dispense might be obtained, and we regret to say was very often obtained, to the detriment of many Catholic diploma bearers.

Article IX. lays down the conditions under which a private primary school might be established. It has to be conveniently situated. Half of its staff to have received diplomas or passed the examination alluded to above. The class hours must not be less than twenty a week, independently of the time devoted to religious instruction.

Article X. brings us to the inspection of schools, which is put under the complete control of the State, but does not extend to religious instruction. In every province there is to be at least one Inspector, having under his charge cantonal sub-inspectors. These latter have to visit at least once a year all the schools established in his district. Once a year he is to assemble the schoolmasters and mistresses of his canton, and subsequently submit a

¹² *Annales Senat.*, September 10.

¹³ A Royal decree dated the 21st of September gives the following scale :

(1)	After five years' service, or below,	half the salary.
(2)	" " "	and not more than 15 years, two-thirds.
(3)	fifteen "	three-fourths.

report to the Inspector-in-chief. He in his turn is to assist at least once a year at these conferences, and to visit at least once in two years the schools in the province. The school must necessarily take part in the annual examinations in order to receive the Government grant. This State inspection in no way interferes with the right of the communes to appoint a communal inspector.

Article XI.—The State, the province, and communes may found Training Colleges.

Article XII.—The organization of Training Colleges is under Government control, and every pupil is assured absolute freedom of conscience.

Article XIII.—The Training Colleges of the provinces and communes, or private ones, will not receive grants unless submitting to inspection.

We may pass over Articles XIV., XV., XVI., XVII.

Such, in brief, is the Educational Act of 1884. With the exception of Article I., it bears the impress of a loyal and patriotic desire to treat the question in a fair and impartial manner. It sweeps away in a very great measure the gross abuses and cruel intolerance that marked the Act of 1879 and its working. It will be the effective means of disburthening many hundred Catholic communes of the pecuniary sacrifices entailed upon them by the late party legislation, it will allow them for the future to determine what their own actual requirements really are, and how they are to be met with in the interests of their own inhabitants. Of course there is, and we are afraid there ever will be, a reverse to the medal of educational legislation in this country. There will be many, very many, communes in which Catholics will scarce feel any beneficial result from the passing of this Act: beyond of course that provided by Article IV., which gives them the claim to the right of having religious instruction provided for their children and given by their own priests; but beside this they will still be forced either to keep up at their own expense their free schools or to send their children to the official one in the hands of a Liberal Council or presided over by schoolmasters of Liberal opinions. Article I. gives to a Liberal minority the power of forcing a Catholic commune to open and maintain a communal school for their own special benefit, and this immense power is based upon no religious scruples whatever.

There is no clause within the whole Bill that gives to a Catholic minority the same power. This we humbly venture to think is a sad and deplorable omission. Article I. might have been so drawn up as to protect both minorities in the face of opposing majorities. The continued and heavy sacrifices imposed upon and so bravely borne by the organizers and supporters of Catholic free schools merited a warmer appreciation and a more favourable consideration in the great question of National Education when under the consideration of a Catholic Ministry.

We must now turn once more to the Parliament, and see how this important measure passed through the two Houses.

Before a Bill can become law in Belgium, it has to be examined by members of the House divided into sections. Having passed through this ordeal, it is to be discussed in open House, and if voted is sent up to the Senate for approval. The royal signature is then the only formality requisite to make the Bill law. In the sectional discussions the Bill was voted by the first, second, third, fourth, and sixth sections; in the fifth it was thrown out by 9 against 8, one member refusing to vote.

On the 5th of August the first symptoms of Liberal street political warfare became visible. A crowd of some two or three hundred hungry malcontents assembled before the Parliament House and howled at and insulted the Catholic representatives and Ministers as they entered. The following day the threatening attitude of the Liberal mob outside the House, and elsewhere, towards the Catholic deputies, assumed such serious proportions that M. Jacobs announced to the House that in the event of the Bourgmester not doing his duty in a more energetic and satisfactory manner, he would give the Governor of the province authorization to call out the military. But, as he had received the assurance that order would be maintained from two of the Sheriffs, he would suspend such orders.

M. Bara, on this, brought forward a vote of censure against the Ministry for this threat of violence and usurpation of the communal authority. It was, however, negatived by 81 against 39. We much regret that M. Jacobs allowed himself to be persuaded by the assurances of the two Sheriffs, for had a little firmness and resolution been shown at the beginning of these anti-Ministerial demonstrations, the boldness and insolence of the rioters would have cooled down considerably.

On Sunday, the 10th, the capital was the scene of two very formidable demonstrations, Catholic and Liberal. It was certainly a very dangerous thing on the part of M. Buisson to allow the two hostile parties to march about and parade, as only continental politicians can, within almost arm's length of each other. Order was maintained, however, and credit for its maintenance, on this occasion, must be given to M. Buisson.

On Tuesday, the 12th of August, the general discussion of the Education Bill was opened, M. Jacobs previously informing the House that the Royal Training Colleges of *Thuin*, *Dinant*, *Virton*, *Bouillon*, and *Ypres* were suppressed, towns whose educational population were entirely insignificant. On Saturday, the 30th, the Bill was voted in the Lower House by 80 against 49. On the Sunday following, the streets of Brussels were again the scene of a Liberal demonstration protesting against the passing of the Education Act. Once more order was maintained, although insulting cries and placards were not wanting to rouse the temper of any hot-blooded Catholic. The petition was handed in at the Palace to an aide-de-camp to the King. His Majesty was at Ostend, preferring the healthy sea breezes there to the heated atmosphere of the capital. In the evening the usual Liberal courtesies were gone through before the Ministerial offices and those of Catholic journalism. A counter-demonstration by the Catholics was at once decided upon. Its organizers held interviews with M. Buisson, who promised the demonstrators the same protection as he had secured for the Liberals on the 1st of September. Their route would be kept by his police, and they might rest assured that no opposing element would be allowed to encounter them. Supporters of this demonstration gave in their names in great numbers, and over 50,000 were enrolled by the 4th, and on Saturday the number had risen to 83,000 with over 200 bands of music. On Sunday, the 7th, the capital was fairly filled at eleven o'clock by Catholic deputations, arriving at every minute, and taking up the posts assigned them; 10,000 came from *Antwerp*, 6,000 from *Ghent*, 2,000 from *Bruges*, 2,000 from *Tournay*, 4,000 from *Liège*. Every one carried in his button-hole the national tricolour, red, yellow, and black. At all the approaches to the different railway entrances were compact masses of Liberals, each armed with a heavy stick and a very powerful shrill whistle, which he never forgot to use. From the moment of their arrival it was evident

to the Catholics that an attack on them was in preparation. The vast majority had come expecting nothing of the kind, and were therefore ill-prepared to receive it. Long before the procession was formed organized raids were made upon the bands of music and bearers of banners, men of course powerless to defend themselves, instruments were battered, drums kicked in, and banners torn and thrown to the winds. At two o'clock the procession started, and passing the Boulevard Hainault, opposite the Bourse, was simultaneously assailed on both flanks by a Liberal force. The onslaught was so sudden and so well arranged that the procession was cut at once into two. The front portion being separated from the rear was powerless to defend itself, cramped in its movements, and pressed in on the flanks and centre, while a perfect storm of blows from loaded sticks, life preservers, and leaden gauntlets was rained down upon those offering the slightest resistance. The Civic Guard, who were stationed here in force, and whose officers could not have been in ignorance of what was in store for the procession, neither protected the attacked nor arrested the aggressors. A second ambush assailed them further on, near the *Marche aux Poulets* and in *La Petite Rue au Beurre*. The fighting here was very severe, but in spite of a vigorous defence, the line of procession was again broken and thrown into confusion. Repeated attempts were made to re-organize the procession, but totally unaided and unprotected by the police, cut up into numerous sections, separated from its leaders, the procession had to disband. A certain number of members of both Houses, together with some influential leaders of the Catholic clubs, found their way to the Palace and presented their address. By six o'clock the streets were entirely in the hands of the Liberal rabble. Early in the afternoon, offers were made by the Cabinet of troops to the Bourgmester to enable him to maintain order; this offer was refused, M. Buls declaring that he was competent to preserve peace and tranquillity. How well this official succeeded may be imagined from the fact that it was half-past four on Monday morning before the last section of the Catholic procession was able to reach the railway station, and then only under armed escort. We must remember that the disturbance commenced about eleven, and had become general by two p.m., not only in one street or boulevard, but everywhere where the Catholics passed; that the rioters were not solely composed of noisy, drunken groups of men of the

lowest class, paid to howl down the clergy with cries of *À bas la Calotte*, but of well organized bands of respectably dressed individuals. And this was the reception offered by the capital to 83,000 of its fellow-countrymen, who had come there to declare their adherence to the country's Ministers! So scandalous a scene within the walls of a capital, where civilization is supposed to flourish, can only find a parallel in the days of the Paris Commune. The 7th of September will never be forgotten by the Catholic party, it will be remembered as a day when political honesty and ordinary courtesy had no place among their adversaries, a day when the Municipal authorities of the capital seemed to mistake their own fellow-countrymen for a horde of savage invaders, and treated them accordingly.

We must leave this painful topic to speak of the Educational Bill, which was being very rapidly passed through the Senate. It was voted on the 10th of September by 40 against 25. The Royal signature was now alone required for it to become law. This was not given until some days later. Meanwhile the disturbances in Brussels continued unchecked in their violence, and even extended to personal insults on the King and Queen. Daily tumults took place in La Grand Place, before the Palace, seditious cries and pamphlets were sold freely through the streets, insulting portraits of the Ministers and clergy were exhibited in the shops, vulgar and coarse political cartoons were exposed in every kiosk. In the offices of *La Chronique* a coarse and revolting series of political sketches was daily exposed to the gaze of the thousands who throng the galleries of St. Hubert. During all this the police were inactive, and the Mayor and Council were issuing proclamation upon proclamation inviting "the good townsfolk" to remain calm and tranquil under the provocation of the measure just passed. The Ministry seemed unwilling to act or to interfere with the powers of the Municipal authorities, for until the Act was signed by the King, manifestations were not illegal in themselves, though the way in which they were carried out was most decidedly so.

The *Moniteur* of the 21st of September contained the Educational Law in full, with the signature of the King. The date fixed for its being put into force was the 2nd of October.

With the royal assent to the Bill, order was soon restored, the Ministry making an example of a revolutionary paper, the

National Belge. The editor and sub-editor, found out to be Frenchmen, were served with notice to quit the country they had disgraced within twenty-four hours, and since this date the editor has joined the staff of the *Intransigeant* at Paris. From this safe distance he still continues to throw mud upon the Ministry.

In conclusion, we may say without exaggeration that in spite of the discouraging communal elections of Sunday, the 19th of October, in spite of the continued disturbances provoked by the Liberals, the present position of the Catholic party in Belgium is a brilliant one. The Ministry has gained much since the 10th of June in the eyes of the country by its moderation and firmness. It has already given proofs of its earnest desire to improve the agricultural interests of the country by the creation of a Ministerial Department to watch over and advance its progress. It is daily pushing forward public works for the good of towns and communes; and now being practically free of the education question, it can give its energies and an increased share of public money to the development of interior communication and other schemes long neglected by their predecessors.

On the working of the great Act with which the Catholic Cabinet of 1884 will for ever be associated, it is at the present moment impossible to give a decided opinion, and this for the very important reason that the communal elections are fixed for the 19th of October, and upon their results depends the influence and working of the Act throughout the country.

Finally, we congratulate the Ministry on the important measures, and the re-establishment of relations with the Holy See, with which it has so honourably commenced its career, and hope that it will soon see itself in a position to perfect the great Educational Act of 1884, in spite of an Opposition that has given such lamentable proofs of its want of patriotism, its hatred of order, and its contempt for religion and the Constitution to which its members have sworn allegiance.

AUSTIN G. OATES.

Sketches of African Life in British Guiana.

PART THE FIRST.

THE following rough sketch of life in an African village is the result of quiet personal observation extending over many years of residence among the people. I do not propose to enter on any elaborate analysis of the excellencies and defects, the characteristic qualities, the origin in the past or the destiny in the future, of the coloured race. I am merely going to draw a simple picture of them as they are in their own homes, and of those marked peculiarities which have often been described, and too often caricatured or misrepresented.

The Africans as a class of people are exceedingly simple in their manner of acting and in their mode of expression, especially when their betters have not spoiled them by their vicious ways or bad example.

They are invariably cheerful, good-natured, and often merry, have a fair appreciation of dry humour, and are fond of fun. They are hardly ever over-anxious or weighed down with grief, while troubles, come as they must to all, sit lightly upon them.

They are, moreover, though passionate at times, on the whole of a kind and even disposition, and, though often exceedingly noisy and excited, so that they seem at first to breathe fire and vengeance, they draw no blood, strike no blows, threaten much, look excessively savage, and all is over—no malice whatever remaining in their minds, no rancour or vindictive feeling taking possession of their hearts; ready to fight one moment, and at the next to share their food together. In fact, and it rather redounds to their credit than otherwise, they are in this respect more like unto overgrown, querulous, excitable, children, than full-grown powerful men.

Some stress, certainly, should be laid upon the fact of the ready spirit of pardon the African possesses; on his willingness not only freely to forgive, but also readily to forget, for, while it contrasts wonderfully on the one hand with the disposition of many of the wild native tribes of America, on the other it puts

to deep blush self-sufficient people of European Christian nations, who pray in the best of prayers for forgiveness, but seldom themselves are very ready to forgive, reminding us of Shakespeare's words, so beautifully put in Portia's appeal: "We all do pray for mercy, and that same prayer should teach us to render the deeds of mercy."

Again, our African friend, though perhaps not always very demonstrative, is faithful, affectionate, and warm-hearted, and cherishes the remembrance of his friends. When, for instance, a poor Congo Catholic, once a slave, old and infirm, will come some distance to welcome back a priest after some years of absence, and will shake his hand with evident emotion, and then, within the same half minute, will, as a favour, beg "to shake de hand again," it shows much genuine feeling and warmth of heart.

In the appreciation of religion and its sacred truths the Africans are not wanting, and when not blown about by every wind of false doctrine, they become simple, sincere, and practical Christians, or, to use a non-Catholic phrase, a God-fearing and church-going set. Not long since, a black boy, quite out of breath, ran up to a priest, and stumbled out, "Fader, can boy ever be too big for to serve God? Isaac Neptune and Prince Simon both say me too big for serve Mass." When young black boys get such good thoughts in their heads, and ask such serious questions, quaint as they may sound, it shows at least that there is some good modelling clay from whence to mould the solid Christian man.

The history of the African in these parts, and how he gained a footing on the soil, or came to British Guiana, is generally known, or if not, is quickly and easily told. In the dark days of slavery, or, as the black man drolly puts it, "In de Old Testament time," white men of many nations looked upon their fellow-creatures of the dark-skinned race as mere living animals, or live labour instruments, with bodies to be beaten, but no souls to be saved, and teased them as if they were lineal descendants of the long-tailed monkey tribe, living on hard nuts and sleeping up high trees, quite to the mind of Darwin and his brethren.

In these sad days, then, when the poor African was first stolen from his people—then bought, then sold again—a great slave traffic was carried on for a length of years between the vast desert continent and South America, including many of the

West India Islands captured or claimed by the European powers. Hither the poor Africans were brought from many parts of their own dear land, or kidnapped upon the shore, and stowed away like live stock or mere living cargo in the wretched vessels bound from east to west. Each West Indian planter of sugar, coffee, cocoa, or of cotton, had supplied to him the number of negro slaves he required or stipulated or paid for, and the poor creatures, who melted the saintly heart of a Peter Claver and other zealous souls of his own heroic stamp, would find themselves consigned to the tender mercy and often most cruel care of wicked and immoral masters, and hard-hearted and not less wicked drivers, to end their days for the most part in ignominious slavery and total religious ignorance.

Often indeed, as tradition tells us, the poor slave fared right well, was happy, content, and cared for, so much so that this question has been sometimes asked, and not so summarily answered: Was not the African slave of old a happier man than his free and lazy descendant of to-day? Without even entering into the question, or troubling about the answer, this much we may say with truth—that whatever happiness the poor slave enjoyed in those days was but accidental, and depended much upon the humanity of the master, and still more upon the kindness of the driver, and certainly was not the result of his fallen and degraded state. Thus we see how the black men of Africa got footing, and, in part, possession of the soil, and became in time a large portion of the population of British Guiana.

And now that slavery has passed away, and has become a mere part of history, forming indeed a dark and dismal blot on the historic page; now that the black English subject can sing to his heart's content, "Rule Britannia! Britons never shall be slaves;" now that he is his own master and depending on his own means, what has he done to show his appreciation of the utter change of events, or how has he corresponded to the blessings of emancipation?

It may, and must be said, severe as the saying may sound, that the poor African has done very little, nay, next to nothing, in bettering his condition, or in advancing his social position in the land. He has not used his liberty or freedom to the advantage of himself, or for the benefit of others, or for the general good. With many inducements before him, with good laws to protect him, a free government to encourage him, and

many a white man of means to assist and patronize him, to say nothing of his own health and strength to back him, he has failed to correspond to these advantages, but has remained very much in a "statu quo" condition.

And whence comes all this? It comes from his own unwillingness to work, from his utter distaste for labour. It comes simply from the fact that he will not submit to be a labouring man in the ordinary sense of the word—that is, he will not put in a week's honest work, for out of six days he cannot, as a rule, be induced to labour more than three days or four at most. We speak here especially of the out-door country labouring class. True enough, right well he works during those few days, making more show, and doing much more work in one day than a Coolie Indian will do, or can do in three; but this fact speaks not in his favour, but rather against him, and confirms the argument that he might do much, and gain much, and prosper well, if he could but put his shoulder to the wheel, or his hand to the plough, and not keep looking back. And what becomes of the other three days, or balance of the week? They are spent in lazy lounging, or in listless sleep. He has earned nearly three dollars for his three days' work; his wife may or may not get some more, but he is idle until his money is all gone, and hunger comes again. Then he gets up, bestirs himself once more, claims, or clamours for fresh work to do, or food to eat.

He does not, we must frankly own, leave his work and go off, as the enlightened Englishman, the religious Scotchman, or the merry-hearted Irishman will do, and that for weeks together, on some drunken spree or bout. Civilization has not as yet put so many kind temptations in his way, nor, as in most English towns, has she built public-houses all round him, till he feels like "frog in the middle, and can't get out." His temptations here are not to drink, thank God; at the present it is not his besetting sin, or predominant passion, but laziness may be, and it looks very like it. However, he may possibly say, *Audi alteram partem*, and be tempted to push forward a specious argument or so, contending that when Holy Job in his anguish cried out, "Man is born to labour, as the bird is made to fly," he did not mean to say man must be ever suffering or at hard work, nor the poor bird always on the wing. I, he may add, as a free-born British subject, have full right to arrange my own times of honest labour and hard work; and he may push his argument further still, and say, that he,

unlike the rest of men, does not want to be great or rich during his short, transitory life here below; he has no ambition to purchase lands and thereon to raise high houses, or to possess shops and prosper therein, like the good industrious Portuguese, or even the poor pagan Chinese do, nor, like the Indian Coolie, does he care for cattle, or cows. Why should I, he argues, work the whole week through, all hot and weary, to gain such things as these? I, he says, am more simple in my tastes and thoughts, more spiritual in my desires; give me enough to eat and drink, and wherewith to be clothed, and I am both content and happy, a free, unfettered British subject, born under an English flag, and sitting under my *neighbour's* fig-tree, or lounging in the sun. Or again, he may continue, why should I make my short existence miserable here below to gain a few luxuries of life, to have a house and then a bright brass knocker on the door, and electric bells to boot, and within to be surrounded with gold mouldings, curtains, choice pictures, sofas, Turkey carpets, Indian mats, and a round table with a thousand useless trinkets on it for servants to dust and children to destroy. I am above all these things. Leave me alone; don't tease me with such trifles. I am free, and I wish to be unfettered.

Now, whatever be our dark friend's argument, or his plea for uninterrupted liberty and love of holy poverty, if so he puts it, or his noble scorn of the world's great gifts and little trifles, or his preference of three days' sluggish inactivity to three days' honest invigorating work, quite certain it is that his arguments one and all, weak or strong, wise or worldly, will gain no hearing, much less favour, in this nineteenth century of everlasting push and perpetual progress, of money making and of money taking.

But more seriously our friend may say that after all said and done, there is no encouragement for him to labour and work his way up the social scale, or educate his children well. He can never attain to the priesthood, the law is locked against him, as a physician men would not trust him with their precious lives or livers, and if he tried literature, no one would read his books.

Here let us meet him with a flat denial. Propaganda will point with pride to many an African priest, learned, eloquent, and holy. Law can show forth many an able lawyer, and some perhaps as much qualified as a Blackstone; while the medical

profession has turned out not a few, but many, clever and skilful doctors. But of course, for all this, much long, patient study, and dogged perseverance is required, and here is just where the difficulty comes, and where ambitious effort is so much needed. Let, however, the African say what the great St. Austin, whom some insist was an African himself, once said, in a matter, it is true, of greater moment, "Why cannot I do what others have done before me?"

But there rests this one other point, deserving a moment's thought, and perhaps suggesting some excuse. May not this utter dislike to work be the outcome of those long years of cruelly inflicted labour in the dark days of slavery? or in other words, may not this laziness or inactivity be a necessary reaction after long years of hard endurance? A generation and more have passed, it is true, since the last slave was whipped or chained, and the horizon is as dark as ever.¹ Perhaps in a third, or may be a fourth, a bright light will shine forth, and things become marvellously changed, and bright days come, and an African be the successor of our much-esteemed British Governor, or an African Catholic Bishop be appointed by the Pope, or a Cardinal Negronati appear among us in these parts as Legate from His Holiness.

Before we study our African friend himself, we must have a peep at his home, or a sketch of his dwelling, see how and of what it is built, and what earthly treasures he has hid away therein.

Lord Bacon made a hard hit at architecture when he said that houses were made to dwell in, and not to be looked at. The architect, of course, retorts and says that they can be made for both, and art and utility may go hand in hand. However, Bacon's words fitly apply just now, for the Africans' house is certainly built to live in, and not to be looked at. This one thing, however, may with truth be said in reference to their little buildings, that none of them offend in any one point any rule or canon of architecture, nor, on the other hand, do they run counter to any of the laws of true construction. And this is saying for these small houses what many a London house of greater pretensions could not say for itself.

The houses here are all built of wood, like to Noah's ark of old, though, considering the heat, luckily for the inmates,

¹ Slavery was abolished in 1834.

not pitched within. They are built of wood, simply because there is neither stone, nor brick, nor lime out here to build with.² The framework of the buildings are of the hard woods of the colony—Wallaba, or Green Heart, or Mora—though pitch-pine for that purpose is finding a ready market now. The frame consists of squared uprights, some five to seven feet apart, morticed into the sill below and into the roof-plate above, standing about ten feet high. To this an ordinary pitched roof is added. The sides of the building are boarded round with white pine or American lumber, the colony possessing no cheap, soft material suitable for the purpose. The posts or uprights are visible within, but not offensive to the eye. Where their means allow of it, the whole of the building is shingled with thin splittings from the Wallaba tree, a wood easily yielding to the cleaving axe, and from its resinous properties impervious to rain. The roof is likewise shingled; and all this shingling work, be it said to the credit of the craft, is done in a most masterly and workmanlike manner. This style of work has, moreover, a pleasing effect, and although the shingles are of a dark, deep red when first put on, in a very short time they become reduced by the sun's bleaching power to a pale ash colour.

The size of the houses, sometimes not exceeding ten feet square, depends much upon the length of the little family, but more upon the depth of the poor man's pocket.

Of window openings there are plenty; of panes of glass there are none, for wooden shutters keep out the rain and extra sun during the day, and shut us off from the exterior darkness of the night, keeping out, or trying to do so, a host of winged insects, mostly of the mosquito family, who claim a night's lodging at the expense of all thin-skinned comers and delicate children. The doors of the mansion are fairly framed, but most roughly finished, made of the coarsest timber, all alive with evil or angry-looking knots.

Some little love of ornamental art peeps out or manifests itself in the carving of the barge-board, to use an English-Gothic term, or that piece of slanting wood covering the edge of the roof-boards at the gable end. This board is often well designed

² The Dutch, our former colonists, made an excellent hard building brick, as their bridges and some other structures help to prove. The secret seems to have partly died out with them. Rent out the colony to the Americans, for a fortnight say, and bricks made on the spot would be in the market to-morrow afternoon!

and ably executed or cut out, though the design is never original, for the African here, unlike the aboriginal Indian not far distant, is not a designing character—take the expression which way you will—and, as a rule, exhibits but little art or originality. An Indian would carve his paddle, and scratch cunning devices on his drinking-bowl, decorate his goblet, and the Kensington Loan Museum would covet and catalogue paddles and drinking-bowl, goblets, and all, while the African out here would never dream of scratching a line or making a curve or colouring a straw.

These small African buildings, like their more favoured rivals in town, stand or are stilted some two feet or more above the mud floor on which they stand—thus preventing them from being floated away when the rain-floods come, though often in the country the houses stand for days quite isolated, on account of the waters all around them.

When the space below the house—call it basement—is to be turned to use, the house is stilted much higher, thus affording shelter to the pig and goat and feathered live stock, and also furnishing useful storage room for wash-tub and board, pestle and mortar, and other useful domestic articles; open, however, on all sides to the four winds of heaven, and open also to the serious objection of being a receptacle for all manner of useless lumber and unwholesome rubbish, in the shape of old bones, cracked bottles, plantain stalks, and cocoanut husks, to say nothing of broken ware of all sorts and sizes, of noble or ignoble usage.

Wooden steps lead us to the door, always in the centre of the building. No knocker is there, much less a bell; besides, the door is always open, so in you go, and quickly a black lady of cheerful countenance, of fair weight, it may be, and of ample form, welcomes you; and quickly, too, run from her big basketful three or more of her smiling little ones, all fresh and dripping from the soup-bowl, ready to shake your hand, or show you how much they love you—*volens volens*.

You take a chair, if chair there be; if not, removing some sharp fish-bones, for obvious reasons, from some inverted box, you take a seat thereon, and intend to talk and be amiable at once; but lo!—before you are quite conscious that Cinderella has soiled your hand with her soup-stained fingers, you have been sent in spirit some four thousand miles and more away, for straight before you a pictured screen has brought you face

to face with England's Prime Minister, or the Princess Alice, all smiling at you, or you are gazing in disgust at the fat ox that gained the last cattle prize, and muttering to yourself, "Cruelty to animals," and then a house all burning, or a sinking ship, till the longitudinal and transverse sections of an exploded boiler arrest your attention. And then the last newly elected Member of Parliament is there; not, by the bye, the one that should be elected, to help on and study the interests of the Demerara colony, to speak eloquently about sugar duties or its planting, and to please them much by pronouncing emphatically all beet-root to be poison. Our colonial representative is not there *as yet*; but other things there are, from the last discovered piece of Roman pavement to the *Illustrated London News'* everlasting game of chess, where White has the advantage, and checkmates in three moves. All this is mixed up too with Sunday and other readings, and pasted over here and there with the yellow oval advertisement from off the pale ale bottle, or pretty paper circles from empty cotton reels.

Recovering from your distraction on returning from your distant wanderings, and being more or less ashamed of your rudeness, you try to atone for it with her ladyship, who, with mouth and eyes wide open, has been gazing on you all the time, and you politely ask her where she got all these pretty pictures from, expatiating at the same time on her great taste and love of art. "Me, massa," she answers; "Missy gib them me when me went down to Georgetown to wash de house out for she. To tell de truth, missy gibe me more, but rat eat him, and eat piccany's prayer-book too, one time; rat he too bad, massa." Being a bit of a linguist you understand her well, and of course are much concerned about the book, when little Fungus, catching up the last note, comes up and says: "Rat, bad rat, eat up me prayer-book! Rat he too bad!"

Now wiping your greasy fingers and begging fair Cinderella to keep her little hands off your knees, and double if possible her distance, you continue your personal observation or house inspection. Should you be a bit of a naturalist, it may amuse you and distract you once again to follow with your eyes the long-legged marabunte as he wings his way past you, and rather too close for your liking. He is busy some five feet or more above your head building three, four, or even more mud houses, some circular in form, like the dome of St. Paul's, wherein to lodge his shortly-expected family. In and out he flies, bringing

each time a tiny daub of mud, the building material of his choice. Before, however, he has quite finished his dome, or sealed it up, he introduces a slender green worm, to serve, it would seem, as larder for the children when they become conscious of their blissful existence, and when they feel the pangs of hunger. This species of marabunte is called often the mason bee or fly, on account of its building powers, or propensities. You must not disturb the marabunte in its work, for wasp-like, and true wasp he is, he will sting you sharply, causing much pain and perpetual remembrance, as the writer of these words can verily testify. Indeed, with some the sting brings fever. If tired of gazing above, cast your inquisitive eyes below, and there you may see a long meandering line of little ants in Indian file moving quickly towards the mangled carcass of a lately departed cockroach, and actively employed in disjointing his every limb and carrying off tit-bits for their children's supper.

Or again, without much scrutiny, you may perceive at no very great distance from you a spider of gigantic size, measuring from three to four inches or more from leg to leg. Kill him not, even if you can, for he is to be encouraged and not destroyed. He is a useful domestic scavenger and murderer of all intruding cockroaches; besides, he is not aggressive, and turns out of his white silken bag at times two hundred piccanniny spiders to carry on his useful trade later on in life.

These insect-things may at first interest some Europeans, while no doubt to many they are always unwelcome visitors and horrid vermin, but after all said, that is not the worst of it. Snakes, even camudi snakes, have been known to take refuge in these houses with full intent to murder; while the centipedes of smaller build are by no means exceptional or welcome visitors. But the good stout landlady, while she draws the line at serpents and centipedes, is large-hearted and extremely hospitable, and her house is "Liberty Hall" for bats and bees, butterflies and birds, should they ambition to build or abide therein.

The sleeping apartment of these small dwellings is divided off from the sitting-room or hall by the pictured or canvas screen, and contains a bed spacious enough for the "Seven Sleepers" of Martyrology renown, or almost as large as the big Bed of Ware, for it fills up the whole space, though probably the screen is made to shift or budge a bit when night-time comes, for the benefit of the slumberers. The sitting-room is not devoid of furniture, and generally possesses one pet

piece in the shape of a half-polished side-board. This a Curiosity Museum might almost covet, for it contains an odd variety of things, from the greasy bent candlestick to Rebecca's brass crushed thimble, while there are also to be seen cracked cups without saucers, glasses blue and red, inverted tumblers of all sizes and of divers thickness, varnished calabashes and painted crab-backs, slips of dried orange-peel, wide-mouthed bottles containing green-heart seeds, nuts, and curious roots, all of much supposed medical virtue. There too lies young Pompey's last prize-book, all torn, and tempting the rats. There her ladyship's black pipe; while as far as the surface space allows of, little ornaments of men and women in pot-ware, such as grace the mantelpieces of the poor in England, stand about unconscious that baby has knocked off all their heads. So much for the well-furnished side-board. A large locked box below contains, neatly folded up, the entire wardrobe of the family, saving what is just then and there upon their backs and shoulders.

Water goblets, of Indian make and classic form, stand two and three together on the window-sill or on the ground. A stick or so of curious curve, or the "supple Jack," or an umbrella stick of ancient date, stands up in the corner. A chair or an accommodating box is there, and not unfrequently an antiquated sofa without the stuffing, having once seen better days in much bigger houses. And the Tamarind rod is there, or its strap-like equivalent, ever free from dust and cobwebs! Furthermore, the lady of the house may have imprisoned in a tin cage a noisy parrot, and if her fancies so incline her, she may have, moreover, increased her family circle by the addition of a little monkey, chained to prevent him doing as much mischief as the baby. Poor Rebecca's glass beads were given to the copper-coloured Indian in part exchange for master monkey. So much for the room and its contents.

Now making to the door, and descending with care and caution the three or more wooden steps, all strewn with empty cotton-reels and children's toys, and rendered dangerous on account of mango-stones and slippery plantain-skins, and rendered, by-the-by, far more dangerous still when her ladyship of some sixteen stone joins company with you. You light with one foot upon an inverted frying-pan, the other upon a brick! while the living sixteen stone makes a decided impression in the mud! and then, all freed from fear, you turn round to survey the premises, or garden grounds—generally called "yard." There is not

much care or culture here, the piling long since has paid the penalty of being wood, and has been partly changed into fuel to keep the pot a-boiling, while unscrupulous neighbours have stolen much for similar purposes.

Pumpkin-creepers may be seen straggling all about, bearing at intervals their heavy fruit, and climbing up bush or broken branches placed there to dry the clothes upon.

A few sugar-canes may group themselves in some odd corner, nodding to the wind, and tempting strange boys to come and taste and try how sweet they are, for it is the only *cane* that gives them any consolation in their younger days.

There, too, the bright-green plantain luxuriously flourishes, sending forth with such vigour its long, split silken leaves, quite gigantic in their size, waving them in the wind or gracefully bending them at the slightest breeze, while from each succulent stem a huge and heavy bunch of finger-shaped fruit in profusion hangs.

Of tropical plants there are few to compare in general beauty of foliage to the plantain and banana, producing leaves so large and green and yet so delicate and graceful.³ These two plants, though of the same genus, seem to possess the same specific difference we recognize between the hard winter or baking pear and the soft summer jargonelle. The banana has something of the flavour even of this latter fruit, while the other is rather in taste like a raw potato, and like it cries out loud for cooking. The plantain consequently ranks as a vegetable; the banana as a fruit. The plantain, moreover, is the African's main support, the corn of this country where wheaten corn will not grow.

But to return to our garden. Some cocoanut trees grow there too, leaning all about, for unlike most of the palm-tree tribe, they persistently refuse to grow upright.

Where industry is at work many other things can be made easily to grow. For instance, cassava, from whence bread and starch is made, yams, purple and white, sweet potatoes, all yellow, and no relation whatever to the European potato, tania, garden eggs, ochros, black-eye peas, &c.; but the African does not show his industry that way, or make the most of the good things God has given him, so unlike in this respect is he to

³ A plantain leaf will measure ten feet in length and some eighteen inches in width. A good bunch of plantains is as much as a man can easily carry. Its value is from a shilling upwards.

the thrifty Frenchman who turns all things to good account, and as the saying is, will make an excellent soup of a few *stones*, provided you give him a little piece of meat and a herb or so to flavour them with.

To procure, however, some of the more dainty plants for dinner use, or flavour purpose, much trouble is taken and wonderful preparations are made. Every empty box or oil can, every leaky saucepan, or broken pot, or spoutless jug, or damaged vessel half hidden and of suspicious origin, is preserved, and one and all they are all brought together, piled upon boards, and supported by barrels close to the steps filled with well-nourished earth, and then planted with the pot-luxuries of African life. There grows the red pepper and yellow pepper, tomatoes, parsley, thyme, celery, and sage, tufts of lemon grass for fever purposes, cochineal plants for cooling poultices, aloes, and a host of little herbs, as fancy might demand or taste or cookery require. Nor are bright and forest flowers neglected: they too fix their delicate roots in many an empty biscuit box, sardine or salmon tin, and the choice rose-bud or pink is picked from these and placed in David's button-hole when he takes his walk on a Sunday morning, thinking of his soul, or goes on Monday evening to the dignity ball in town, thinking of something else!

We have done the house, sleeping rooms, steps, and all, and the gardens too, with the vegetables and dinner herbs, pots and pans. But where is the kitchen? for we have seen no trace of it, nay, not a chimney-pot in view. Answer: There is none. But little Cinderella had her fingers deep and dirty in a round calabash of soup, when so persistently she shook your hand and soiled your clothes. Whence came that delicious soup? Not indeed from a kitchen range or patent gas stove, it is true; for we have to inform our readers that out here all ordinary cooking is done in the open air, and by means of a simple coal-pot, manufactured, we are told, in Birmingham, and made and expressly exported for the out-door-cooking race. The coal-pot in form is somewhat like a huge squat iron egg-cup, having its base or stand open, to allow free draught of air. A grating divides the cup from this stand or base; live charcoal (for no coals have we) is laid upon the grating, and then comes the meat-pot or fish-pan, then the food, and a little fanning does the rest. Now, the fire fairly lighted, into the saucepan, like into Macbeth's witches' cauldron, all manner of things are put.

First, the skinned plantains go toppling in ; then follows by way more of flavouring than of food, a quarter of a pound of salt fish, or it may be a piece of pork instead ; then red peppers are brought, and a voice doth say, " Put that in ;" and an onion—put that in too ; and though no eye of weasel, or ear of bat, or such-like dainties help to season the African's pot, a good hot and wholesome dish is turned out, more than enough to tempt a second Esau should a birth-right question arise just then. The advantages of the coal-pot system, *versus* fire-place, range, or patent stove, is that while the coal-pot takes but little room, requires no fender, seeks no hearth, it can so readily be moved from place to place to suit the wind, and even find entrance into the room to avoid the rain.

The dinner from off the coal-pot is not served up *à la Russe*, though in one sense it may be considered so, for one dish at a time is served, but that is because there is but one dainty dish to serve. Plates and spoons are used by the elders, while the youngsters do as their first little brothers Cain and Abel did. Judging from the strength of the men, the width of the women, and the health of the children, the food that supports them must be solid and good as well as wholesome, both muscle-making and flesh-producing. It is not niggardly given out, nor is it sparingly stowed away.

One dish, particularly their own *spécialité*, ought not to be passed over in utter silence. It is called "foo-foo." From whence the name comes no one can tell. It is thus made : a mortar of very hard wood of ten inches wide, generally of the green-heart timber, is procured, and indeed forms a necessary article of domestic furniture ; into this mortar some three or four boiled plantains are placed, and then, with a heavy stick some six feet long, something like a cannon's ram-rod, these plantains are pounded to a pudding-like consistency, the rod being frequently wetted in a calabash of water to prevent its sticking ; for the "foo-foo" mixture is of a very sticky nature. It is of a yellow-ochre colour, much in appearance like to the old-fashioned pease-pudding. "Foo-foo" is much eaten and well relished by the African, and even by those of fairer skin it is not always despised.

While wheaten bread is the ordinary bread, when bread at all is eaten, the Cassava bread very often in the country takes its place. It is made from the gratings of the root of the Cassava plant, a pretty shrub of delicate and slender growth.

The bread is formed into round cakes of some eighteen inches in diameter, baked upon a large flat iron plate under which the fire has been introduced. It claims from its look, you would say, first or second cousinship with our Lancashire oatmeal cakes. It is crisp, and in thickness is about the same; the taste, too, is not altogether different from it. It finds its way on to the tables of the great at times, and, when toasted crisp and lightly buttered, it eats well with cheese.

So much, then, for bread or cakes; and now for water. This is the ordinary drink of the good African man, unadulterated with either wine or whisky or any of those things which in the present age help to make men mad, and spoil and degrade the labouring classes of flourishing towns. The African black man can read stronger lessons to the enlightened English, Scotch, and Irish man than can be read in Exeter Hall by many a white man just then sober, may be, but who once had been "the lamentable example" to the contrary. Sugar and water is the black man's "coffee" in the morning; later on he may invest a penny, if he chance to have one, and buy a cocoa-nut and drink its pint of cool and nourishing water. There are no bubbling wells, or sparkling springs, or running streams or rivers of clear water in that part of the colony where men mostly do congregate; for where the large rivers just run or make their exit into the sea, the waters are brackish, while the sluggish streams of water coming from the interior, and running through dense bush and leafy forests, are in colour like to the best French coffee. They are not indeed disagreeable to the taste, but troublesome to the stomach. In consequence of the earth's refusal to give us water, we look up to Heaven and thankfully gather that which during the rainy season falls down in bucketsful upon our roofs, and collect or run it all into large tanks and vats, while the poor make the most of barrels and unused wash-tubs. So precious is this gift from Heaven that, when the dry season is near at hand, the tanks and vats and butts are put under lock and key. This water—rain water as it is—is all that could be desired: sparkling, tasteless, pleasant, and most wholesome.

But we have been wandering wide: let us return to our little home and grounds, or rather, having seen all that is there, shaking hands with the stout lady and delighting young Fungus with a penny, the first he ever handled, let us retrace our steps, or try to take a short cut, keeping our feet as best we can upon turned-down cocoa-nut husks, broken bricks, and slippery beer

bottles. These latter are supplied in plenty from the nearest manager's house!—for the good stout lady washes for the manager, and gets the bottles always empty for her perquisites. Trusting then to these, we pick our way, all stumbling mid mud and water in fear and trembling, until we reach the edge of the trench, where new and appalling difficulties stare us in the face. A slender piece of wood, four inches wide, conducts from one side of the trench to the public road the other. We mutter to ourselves, "I am not a Blondin, of tight-rope renown; I cannot dance across that slender pole; and if I were to attempt it, and to fall, I am no Webb for swimming, or equal even to the web-footed tribe," so turning away, we follow the bank, till a strong bridge of many planks offers to conduct us safe to the other side; so over we go, and soon are on *terra firma*, or more properly and quite strictly speaking, on *terra cotta*, for the road is formed of burnt earth, and is of a bright red colour, contrasting and harmonizing with the surrounding brilliant foliage, and forming a hard, dry, and excellent road where velocipedes and centipedes may run their race together; for rude, destructive nature and modern scientific art, like "Beauty and the Beast," are to be found side by side out in these semi-civilized parts.

(*To be continued.*)

*A Seeker after Truth in Science and Religion.*¹

TWO centuries have now elapsed since the remains of Nicholas Stensen, arrayed in the pontifical vestments, were laid in their temporary resting-place in the Protestant Cathedral of Mecklenburg. Of this man his biographer says that "Denmark is proud to reckon him amongst her noblest and greatest sons, science claims him as one of her ablest explorers, Italy boasts of having led him to the Church, and Germany reveres in him a valiant champion of Catholicism in her northern provinces." And yet his name is familiar to few except men of science, and even they are probably unacquainted with the details of his life—one of no ordinary type, both as regards external vicissitudes and interior experiences. Stensen's career, as it is set before us in the very able and interesting monograph for which we are indebted to Father Plenkers, is sharply divided into two parts: his life as a scientist, and his life as a priest; the world would say, his successful and his unsuccessful life, his life of wisdom and his life of folly, but the judgment formed by the children of light is a widely different one.

Little is known of Stensen's childhood, but from the fact that on entering the University of his native town, Copenhagen, at the age of eighteen, he could read and write six languages in addition to his own, besides possessing no mean acquaintance with Hebrew and Greek, it may be concluded that his studies had not been neglected. The University of Copenhagen, founded in pre-Reformation times, was at the time of which we speak (1656), entirely Lutheran, and offered little attraction to students; there were, however, some men of ability and learning among the professors, the lectures on anatomy and medicine were good, and Stensen was soon the most distinguished of the students. After three years' residence he went, as was the fashion of Danish students at that time, to

¹ *Der Däne Niels Stensen. Ein Lebensbild nach den Zeugnissen der Mit- und Nachwelt, entworfen von Wihl. Plenkers, S.J. Freiburg, 1884.*

prosecute his studies in Holland. Almost as soon as he began to handle the dissecting-knife, he made an important discovery, that of a passage in the throat, since named after him, Steno's duct (*ductus stenonianus*). This first discovery led to others, and it has been said that in the course of a few years, there was not a single part of the body on whose structure and functions he did not throw light. These brilliant discoveries excited jealousy and involved him in disputes with some of his contemporaries, who sought to detract from his merits by claiming the discoveries as their own, though in one or two instances Stensen, who was not very well read, did imagine that he had struck a new path, where others had already passed before him. But he was exceedingly modest, and although he quickly outstripped his teachers, and won great fame, he was undazzled by success and made light of his discoveries, explaining them in so simple and straightforward a manner that it seemed strange that they had escaped the observation of his predecessors. A lecture which he delivered at Paris before an assembly of physicians began with these words: "Gentlemen, instead of satisfying your desire for greater knowledge concerning the anatomy of the brain, I must commence by honestly acknowledging that I know nothing about it." And yet this very lecture modern anatomists have declared to be the foundation of much of their knowledge concerning this important organ. His persevering energy, patient application, and powerful talents compelled nature to deliver up the key to one after another of her secrets; vivisection was of the greatest aid to his investigations, though he practised it reluctantly, only tolerating it on account of its undeniable usefulness. "I abhor," he says, "inflicting torture on the poor brutes, yet it is indispensable, in order to elucidate much that is otherwise inexplicable. I wish I could believe with the Cartesian philosophers that the lower animals have no soul, and feel no more when their nerves are touched and severed than a machine whose cords are pulled and cut."

Nor was Stensen less successful in another department of natural science, geology. This science was then in its infancy; under his guidance it entered upon a new phase of existence. It is not too much to say that the services he rendered to subsequent students were as great in this branch of study as in anatomy, and won him more laurels from posterity. He was one of those geniuses who are in advance of their age, whose work is scarcely appreciated by their contemporaries,

and whose most valuable discoveries do not rank as scientific truth until after their death. The formation and position of the different strata, the inequalities of the earth's surface, the presence of animal remains, crystals, marine shells &c., in the various deposits, formed the subject of several treatises published by him; and his opinions, sound and legitimate conclusions from fact and observation, are quoted as an authority in the present day. But his labours on behalf of science, labours undertaken without a thought of vainglory, in all simplicity and humility, with the single object of advancing useful knowledge and thereby benefiting his fellow-men, were to meet with a higher reward than the vain plaudits of an astonished and admiring world.

In 1666, Stensen was practising as a physician in Florence. He was not yet thirty, but he had attained the pinnacle of his fame; he had achieved an European reputation, and the world of science was at his feet. Denmark, the land of his birth, was longing to see him fill the Chair of Anatomy in her University of Copenhagen; Italy, the land of his adoption, was delighted to add his name to the long list of illustrious men in the Florentine annals. No one can say that unsatisfied ambition, or motives of worldly interest prompted him to take the step which was gradually to change the whole aspect of his life.

He had been brought up a firm believer in the Lutheran creed, but his active intelligence was not slow in discovering that it rested on no solid foundation, and was devoid of all the characteristics which distinguish a true Church. What first staggered him was the disunion and the variety of belief existing among Protestants. He had come into contact with many atheists and infidels, but his scientific researches—of which men so often falsely assert that they lead away from God—were his safeguard against scepticism, since his powerful intellect and clear judgment detected in matter unmistakeable signs of the work of an Almighty and omniscient Deity. The first thought that led him to seek for truth in the Catholic religion was one which has suggested itself to many minds.

I happened to be in Leghorn [he writes] on the feast of Corpus Christi. As I looked on while the Sacred Host was carried in solemn procession through the streets, this reflection forced itself on my mind: Either the Host is nothing more than a mere piece of bread, and consequently, these people who pay It all this honour, are deluded

fools ; or else It is the true Body of Jesus Christ, and in that case why do not I too bow down to adore It? As these conflicting thoughts arose within me, I felt that I could not on the one hand believe that all the Roman Catholics, the greater part that is, of Christendom, and amongst them so many enlightened and learned men, were the dupes of a lie ; nor, on the other hand, could I prevail on myself to condemn the teaching of my youth. And yet there was no other alternative before me but to accept either the Catholic or the Lutheran doctrine. For it is simply impossible for two contradictory propositions to be alike true, and equally impossible for that to be a true religion which on so essential a point of Christian faith has erred, and led her adherents into error.

From that time forward Stensen devoted a part of every day to careful study of the Fathers, and of controversial writings, and became increasingly persuaded of the truth of the Catholic religion. But even when thoroughly convinced, he did not feel constrained to embrace it. The opposition of the intellect was overcome, but his heart was not yet touched. After a delay which taxed the patience of his friends, but did not weary the Holy Spirit, the solicitations of grace were renewed and they finally triumphed.

The King of Denmark, Frederick the Third, had repeatedly summoned Stensen to return to his native country, where a yearly pension of four hundred crowns was secured to him. The royal command could now no longer remain unheeded, and thus in 1669, after completing the publication of a treatise containing the result of his recent researches in geology—discoveries of such immense importance to the science as to merit for him the name of one of the Fathers of geology, and even of *le premier vrai géologue*—he set out on his journey northwards. On arriving in Holland, the altered manner in which he was received made him sensible that his change of faith had changed the feeling of his friends towards him. Instead of meeting him with a warm welcome, they met him with bitter reproaches, and urged him to apostatize. He was soon involved in controversy and disputations, nor did his assailants leave him in peace, when the death of the King of Denmark induced him to return to Italy instead of proceeding to Copenhagen. Three years later, the Chair of Anatomy in Copenhagen University having fallen vacant, Stensen was authoritatively recalled to his native place, as the only man capable of sustaining the credit of the Danish University. His influence soon made

itself felt. The medical students thronged to his lectures. In an eloquent opening address he set forth what effect the study of the marvellous structure of the human frame ought to have on the mind of the student, not tending to cold materialism, but leading him to love and adore the infinite goodness and wisdom of the Creator. However, the students of Copenhagen were not long to benefit by the instructions of their illustrious countryman. The Lutheran authorities could not endure to see a foe in their very citadel—a Catholic occupying a post of influence and honour in their own University; Stensen encountered so much opposition and persecution that after two years he tendered his resignation, and returned to Florence, there to undertake the education of the eldest son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. His loss to his country was simply irreparable. The then Cardinal Archbishop of Florence thus speaks of Stensen's life before and after his conversion :

If whilst still the misguided adherent of a false sect he not only led an irreproachable life, but was conspicuous for many moral virtues, how much the more, when he became a Catholic, did he propose to himself a strict rule of life, and observe it with such exactness that in a short time he attained to a high degree of Christian perfection, and was known as a man of prayer, one to whom was vouchsafed the gift of tears, and who maintained a constant union with God. He was entirely dead to self.

His great zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls led him to seek every opportunity of making the acquaintance of Jews and heretics who came to the town on business; through his agreeable manners and really marvellous powers of persuasion, he made several converts, men too of sterling worth, who chose to settle in Florence rather than expose themselves to the risk of apostasy if they returned to their own country. But though he thus won universal esteem and love, it did in no wise alter his lowly opinion of himself. All competent judges concurred in pronouncing him to be by far our best anatomist, one of the foremost philosophers of the day, and a great linguist. He was moreover the chosen tutor of our Prince; and yet so great was his humility that one might be personally acquainted with him for a long time without ever suspecting that the individual who spoke so unassumingly of himself, was a man of any learning at all. In talking to religious, or writing to friends, he always described himself as the most miserable of sinners, for whom all ought to pray. But those who lived with him and knew him best, were ready to attest solemnly that they never detected in him any serious fault.

From this time Stensen gave up his scientific researches.

His Lutheran compatriots bitterly deplored that his "apostasy" had robbed science—especially Danish science—of her most brilliant luminary, as if true religion were incompatible with the pursuit of science. In the principle they were wrong, and yet in this particular instance they were in a certain measure right. He had, as we have seen, rendered eminent service to geology and delivered lectures in medicine since his conversion; but he lost his interest in further research in the realm of natural science. He felt called to something higher; enamoured of the *divina scientia*, he devoted all his energy to the study of theology. As a physician he had alleviated the corporal miseries of men, now he desired as a priest to heal their spiritual diseases. Not that the priest cannot be a man of science; the name of Father Secchi suffices to dispel such an idea; but the first thirty years of Stensen's life had been devoted to the service of science, and he now longed to consecrate the remainder of his days to the exclusive service of that mighty mother whose faithful son he deemed it so great a privilege and happiness to call himself; to lay at her feet not only the laurels of the past, but also to offer up those which future successes might have won for him. In the priesthood he saw the pearl of great price to obtain which he was ready to sacrifice all, and he felt too that, just at the time when the excesses of the Reformation had produced a reaction, and in the hearts of a party amongst the Protestants a wish for reunion with Rome was awakened, his influence and arguments might be useful to assist and enlighten them. He was accordingly ordained priest and devoted himself to writing on theology. His writings are chiefly controversial. They are remarkable for the judgment and moderation they display, but though they created a great sensation at the time, and led to disputations with several leading Protestants, they seem to have been productive of little good, except in the case of a few individual converts.

In 1677, Stensen was consecrated to the see of Titiopolis, *in partibus infidelium*, at the request of the Duke of Hanover, and created Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern Provinces. He appeared destined not to remain long in any place, for scarcely had he fully entered upon his work, before the Archduke died, and was succeeded by his brother, a Protestant, who in the interests of the Evangelical religion, banished the Catholic Bishop from Hanover. Stensen applied to the Holy Father

for instructions as to what he should do, since he was debarred from the exercise of his episcopal functions and could not remain in his diocese. He was nominated suffragan Bishop of Münster. The wave of heresy, which swept over Westphalia, had rolled away, the traces of the disastrous Thirty Years' War were almost obliterated, and the land was then again Catholic. The Prince-Bishop found the work of the diocese in addition to the vast vicariate placed under his care by the Propaganda, almost too much, and there was ample scope for a coadjutor as zealous and fervent as Stensen. But however his zeal and self-abnegation are to be admired, there is no doubt that he was somewhat precipitate, and convert-like, eager to abolish at once undesirable but long-standing customs, to sweep away abuses with too hasty a hand. Hence he often offended those whose manner of life he had occasion to rebuke, and was discouraged to find his efforts for the suppression of error and vice availing little. At one time he was so depressed that a Danish Jesuit, one who had struggled and suffered for the faith in Sweden, and grown grey in apostolic labours, wrote a long letter to encourage him, reminding him that man can but do his best, and leave results to God; that the physician cannot always cure, and we must tolerate evils we cannot reform. The same letter contains an admonition not to expend too lavishly on the poor, to the neglect of what is due to the episcopal dignity, and requisite for the maintenance of the household. It also warns the Bishop against immoderate austerities and severity towards himself and in dealing with others, since, however the observances of the early ages are to be admired, they cannot be imitated now, nor can every one aspire to perfection; and if a priest gets a reputation for excessive rigour and strictness it will be found greatly to interfere with his usefulness.

As far as severity towards himself were concerned, the admonitions of the trusted friend were certainly not unneeded. There is no doubt that Bishop Stensen greatly shortened his life by his mortifications, his frequent fasts, his long vigils. After his removal to Münster the austerities he had practised ever since his ordination were redoubled: a straw mattress had been his couch, now he slept only a few hours, without undressing, seated in a chair. On four days of the week he did not break his fast until evening, and then partook only of dry bread and meagre soup. In vain the physicians represented to him that he was destroying himself by such a manner of life, he replied with

simplicity that he only sought to do God's will, that it is necessary to do penance and bring the flesh into subjection, and that thousands had done more than he did. The spirit of sacrifice was strong within him, and he desired to make of himself a complete holocaust. The love of poverty induced him whilst a simple priest to appropriate of the forty *scudi* which formed his monthly income, only six for his own maintenance, distributing the remainder in works of charity. When a Bishop, wherever he went he was distinguished by the simplicity and austerity of his life, preferring always to go about on foot rather than use a carriage. His wardrobe was of the poorest, plainest, and scantiest description. In a time of need, having parted with all his valuables, he did not hesitate to sell his episcopal ring for the relief of the poor. A friend who visited him found him without a servant, destitute of the most ordinary comforts, worn, pale, emaciated, but cheerful and almost merry, a source of edification to all who saw him.

It pleased God that towards the end of his life this high-minded and generous man should tread a rough and thorny path; that the cross he had chosen as his portion should be sharp and heavy. His position in Münster was beset with many difficulties; these were increased by the death of the Prince-Bishop, and the election—by means of intrigue—of the Archbishop of Cologne, who was already in possession of three dioceses. Stensen could not approve of the election, and prepared to depart, only consenting to remain on condition that the examination of candidates for ordination was confided to him. This was refused, and after three years spent in Münster, he was again an exile. He had been appointed by the Propaganda Vicar-Apostolic of the whole northern district, and amongst the towns of his vicariate he chose Hamburg for his place of residence. Religion was then at a very low ebb there, and fresh and greater trials awaited him. He found enemies not only among the heretics, but among the Catholics; he came into collision with the Jesuit Fathers, to whom he had always been so well affected; crosses, humiliations, disappointments met him on every side; outward isolation and spiritual desolation were his lot. His labours seemed to produce no results, he was well nigh cast down, and asked permission to return to Italy. Instead of doing so however, he went to Mecklenburg-Schwerin, to found a mission. The Catholics there were few in number, and discipline was greatly relaxed;

mixed marriages were, as ever, a source of much trouble, and the Bishop gave great offence by refusing to admit to the sacraments those parents who brought up their children as Protestants. But ere a year had elapsed, Stensen was again called away, and this time to enter on his eternal rest. The colic, a malady to which he had always been subject, seized upon him, and he felt this attack would be fatal. The only other priest in Mecklenburg, the Duke's chaplain, had died quite recently—in fact his devoted attendance on the sick man had brought on the prelate's illness—and it was necessary to write to Lubeck to summon a Jesuit Father; but communication was slow in those days, and ere he could arrive, Stensen had expired, after five days' illness. Although aware of their uselessness, he took all the remedies prescribed by the physicians, and awaited his end in patience and complete resignation, his only grief being that of dying without the sacraments. He was forty-eight years of age. There were no vestments at hand in which to array him, and it was therefore necessary to wait twelve days until his secretary should arrive with them. During this time, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the atmosphere, no trace of decomposition was perceptible in his remains; on the contrary, his countenance became almost blooming, and far more lovely in death than in life, so much so that some of the Lutherans who came to see the corpse declared that it had been painted, such beauty being quite unnatural. The prelate's remains were interred in the Protestant Cathedral, until somewhat later they were removed to Florence by command of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who defrayed the expenses of burial, as well as some small debts which the deceased Bishop had incurred for the sake of his poorer neighbours. His pectoral cross, his ring, and a few relics were all the property he left.

A life like this needs no comment. Stensen was a seeker after truth in science and in religion, and in both he found it. His life as a scientist testifies to the value of humility and simplicity, since they preserved a man who was young, talented, enthusiastic, successful, from being dazzled by the honours and the glory his genius had won; and his life as a Catholic priest teaches no less plainly the unspeakable value of the truth, that truth which is only found in the Catholic Church, and which is far above all earthly science, however useful, all earthly wisdom, however lofty.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

Fainthearted.

I STAND where two roads part :

Lord ! art Thou with me in the shadows here ?

I cannot lift my heavy eyes to see.

Speak to me if Thou art !

I tremble, and my heart is cold with fear ;

Dark is the way Thou hast appointed me.

From the bright face of day

It winds far down a valley dark as death,

And shards and thorns await my shrinking feet ;

An icy mist and grey

Comes to me, chilling me with awful breath ;

How canst Thou say Thy yoke is light and sweet ?

Nay, these are pale who go

Down the grey shadows ; each one, tired and worn,

Bearing a cross that galleth him full sore ;

And blood of this doth flow,

And that one's pallid brows are rayed with thorn,

And eyes are blind with weeping evermore.

Still they press onward fast,

And the shades compass them ; now, far away,

I see a great hill shaped like Calvary ;

Will they come there at last ?

A reflex from some far fair perfect day

Touches the high clear faces goldenly.

Ah ! yonder path is fair,
And musical with many singing birds,
Large golden fruit and rainbow-coloured flowers
The wayside branches bear ;
The air is murmurous with sweet love-words,
And hearts are singing through the happy hours.

Nay, I shall look no more.
Take Thou my hands between Thy firm fair hands
And still their trembling, and I shall not weep.
Some day, the journey o'er,
My feet shall tread the still safe evening-lands,
And Thou canst give to Thy belovèd, sleep.

And though Thou dost not speak,
And the mists hide Thee, now I know Thy feet
Will tread the path my feet walk wearily ;
Some day the mists will break,
And sudden looking up, mine eyes shall meet
Thine eyes, and lo ! Thine arms shall gather me.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The created Holiness of Jesus Christ.

IF every incident of the mortal sojourn upon earth of Jesus Christ is of interest to Christian men, of what surpassing interest should not those truths be which concern not merely what He said and did, but what He *was* and *is*?

A general knowledge of Jesus Christ is possessed by all Christians, but this general knowledge is often vague, and as shadowy as it is slender. Many men have not studied Jesus Christ, or at least have not studied Him with that attention and care, and desire of completeness and perfection in their knowledge, with which they study other objects of their contemplation. Their proficiency in other branches of human knowledge is to their condemnation, and ought to be to their confusion, if it exceeds their proficiency in the knowledge of Jesus *as He is*.

A knowledge of Jesus Christ greater than their knowledge of any other object of knowledge might reasonably be expected from all Christians; an at least equal knowledge is demanded *as due*. From the narrow-brained or uneducated a mere *scientia mediocris*, or catechetical knowledge, is all that can be looked for; but from men of ability and culture, of leisure and learning, a *scientia expolitior*, or a more full and clear, precise and refined knowledge might naturally be expected.

They may answer that theology does not fall within the sphere of their studies, inasmuch as the priesthood is not their profession; but the answer betrays an ignorance at once of the purpose of the priesthood as it is a teaching body, and of the end of theology as it is the science of God. The learning of the people should be the correlative of the teaching of the priesthood; and the measure and character of that learning in individuals should be determined by individual ability for learning in other branches of knowledge. Theology, as it is the science of God, is intended for the study, not of some, but of all men, in a manner corresponding to the circumstances

and capacities of each ; for God is the highest object of every man's contemplation and knowledge, and He has moreover declared that He "wills all men to come to knowledge of the truth," and in that knowledge to be made "wise unto salvation." The Only-Begotten who is in the Bosom of the Father hath declared to men the Father, and has said that for men it is life everlasting to know the one and only true God, and Jesus the Christ whom He has sent. It is the business of man's life on earth to "learn Christ," and to be found in Him, and on what man *knows* and *is* his destiny for eternity depends.

It is sometimes argued that an intimate or scientific knowledge of Jesus Christ is purely speculative or doctrinal, that it is not practical, and has no practical bearing on the Christian life, which is a moral rather than an intellectual life.

But with this contention also we join issue, and maintain that the moral is founded in the intellectual, and that the practical supposes the speculative. We might go farther and say that intellectual study of God is in itself most moral, and is of all studies most practical. We content ourselves, however, for the present with this, that while we might know Jesus Christ without loving Him, we cannot possibly love Him without knowing Him, and that the measure of our love of Him must depend on the measure of our knowledge of His loveableness.

Most Christians will cordially agree, while all Christians must allow, that that which from the Christian point of view is most loveable is—holiness. But not all Christians, and not even all cultured Christians, have a clear conception of what holiness precisely is, and much less could they give adequate expression to the idea of holiness.

The holiness of Jesus Christ sets before us not only holiness as it is in Him—but holiness as it is in its source—and as it is also in ourselves. He is God and He is Man. He is the Uncreated, and He possesses a created nature. He is Uncreated Holiness, and He has a created, human holiness.

In order to our understanding therefore of His holiness under all its aspects, we must consider four points :

1. Holiness as it is in God.
2. Holiness as it is in man.
3. The holiness of Jesus Christ in Himself as He is the Incarnate Word.

4. His holiness as He is the Head of His Mystical Body, and the source of holiness to all its members.

1. Holiness in God is the Divine Essence itself, formally as that Essence is the Infinite Love of the Infinite Good, with infinite rest and blessedness in this Infinite Good.

Holiness in God is not a quality or an accident, or a super-added perfection, but is the Divine Essence itself. God is simple in His Being, and He is a pure Act, that is to say, in God there are no parts and no potentialities, for God is absolutely perfect, and parts and potentialities denote imperfection; the potential, for instance, being necessarily and of its nature imperfect as compared with the actual of which it is the potential.

We speak of *attributes* in God, and of holiness as an attribute of God, but this is by reason of the narrowness of our comprehension, and it arises also from the mode in which we arrive at a knowledge of God. We ascend to our knowledge of the Creator from our contemplation of the creature. In the creature we behold perfections which are in themselves manifold, and distinct one from the other, as they are also distinct from its essence. They inhere or cleave to the creature as qualities or modes of its being, and they are therefore accidental and not necessary to it. They may be present or they may be absent, and if absent the creature does not cease to be in its essence that which it is. A human being may cease to have wisdom or love, or goodness or holiness, and yet it remains a human being. These perfections are in a human being not substantial, and therefore not necessary. They are not identified with its essence, so that the absence of them would be equivalent to annihilation of that essence. But in God all those perfections to which we give the name of attributes are identified and one with, and *are*, His Essence.

Our multiplication of the Divine attributes, and the composition in our idea of God, is necessitated not by the reality as it is in God, but by the impotence of our understanding to grasp more than one idea at a time, and by the fact that the only ideas that are possible to us are the ideas that come to us from our contemplation of the creature. We can contemplate God only *under aspects*, and our aspects are measured and limited, as they are coloured by the conditions of the creature from which we derive them. When, therefore, we consider what we call an attribute of God, we are considering God in His one,

simple Divine Essence under an aspect which corresponds to our notion of some particular perfection which we have recognized in the creature. When we consider another attribute of God we are considering the self-same Divine Essence in its simplicity and entirety under another aspect, which also is as imperfect as its source, and as is our understanding. Hence our knowledge of God is only *analogous*. Our conception of God is true and proper, so far as it goes, but it is not adequate. The Creator is reflected in His creature, and the reflection is true, but it is limited by the finiteness of the creature's powers to reflect. Some creatures we see to be wise, and some to be loveable and loving, and some to be good, and some to be holy. Our reason tells us that these qualities are perfections, and it farther leads us to trace such perfections to their source, and by mentally removing the imperfection of the finite, to conceive them as existing infinitely in God.

We may best and most briefly put the difference between the accidental, contingent, and finite perfections of the creature, and the substantial and necessary infinite perfection of the Divine Creator, by saying that what the creature *has* God *is*.

The creature may have or *has* wisdom, *has* love and loveableness, *has* goodness, *has* holiness—God must be and *is* Wisdom, *is* Love and Loveableness, *is* Goodness, *is* Holiness.

This is what we mean when we say that His holiness is *essential*, or when, in other words, we speak of the *substantial sanctity* of God.

2. Holiness in man is a certain supernatural *deiformity*, or conformity to God as He is Essential Holiness, by a participation, such as the creature is capable of receiving, of God's love of His own Essence as It is the Infinite Good.

This love in man requires, in accordance with the essential law of man's being, a previous knowledge of that Supreme Good. This knowledge as well as the love to which it leads being supernatural, an elevation of man's nature is necessary. As are the acts, so must be the agent. The agent must be contained within the same order as the act, and if the act is to be supernatural, the agent must be supernaturalized. If the act is to transcend the powers of nature, the agent must be raised above the level of mere nature, and powers must be superadded to those of nature. Holiness in man has its root in an assimilation of man's nature, so far as the conditions

of the created will permit, to the Divine Nature; and it has its effect in a conformity of the man in his habits and acts to the Divine substantial holiness, which is, as we have seen, the Divine Essence as It is the Infinite Love of the Infinite Good, with rest and blessedness in that Infinite Good. This rest can be found only in that highest participation of the Divine Holiness of which the creature is capable, or, in other words, in that highest *love* of the Infinite Good of which the creature is capable, and this highest love again depends on possession of that highest *knowledge* of the Infinite Good of which the creature is capable. This knowledge is not the *analogous* knowledge of the present, but is the *intuitive* knowledge of the future. Now there is no proportion between this intuitive knowledge of God, and man's nature, or that which constitutes and is required and suffices to constitute man as such, that is, as a human being. This knowledge and man's nature are not contained within the same order, and therefore man cannot by the powers of nature attain to this knowledge. But man's knowledge and love, or holiness in the future, is contingent on man's knowledge and love, or holiness in the present. If he is to arrive at future holiness he must first possess present holiness. The two are correlatives, both are contained within the same order, and that order being above the order of nature, both are above nature, and are therefore called *supernatural*.

The supernatural perfection of the present which is super-added to the natural perfections of man's nature is, inasmuch as it is not due to nature in order to its natural completeness, called *grace*—inasmuch as it is not transient but abiding, after the manner of a habit, it is called *habitual grace*—and inasmuch as it makes man holy, it is called habitual *sanctifying grace*, or that grace the possession of which makes its possessor holy.

The glory in the future, of which this grace is the correlative in the present, is also sanctifying, and those who possess it are therefore called saints, or holy beings. They are so called to distinguish them from those who are holy here on earth. These are as yet on their probation, and in the state only of the way, and they may, by falling from that moral rectitude of which the Divine Holiness is the essential norm, lose the grace which they have received. The saints, on the other hand, who are no longer on the way, but have reached their end, and who intuitively behold the Divine Essence as It is the Infinite Good, can never cease to love It, and cleave to It in love, and so can

never diverge from that norm of moral rectitude which is the Divine substantial Holiness—the Infinite Love of the Infinite Good. Therein they rest, in their beatific vision and fruition. Their grace in the past was a first beginning, a seed or root, an earnest and a pledge of their present glory; and so in like manner their glory is grace in its ultimate completeness and final perfection. Glory is the crown of grace, and it might be described as the flower of grace in the fulness of its bloom.

3. Jesus Christ as the Incarnate Word is a Divine Person who possesses two natures—the Divine nature and a human nature. The two natures meet and are wedded in the unity of one Divine Person, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Eternal Word and consubstantial Son of God. His human nature, personally assumed by Him, is as personally possessed by Him as is His Divine nature. It is the second of the two natures of the personal Word, and that Word is God, and therefore His human nature is a nature of God, and thus is—*deified*. There is in Him no mingling of the two natures—no alloy of the Divine nature by Its union with the human nature—and no absorption of the human nature into the Divine nature. The two natures remain in their entirety, and each with its own perfections. The human nature, as such, has not become the substantial Divine Holiness, although in virtue of the substantial union of the human nature with the Divine nature in a Divine Person, He, as He is the Incarnate Word—or, in other words, the Man Jesus Christ—is said to be infinitely holy, and is the substantial Divine Holiness itself.

Further, the human nature of the Word, or the Sacred Humanity, as thus *deified*, is not only necessarily sinless, but is the object of supreme Divine complacency, and this in order to Its attainment of beatific vision and enjoyment. To this It has right in virtue of Its deification through the personal union, and this It connaturally demands as due to It as It is a nature of the Word.

But besides being Himself the substantial Divine Holiness, the Man Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word has a created and finite holiness. His human Soul was adorned with created habitual sanctifying grace, and the faculties of His human Soul were elevated by means of those permanent habits, the infused virtues which are annexed to habitual grace.

This sanctification of His human Soul by means of grace is

specifically the same as the sanctification of our own souls, although it differs in its foundation and root, which is the hypostatic union. It differs consequently also in its degree, which corresponds to that root, and so immeasurably transcends all degrees of sanctification of mere creatures.

As regards the *mode* of this sanctification, the Eternal Word or His Divinity was not and could not be the form which sanctified His human nature by inhering or cleaving thereto as its formal sanctity. The state, however, of infinite elevation of that human nature which in the Incarnation of the Word became a true nature of the Word, demanded the highest formal perfection and *deiformity* that is possible in the present order. This in the rational creature is effected by means of grace and supernatural habits, of all of which the end and, as it were ultimate termination is in beatific vision and enjoyment. As therefore to the Sacred Humanity in virtue of the hypostatic union, or, in other words, as to Jesus Christ,—who in His human nature and as Man, as well as in His Divine nature and as God is Son of God *by nature*, and not by adoption,—beatific vision and enjoyment is due; so is there also due to His Sacred Humanity, or to Him as Man, that perfection, by means of grace inhering to His human nature, which at least according to ordinary law is presupposed to the final glory. This grace was therefore not the fruit and reward of merits, but was a supernatural adornment which was connatural to the dignity of the nature as assumed by the Son of God. It was therefore bestowed in order to satisfy what this dignity of that nature demanded.

As regards the *measure* of sanctifying grace thus due, there was bestowed on the Sacred Humanity the whole plenitude or fulness of grace which in accordance with the Divine counsel can be bestowed in the present order on any created being. To say that this fulness of grace was not infinite, is simply to say that grace is a created gift, and as such, like every created thing and possible creature, must necessarily be finite. It was indeed given "not by measure," but in this sense that as much was given as a created nature is capable of receiving in the present order of things, and that whatsoever belongs to the idea of created grace Jesus Christ received whole and entire, and not in part as do others on whom grace is bestowed.

From this fulness of grace and gifts and supernatural habits in His human understanding and will, and from that completeness of its perfection which excludes all progress or increase, it follows that beatific vision and enjoyment was also connatural to Jesus Christ, and that in the instant of the Incarnation. As did grace in its fulness, so did also that crown of grace which is glory in that instant flow from the Word to the human nature which in that instant He made personally and for ever His own. It did so not of physical necessity, but as morally demanded and due. In the moment that the foundations were laid did the edifice receive its crown—in the moment that the seed was sown there sprang forth *in odorem suavitatis* the perfect flower—in the moment that the fountains of the great deep were opened the streams of grace in the fulness of glory were making glad the City of our God.

When St. Luke says that Jesus *increased* in grace, he refers to the increasing *manifestations* of His grace, which corresponded with His increase in age. His grace was said to increase because it became daily more and more *conspicuous* to those who beheld and marvelled at His words and actions.

These actions were free and infinitely meritorious, not of an increase of grace or of essential glory for Himself, for so far as these were concerned He was consummated from the beginning, but of the exaltation of His human Name, and the glorification of His Sacred Humanity, which was for a season to be subject to the law of suffering and death, in accordance with the Divine economy of man's redemption. They were meritorious also of all the graces and gifts which belong to the supernatural order, and which, at least since the Fall, have been or will be bestowed on one and all of the members of the human race of which He is Head.

4 His grace as He is Head is none other than the grace of the hypostatic union, and His fulness of created grace in its relation to His creatures, and chiefly to His rational creatures.

By the grace of the hypostatic union, human nature, which is in itself and essentially inferior to the angelic nature, was raised far above all other created things. In virtue of that grace the value of His merits was infinite, and there belonged to Him moreover that supremacy of power to which all creatures are made subject.

His grace as He is the Head homogeneous with the members

of His Body, is *created* grace, with which the grace that flows to and is infused into them is homogeneous. By means of this created grace also He merited grace for His members, although the *infinite* value of His merits was due, not to this grace, but to the grace of the hypostatic union, or, in other words, to the Divine Person, who, in and by means of His human nature, anointed with created, habitual, sanctifying grace, did the meritorious works.

When we regard Jesus Christ as Head by reason of the perfection of His *dignity*, which is supreme in the order of the created, in which "in all things He has the primacy"—or when again we regard Him as Head by reason of His *power of dominion*, whereby He is King and Lord and Ruler of all things—we see that all created things whatsoever are subject unto Him. But when we regard Him as Head by reason of the virtue and *influence for sanctification*, or making holy, which flows from Him, we say that He is not Head of His irrational creatures, because they are incapable of sanctification or holiness; and that He is rather their Lord and Ruler who disposes them in order to the good of His rational creatures.

Similarly, He is not in this sense Head of the demons or of the damned. They are subject to His power as He is their Lord and Judge, not by a loyal homage of their wills, but against their wills and by force, and not in order to their blessedness, but for their direst punishment. Still less are they His members by any derivation from Him to them of grace and supernatural life, of which they are eternally incapable.

He is certainly Head of the angels, who with His saints belong to the Church triumphant of the first-born. But in a more intimate way is He Head of the human members of the Church which is His Body. He is one in nature with His angels *generically*, inasmuch as theirs is an intellectual nature; but He is one in nature with men *specifically*, inasmuch as He assumed a human nature. As in Him, so in them—as in the Head, so in the Body as a whole and in every member thereof, we discern the visible and the invisible, the visible or material part as that which is to be perfected, the invisible or formal principle as that which perfects it. The visible and the invisible are found united in all that belongs to the hierarchy and government and magisterial power of the Church, and in all that concerns the priesthood, with its powers of sacrifice and of sanctification by means of sacraments. The visible and the

invisible are found in the Divine Sacrifice itself, and in the sacraments and throughout the Divine worship in all its ceremonies and liturgical acts. In the properties and notes which distinguish the Church of Christ, its Unity, Holiness, Catholicity, and Apostolicity, we find the same union of the visible and the invisible; and we find it also in the individual members of the one Body who are sanctified by actual and habitual grace, by faith and hope and charity, and by the movements and indwelling of the Holy Ghost. That which in the Church belongs to government, flows from Jesus Christ as He is Head in virtue chiefly of His royal power; while that which belongs immediately to sanctification flows from Him in virtue of His sanctifying Priesthood; although like the visible and the invisible in the Church itself, those two powers and properties of its Head—the royal and the sacerdotal—are inseparably united by an, as it were, mutual inter-penetration.

Christ the Head is not absent from, but is present to His Church, and that not only in virtue of His Divinity, by essence, by presence, and by power, not only through the efficacy of His merits, nor again only by means of His royal, prophetic, and priestly power which He exercises through the agency of His legates, who are His instruments in governing, in teaching, in sacrificing for, and in sanctifying the members of His Body, but He is present also in His members in His own Sacred Humanity, His own sanctified human nature. He is present with His Church triumphant in Heaven without being absent from His Church militant here on earth. He as Head is present with and in both parts of His Mystical Body in a manner corresponding to the state of each. To the Church triumphant He is present as glorified—to the Church militant He is present as He is a Victim on all altars throughout all time and in every place, the Head offering Himself, and along with Himself offering also His Body, and feeding His faithful members with His Flesh and Blood as with meat and drink, in order to the increase of their holiness, and to the greater intimacy of their union as members one with another, and with Him their common Head.

Thus is the Body of Christ built up, and thus does it grow, and thus will it go on daily growing until Head and members meet in the unity of the perfect man, in the measure of the age of the fulness of the Christ.

The fulness of holiness is reached in the individual members

of the one Body when beholding, in the beatific vision, they love the Divine Essence as It is the Infinite Good, and the substantial norm of their everlasting rectitude from which they can never fall away. The fulness of holiness in the Mystic Christ—the One Body in its completeness, consisting of all its members in the oneness of their union with their human Head—will not be reached till the last dew-drop of Divine grace has fallen on a human soul and, drawn upwards by the Sun of Justice, has ascended from the earth in a cloud of glory.

Such is the holiness of Jesus Christ, considered under all its aspects, His Divine and uncreated holiness—His created and human holiness—the holiness wherewith He was Himself *anointed*—and the holiness wherewith He *anoints* those that are His.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

Health and the Healtheries.

IT is not in early life that people commonly manifest any great concern about their health. Full of youth and vigour, they feel surprised at the precautions of elderly persons, and at the interest taken by them in every question bearing upon the preservation of health. "Oh, I remember the time when I had not to mind these things!" is an exclamation to which medical men are accustomed, on the part of those patients who are no longer young. Now, if it be lawful to attribute to mankind at large what is thus verified in individuals, we might well conclude that the youth of mankind is over, and that its ailing age has come, for probably never was the civilized world so preoccupied about its health, about the best means of restoring it when lost, and of preserving whatever amount of it has fallen to the lot of each individual. At all times, indeed, there have been thoughtful men who saw the paramount importance of hygiene to the welfare of mankind, and apprehended more or less clearly some of its fundamental laws, but it was reserved to our age to generalize the interest that attaches to such questions; to make the community at large take steps to apply the laws of health which scientific men have laid down; to see the State assuming in the matter an official attitude, and using its powers to enforce those laws. The interest may indeed now be called truly popular, and to some extent at least this popular interest is outwardly manifested by the immense numbers that have been seen day after day flocking in the direction of South Kensington to the Health Exhibition.

This Exhibition is then truly in itself a sign of the times; it shows a preoccupation peculiar to our age, and as such deserves more than passing attention. It indicates a stage in the life of civilized man which in the anthropologist and the philosopher cannot fail to arouse real interest. This remains true quite independently of the intrinsic value of the Exhibition itself. Although a great commercial success it might prove a

scientific failure, and yet the fact would remain that the idea was a well-founded one. The event has proved that an Exhibition, supposed to have gathered together and to present to the visitor everything which relates to the great question of Health, would be sure to attract many, and to pay in consequence; that the interest believed to exist, not merely among scientific men, but also among all classes of society, has really been shown to exist. And this in itself is to us an important and significant fact.

We know well, of course, that very many of those who are seen going to the Health Exhibition every day, and especially every night, are not so much attracted by a devotion to sanitary science as by the sights which the directors of the Exhibition have provided there for them. The gaily decorated galleries, the illuminations in the evening, the variety of interesting objects of home and foreign make that are exhibited, and last, though perhaps not least, the innate love of sight-seeing which the Londoner has in common with the people of other large cities, these perhaps have in no small degree contributed to the commercial success of the enterprise; yet when all this has been taken into account, there remains the fact that a large portion of the community does, now-a-days, take a real and, to some extent, an intelligent interest in things appertaining to health. The older men amongst us can remember the time in their own youth when sanitary laws were apparently a matter of as much indifference in England, as digestible food seems to be even now to a German peasant, or drains to a Neapolitan lazzarone. Now all this is changed. Professorships of Public Health have been created in our universities; we have inspectors of health, at least in our larger towns; we have a literature exclusively devoted to the subject, and the leading papers are frequently opening their columns to articles on the subject, written by professional men, thus gradually educating the country into greater regard for pure air, pure water, and a more rational form of diet, clothing, and living. This is a great progress in the physical order, and we should rejoice at it, only regretting that this progress is so one-sided, so inadequate to the wants of the whole man. Physical training is regarded as alone necessary for the due cultivation of the body, just as intellectual training is considered as identical with mental cultivation. The moral training is unhappily ignored. Yet the fact remains that health ulti-

mately depends, not merely on the realization of physical conditions in and about our bodies, but also upon a condition of our moral faculties, which hygiene may take into consideration, but which the physical laws of health do not formally contemplate. The sanitary laws affecting our moral being, if we may so say, will be of course moral laws. In other words, the Science of Health, adequately understood, must attend to the three great elements in man, the physical body, subject to physical laws, the intellectual faculties, whose health is promoted and maintained by mental training and mental exercise, and the moral faculty, the will, whose health depends on proper education and proper exercise also. There is, we believe, no controversy as to the truth of this. All admit that the reaction of the mind and will on the various organs of our body is such that unless it be placed under proper discipline and control, there can be no real health in us. It may not be without interest to quote here a passage as to the truth of this view of health, from a writer who will not be suspected of undue leanings to our opinions.

In postulating this complete harmony of the mental functions, we necessarily postulate at the same time that complete harmony of the bodily functions which is perfect health ; so that the highest display of will is the expression of the most perfect health of mind and body. In order that the will on all occasions may reach as near as possible this height of excellence, it is obviously necessary that care should be taken to maintain the body in the best health, and so habitually to fashion the mental character in relation to the circumstances of life, that it shall be itself a complete harmony ; that on no occasion shall passion incline where the judgment approves not, or conflicting passions distract the mind, or inclination prompt what conscience condemns ; that always the whole energies of being shall consent in the will.¹

But in practice there is, we fear, in certain quarters, a marked tendency to ignore, or even positively reject, that which alone has so far proved capable of training and controlling the will, namely Religion. Hence schools are built to impart to the body and to the mind their special forms of education, but religion is to have no place in those schools. Some very general principles of morality may indeed be taught there, but that is at best an intellectual exercise, not an exercise of the will.

Thus, this great question of health, like every other question

¹ Dr. Maudsley, *Physiology of Mind*, p. 456.

directly affecting the well-being of mankind, leads up to the still higher question of religion. But, whatever mere theorists may think, at least the medical practitioner, who has to deal with disease in all its aspects is not ignorant of the paramount importance of this factor in the general health of men and women. He knows well that often this or that trouble of the nervous system originated in what the world terms irregularity, indulgence, indiscretion, but what Christian theology calls by the terrible name of Sin; he sees himself powerless even with his panoply of so-called neurotic remedies in presence of an evil, the real cause of which is to be found in a sphere beyond the reach of such remedies, in the weakened will, which cannot resist the alluring poison of the morning stimulant, or the temptations that beset the luxurious appetite. Reasoning with the patient is in most cases of no avail. Yet often has he seen a perfect revolution operated in the physical condition of his patient by what is called a religious conversion, or by a return to religious practices, whose abandonment had been the first episode in the complete story of his patient's illness. The doctor has perhaps no time to reflect on the fact, and may content himself with exclaiming, half-sadly, half-humorously: "What strange machines we are!" Yet, taught by experience he would in similar cases, as we have often witnessed, advise his patients to attend to their religious duties, after everything else had failed him, in the hope that some favourable reaction might follow, or at least that the hidden cause of the evil might be stopped. A French philosopher condescended to admit that "*Il faut une religion pour le peuple.*" Many medical men in active practice would, we believe, readily admit also that: "*Il faut une religion pour certains malades.*"

Health, then, may be defined, a state of life in which the various functions proper to the individual are all performed accurately and harmoniously in themselves and in relation to a common end. If this definition be correct, as it is commonly admitted to be, it follows that very few persons, in our civilized countries at least, are theoretically healthy. They may enjoy a fair amount of health, they may be free from any of those more serious disorders which destroy all physical happiness, but it cannot be said of most people who live within our busy cities, and of those who belong to some of the professions by which this world's business is carried on, that their various functions are all performed accurately and harmoniously in

themselves and in relation to a common end. For it is with our various bodily functions very much the same as with our various intellectual occupations. The man who would know everything would be condemned practically to ignorance, if accuracy and a certain depth of inquiry be required for real, solid knowledge. In the same way, the man who would resolve to adopt only that profession which will allow of "*all* his functions being performed accurately and harmoniously in themselves and in relation to a common end," would almost infallibly remain without employment in this world and as infallibly starve, unless he were the possessor of a fortune left to him by his more practical ancestors. Thus that very law of specialization or, as it is called, of division of labour, which is forced upon us by our finite nature, is one of the great obstacles in civilized life to *perfect* health. Those who by birth or circumstances are led to perform manual work, in order to do it efficiently, must develope, by continued exertion, their muscular powers at the expense of other organs and functions of their body; those, on the contrary, who are given to intellectual pursuits, must to a certain extent sacrifice their muscular powers, their digestive powers, and the proper working of other important functions to their nobler calling. Of course, such an exaggerated use of one or more organs, cannot go on indefinitely without the general working of our bodies being seriously disturbed, and this disturbance we familiarly call, being "out of sorts"; feeling "all-overish"; below par; rather unwell, or actually ill, according to the form and intensity of the disturbance within us. We learn by experience, or are advised by our physician, to try and restore the balance by relinquishing for a time our ordinary work, and giving full play to the organs which we usually sacrifice, say the muscles, in the case of a student. Our custom of holiday-making once a year is the social expression of that physical necessity of our artificial lives. Were we all to live strictly according to our theoretical definition of health, no such custom would have come into existence, for all our organs having gone on working harmoniously without extra strain or exaggerated development, there would be no reason why we should leave one function to rest and work up another, but the physiological repose provided by sleep would be the only holiday required by our bodies. However, for reasons to be sought for, as we believe, in Christian Theology rather than in physical science, man is now in a very

different condition; nature is constantly reminding him of his finite capacities, and teaching him that to attain his end fully in this present life, he must subordinate means to means, function to function, health to health—not striving after an impossible ideal of perfect health, but being satisfied to take the precautions which reason and experience suggest, so that he may the better discharge the duties which Providence in this life assigns to him. He will not, perhaps, feel so generally well as he might otherwise do, but he will accomplish his special task more easily, more efficiently, and in that he will find a moral satisfaction and comfort which cannot fail to react favourably over the whole system. Thus we have in our physical nature the same law of subordination of means to the end, and of mortification as a necessary consequence, which the Christian Faith asserts to be indispensable in the order of grace. And what is that crucifixion of our flesh and mind and will of which the Apostle often speaks, but that supreme subordination of the whole man, of all his appetites and desires and faculties to that one end which his faith apprehends, and his love, supported by grace, embraces above all earthly things?

But to return to the physical aspect of our subject. We spoke of exercise in one form or another as one of the means by which we restore to our bodies those qualities which too sedentary a life, such as the life of the student, of the clerk at his desk, of the tailor, the milliner, &c., is sure to impoverish and even destroy. That precious means of health is fairly well represented at the Health Exhibition, in the East-central Galleries, where objects bearing upon the subject of calisthenics are to be found. We have remarked there especially the apparatus intended to exhibit the Ling system of calisthenics, a Swedish institution based on truly scientific principles, whose aim is to promote harmonious development of the whole body. The value of this system has been so far recognized in this country, that the Council of Education has determined to introduce it into the Board Schools of England. The German Gymnastic Society is also an exhibitor in the same department.

Gymnastics are not and cannot be the ordinary mode of exercise for the community at large. Their influence is chiefly concerned with youths, and with them it is of great importance. Much of their future health depends mainly on the physical training received in childhood and boyhood, and we hope to see systematic gymnastics, under experienced masters, gradu-

ally introduced into all our schools. It will of course have to be something very different from that which is at present professed to be taught by Sergeant So-and-So at most schools. It should also begin earlier than is usually the case. Much would be gained if this should be found to take the place of those violent exercises which give too great a preponderance to the muscular system, particularly in the case of young men occupied with intellectual studies; for where a regular training has to be gone through, such as is required to fit one for competition, these exercises often end in ruining the constitution which they had at first been intended to strengthen.

In walking through the labyrinth of galleries of the Health Exhibition, one cannot help noticing the large space which has been granted, no doubt with all due consideration, to the exhibition of Food and Drink, especially if we add to the articles found in that department, the numerous restaurants, coffee-rooms, cocoa-rooms, dairies, cookery schools, and other places where refreshments are provided at various prices. The relation of food to health is so intimate and essential that we have no intention whatever to quarrel with the amount of space granted to so important a department. We only regret that the articles exhibited have not been, or perhaps could not be placed in a clear relation to each other, and with suitable inscriptions, so as to fulfil the great educational purpose which is supposed to have suggested this Exhibition. It is true that in many rooms officials are found who readily give information to any one who asks for it; but, how many people, especially young people, will take the trouble of inquiring, in the midst of so many unfamiliar objects everywhere scattered before their eyes? As it is, things are put together without much method or anything like scientific order; few labels are to be seen giving an account of the nature, origin, and uses of the articles on show; indeed, one might derive almost as much profit, as far as instruction goes, from a stroll through the Covent Garden Market, or some of our large co-operative stores, as one is likely to get from half a day's struggling through the crowds which fill at all hours the South Gallery. Indeed, what we now say might be said of nearly every other department of the Exhibition. The place appeals to the eyes rather too exclusively; and when we remember how many thousands pass through those galleries from morning till night, how many children, how many schoolboys and school-

girls, during the vacation, have thronged this roofed-in wilderness at South Kensington, one regrets that so precious an opportunity for popular education has not been taken advantage of more seriously. We believe that the commercial interests there would have in no wise suffered by it; the Exhibition would have been only a greater success, because it would have fulfilled a higher end—one which our times have much at heart—the diffusion of useful knowledge among all classes of the people.

As it is, we fear that such a result has not been attained by the Health Exhibition, and we have heard many persons express the same apprehension. Let us hope that future Health Exhibitions (for this surely will not be the last) may be conducted on better principles, and made to reconcile more equally the interests of commerce and those of popular science.

As we are speaking of education, we ought, however, to notice at least *en passant* the remarkable display made in the Educational Section by the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. We said only a moment ago that health, adequately considered, did not merely signify the health of the body, but also that of the mind and will, and we affirmed, after all competent authorities, that a proper use of each was essential to the well-being of the whole. Here the Christian Brothers show us what can be done to afford healthy exercise to the minds of children, particularly of poor children, and in that sense the northern end of the Western Section is one of the most interesting parts of the Exhibition. Indeed, it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the work carried on by that Institute since the year 1680, when it was founded in France by the Venerable J. B. De la Salle. The method which they introduced in primary education was, in fact, a true revolution, and the novelty of it, as well as its remarkable efficiency, were soon made manifest on one hand by the results obtained, and on the other by the violent persecution which assailed the Institute and has hardly ever relented at any period of its existence.

Yet God's work has prospered. I say God's work, because an education of the lower classes, which combines the best and most approved methods for training the minds of children in the principles and practice of the Catholic faith, is eminently in these times God's work. To rescue the rising generation from the terrible moral condition which the modern system of secular education is preparing under our eyes, is indeed one of the most

useful works to which a noble-minded, self-denying man could devote his life and energy. For this vineyard in these perilous times the Lord is awaiting labourers.

We must make up our mind to say nothing here of the Machinery, of the Doulton Trophy, remarkable as it is and deserving of notice, of the Aquarium, of the Chinese Court and the Indian Tea-Garden, of the very fine reproduction of Old London, and of a thousand other things which, however interesting, have only a very remote connection with health, at least in its practical aspects. But the connection is anything but remote in the case of dress, whose ancient and modern fashions are well exhibited in the West and East Quadrants on each side of the Conservatory. Here, however, we feel we are approaching a dangerous subject, and are almost thankful that the space allotted to us will not permit of our saying much about it. There is, according to Thomas Carlyle, a "Philosophy of Clothes," and surely, like in other philosophies, there is room in this for much controversy. The first question to be settled would be the definition of a perfect dress. Here, again, as in other philosophies, things are easy enough as long as we remain in the field of abstractions. Of course a perfect dress should first of all preserve in the body a proper degree of warmth, and afford to it proper protection. In the second place, such a dress should in no way interfere with the natural functions of the body nor impede any natural movement; lastly, the dress should be capable of sufficient adornment according to the taste of the wearer, but so that nothing essential to health be affected by such embellishments.

We add this last clause about adornment in dress, not from any desire, of course, to justify the expensive and often extravagant ways of society in this respect, but simply as a recognition of a fact which it is impossible to overlook and leave altogether out of account. There is something intensely personal about dress, and dress will therefore always more or less clearly, more or less aptly, reflect something of our own selves. Many professions may often be discerned from the dress alone; the rank which a person occupies in society is indicated also, if not by the dress alone in these democratic days, at least by the manner of wearing it. Much of a person's character may be understood also from dress. Dress has a practical concern in morality, and plays no insignificant part in sociology. To think that all this could be replaced by the ugly, unmeaning, impersonal costumes which some advocates of the "dress reform" would substitute

for our present fashions would be, we fear, completely to misunderstand human nature. Yet that the claims of the "dress reformers" are founded on common sense and supported by science, cannot be denied. It would be sufficient to point to the very curious and interesting collection of ancient costumes in the West Quadrant of the Health Exhibition to justify largely their accusation that so far taste, or whim, or social tyranny have regulated dress, with complete disregard of the most elementary laws of health. That for many centuries absurd fashions have prevailed and still prevail, is acknowledged by all competent judges. What has not been said by scientific men against the practice of "tight lacing"! Surely it seems as if it would not be so very difficult to persuade womankind not to adopt a mode of dress so evidently injurious to health. Yet to judge from what is practised to-day under our eyes, the lesson would appear to be as unheeded as ever. It certainly remains a problem for the anthropologist, how deformities of the body, through most ages and among most peoples, have been considered an object of beauty and became the fashion. We wonder at the practice of certain Indians who flatten the head by means of pressure applied to the skull in childhood; we pity the Chinese lady whose cramped feet have been made useless by the tyranny of fashion; we shudder at that barbarous custom of many savages to deform the lower lip by inserting in it a piece of wood. Yet are these substantially any more deformities than the European practice of compressing the ribs so as to produce a decided modification in the outline of the body, and to leave no room within for the proper action of the lungs and other important organs?

Granting, therefore, that our dress reformers are able to make out a strong case for themselves, but admitting at the same time that for them to show so much disregard of the personal character of dress, of its influence on society, of the rights of taste, and of the incurable vanity of mankind, is to defeat their own purpose and damage their own good cause, we think (and many of the costumes in the Modern Dress Section at the Exhibition will confirm our opinion) that dress may be scientific in its principles without being necessarily ugly in its form; so that a costume may still be healthy although not hideous. Here, as elsewhere, Aristotle's golden mean may be and should be observed. We believe that there is in this world which God has made no real antagonism between the laws of

health and the canons of beauty. If the fine collection of historical waxworks at the Health Exhibition only serves to emphasize what all men of science are assiduously preaching in reference to dress, Mr. Lewis Wingfield's great labour and research will not have been bestowed in vain.

Of the Exhibition itself, taken as a whole, it is, as we have already said, a commercial success, and little more. It looks more like a bazaar than like the great educational Exhibition one would wish it to have been. The many things evidently intended merely to amuse and attract, show a pre-occupation on the part of the Committee of Direction rather foreign to science, and tending more towards educating the eyes than the mind, if the education of the masses was any part of their aim at all.

There are a thousand objects to interest the visitor—a confused accumulation of things useful and useless, ugly and beautiful, simple and rich, great and small; if it has not been strictly speaking an Exhibition of Health, it has been at least a fair expression of the spirit of the times in which we live, when men seem ever to be seeking for new toys to amuse them and divert them from the paramount claims of the “one thing necessary.”

L. MARTIAL KLEIN.

A Modern Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

PART VI.—HOLY WEEK IN JERUSALEM.

March 11.—It is Sunday. We hear Mass in the Holy Sepulchre, and, in the afternoon, ride to Bethlehem, arriving in time for Benediction. We afterwards call on Don Belloni, a venerable priest, full of benevolence and charity, who has founded here an orphanage, where three hundred boys are educated gratuitously, and taught various trades. They are all out, enjoying the pleasant spring evening, but Don Belloni shows us the workshops and the house, which is large and solidly built. It stands high, looking across the green valley towards the Basilica of the Nativity. The Sisters of St. Joseph have a convent near it, and devote themselves to the education of girls.

The next morning we have the happiness to hear Mass at the altar of the Crib, and once more to adore our Divine Lord in His birthplace; after which we take leave of Père Henri, and ride through mountain defiles to Mar-Saba. At the highest part of the pass a grand and impressive view of the Dead Sea, and the rugged chain that bounds it, bursts on the view, slightly veiled in haze. From this point a very rough, steep descent leads to the ancient monastery. It stands in a gorge of wildest beauty and resembles a medieval fortress. Towards the torrent of the Cedron the precipice descends perpendicularly, and, on that side, the monastery is quite inaccessible. On the other it is protected by lofty walls and by the Tower Eudoxia, so called because it was built by that Empress. She came attracted by the reputation for sanctity of St. Euthymus, but, on her arrival, the holy man retreated further into the desert. He was at last persuaded to come and speak with her, and he succeeded in inducing her to abandon the Eutychian heresy and return to the unity of the Church.

Originally the hermits dwelt in the innumerable caverns with which the precipitous rocks bordering the Cedron are perforated. The monastery was built about A.D. 439, by St. Saba, a native

of Cappadocia and a disciple of St. Euthymus. At the age of ninety he travelled to Constantinople, to defend the cause of the Christians in Palestine against the Samaritans, who had attacked and falsely accused them. The Emperor Justinian threw himself at the feet of the Saint and granted him all he had come to ask. Then the old man returned to his beloved desert and died soon after.

In 614 the monastery was inhabited by four thousand anchorites, who, with ten thousand others living in the neighbouring grottos, obeyed the rule of one Superior. They were dispersed and massacred by the barbarous Chosrões, who, at that period, carried fire and sword throughout Palestine. About fifty Greek monks now dwell in the monastery; they lead a very austere life, under the rule of St. Basil.

On a rock opposite the Tower Eudoxia, and separated from it by a little ravine, is the Tower of Hospitality for women, who are never permitted to enter the monastery. It has no door; the entrance is by a window, at a considerable height from the ground, which can only be approached by ladders, and it is anything but an inviting-looking abode. The shade it cast was however agreeable, and we sat down on the short grass beneath it to lunch. The Cedron is quite dry except after heavy rains, and the only water to be obtained is from a well in the monastery. The Arab who accompanied us therefore crossed the ravine, and we watched him knocking, with repeated blows, on the heavy iron door. It did not open, but, at a window above, a monk appeared to parley. He then retired and presently returned with a bucket of water, which he let down with a cord. The Arab, after satisfying his own thirst, filled our bottles with it. It was deliciously cool and clear.

Another party, consisting of Père Didon, the eloquent Dominican, two French gentlemen and the young wife of one of them, were also halting beneath the shadow of the tower. The gentlemen went to visit the monastery, a letter of recommendation from the Greek Archimandrite being drawn up to the lofty window, and duly examined, before the massive door was opened to admit them. After sitting awhile with the lady, I explored the ravine of the Cedron.

The rock on both sides forms a series of natural terraces or ledges, rising one above another and cut into numerous caverns, formerly occupied by solitaries, now the hiding-places

of jackals. Not wishing to disturb their noonday slumbers I did not venture into the caves, and the only living creatures I saw were black centipedes, from four to six inches long, basking in the glaring heat reflected from the rocks, and appearing to enjoy it. I did not, and was glad to seek again the shadow of the hospitable tower until the gentlemen returned, bringing with them leaden crosses and medals, representing St. Saba, and the Baptism of our Lord in the Jordan, which had been given them by the monks.

On leaving Mar-Saba we followed the torrent of the Cedron, a grand abyss, between rocks that look as if they had been violently rent asunder, becoming gradually less wild and savage as it approaches Jerusalem.

It is Passion Week, and we spend it in re-visiting many sacred places. In a side street, near the Gate of St. Stephen, we find the house of Simon the Pharisee, where St. Mary Magdalen washed the feet of Jesus with her tears and wiped them with her hair. A church built by the early Christians on the never to be forgotten spot was turned by Saladin into a Mussulman school. The ruins still remain and belong to a manufacturer of earthen pots.

On Friday Mass was celebrated by the Padre Custode at the altar of Our Lady of Dolours on Calvary.

At the procession a large party of Arabs followed devoutly, carrying their tapers. The men had taken off their turbans, displaying their closely-shaven heads, some having the tuft of hair on the top, of which good Mussulmans believe the Guardian Angel will take hold to carry them to Paradise, but all were Christians, prostrating themselves and kissing the ground before our Lord in the tabernacle. This is the first time I have seen native women walk in the procession. The Catholic women of Jerusalem, wrapped in white mantles that cover them from head to foot, leaving only the face visible, stand round the walls as it passes. These were wild-looking creatures. Black, curling, ill-kept locks, ornamented with strings of coral, hung about their dark faces. They wore a white muslin arrangement, half-turban, half-veil, embroidered dresses, much the worse for wear, slashed at the sides over a red skirt, and, loosely thrown over the shoulders, a black Bedouin cloak, the same in shape as the men's, only theirs are striped black and white.

One never sees the women of the Mussulman Bedouins ;

they keep closely within their tents or huts, though in riding about the country one constantly meets parties of the men.

March 17.—We went early to St. Ann's, where Mass is said every Saturday in the crypt which was the house of Joachim, and is the reputed birthplace of the Blessed Virgin.

Afterwards we walked on the road to Bethany. How beautiful is the view of Jerusalem from the crest of the hill! Still more beautiful was it when Jesus, gazing on it, wept over the doomed city. There is the Golden Gate, by which He entered on Palm Sunday, by which no one enters now. There the Valley of Josaphat, the dread valley of Judgment, basking in the sunshine and glowing with scarlet anemones. Why are all the anemones at Jerusalem scarlet? Is it to remind us of the Precious Blood shed there?

At half-past one the Patriarch made his solemn entry into the Basilica. The *Te Deum* was sung, followed by the usual kissing of hands. It was scarcely over when the Greeks entered in procession. Two of their priests, with long black beards and hair reaching in waving tresses to their waists, went round, incensing all the altars. A short pause, and then came the Armenians, with their golden crowns, and again the clouds of incense arose, and there was much bowing and prostrating. When they had passed by the Catholic procession formed. Vested priests, brown-robed friars, choir boys in scarlet, consuls in full dress accompanied by their kawasses in gold embroidered jackets, and a multitude of the faithful, of all climes and in all costumes, wound round the great Basilica with solemn chant and prayer, pausing at every spot commemorative of the Passion of our Lord. Sometimes, as we passed the Greek choir, their monotonous, wailing chant mingled strangely with the graver tones of the Latin hymns.

The large French Pilgrimage, which has been tossing about outside Jaffa these three days, has at last been able to land, and is expected this evening. Over sixty of them are coming to this Hospice, and hospitable Father Francis has done all in his power to make them comfortable. He was busy arranging the tables in the refectory himself as carefully as a lady might for a dinner party. They arrived at nine, dreadfully fatigued, the accommodation on board the steamer having been quite insufficient for so large a number of passengers. Many of the ladies, having no berths, had not been able to undress since they left Marseilles nine days ago.

March 18, Palm Sunday.—At half-past five in the morning I found the Basilica already crowded. After hearing Mass on Calvary I took up my station on the steps of the Greek choir, the doors of which were shut. Presently the Turkish soldiers entered to clear the way for the Patriarch. The palms were blessed in front of the Holy Sepulchre. The space being narrow and the crowd great, there was some confusion in distributing them, though there was an abundant supply. They were all green, freshly gathered, and nine or ten feet in length. Thrice they were carried triumphantly round the Holy Sepulchre, the procession lasting a long time. The crowd, the waving palms, the many voices—*Hosanna Filio David! Hosanna in excelsis!*—how vividly it brought back that scene in the Temple, so long ago, and how one exulted at the thought that He, the Lord of the Temple, was there, in His own Jerusalem, amongst us.

The procession over, High Mass was celebrated at the altar of St. Mary Magdalen, which is between the Holy Sepulchre and the Latin choir. There was a dense crowd round the altar, but few people in the choir, and from the top of the steps leading to it I could perfectly assist at the Mass. The Passion was well sung, but the Greeks kept up a terrible noise of bell-ringing and chanting in their choir, and once came round in procession with banners and lighted tapers, but the pealing organ and solemn Latin chant drowned their voices.

In the afternoon Vespers were sung, sweetly and simply, by the nuns at the Church of the Ecce Homo, followed by Benediction.

The next morning we heard Mass in the same church, said by Père Marie de Ratisbonne, and afterwards visited the church of the great Armenian monastery of St. James. It is one of the most beautiful churches in Jerusalem, and is built on the spot where the holy Apostle was martyred.

We have sixty French pilgrims in the house, principally women, and, as they seem all to talk at once, the noise in the great refectory is so overpowering that good Father Francis makes his two English guests take their meals in the smaller private refectory, where he gives us as much of his company as he can, but rushes off every five minutes to see that his larger and more noisy family is attended to.

On Tuesday in Holy Week Masses are celebrated in the Church of the Flagellation, in honour of the Scourging of our

Divine Lord. The high altar stands where the Pillar, now in Rome, is supposed to have stood. The Padre Custode said Mass at seven. Later, High Mass was sung; the church was crowded. I walked on to the Garden of Gethsemane and the Grotto. On my way back I met an English lady, much confused about the Holy Places, and afraid to venture outside the walls. In the immediate vicinity of the city there is no cause for fear.

In the afternoon I went with the Father Rector to call on Mgr. Bracca, the Latin Patriarch, who is extremely gentle and amiable. A handsome, but not large Gothic church adjoining the palace serves as Cathedral. Then we ascended the Tower of David, to enjoy the magnificent view from the battlements. It is now a Turkish fortress, but Father Francis is on good terms with everybody, and the sentinels made no difficulty about allowing us to pass.

March 21.—I went at six to the Grotto of Gethsemane. Many pilgrims were already on the road—Greeks and Russians wending their way to the Basilica of the Blessed Virgin, and Catholics to the Holy Grotto. I found it quite full on arriving. Masses were being said at the three altars. Many of the French pilgrims were there, and a short address was delivered at the high altar, where a young Frenchman made his religious profession. After the Mass, at which all present received Holy Communion, he prostrated himself before the altar, on the spot where our Divine Lord prayed in His Agony—most suitable, therefore, for a complete immolation of self—and lay there, with his arms extended in the form of a cross, whilst the Litany of the Saints was sung, and until the officiating priest addressed to him the words, *Surge, illuminare, et sta in alto*, when he arose and received, from the priest and the religious who surrounded him, the kiss of peace. *Ecce quam bonum* was then sung, and the *Te Deum* said.

Later, High Mass was celebrated, and when it was over I followed the road to the Cedron by which our Lord was led back to Jerusalem on the night of His Passion. I gathered some anemones close to the bridge where He crossed the torrent, all bright scarlet, dotted over the green sward like drops of blood. There are none others near Jerusalem. Elsewhere in Syria they are of four colours, and they bloom earlier; here they flower at Passion-tide, and they wear the colour of the Passion. So they bloomed when our Divine Lord passed this

way, on His daily road to and from Bethany; so they lifted their folded leaves in the light of the Paschal moon on the night of Holy Thursday; and there, hard by, as now, stood the tomb of Absalom; there, on the hill-side, Siloam, so little changed; there Mount Olivet; there Gethsemane.

Tenebræ was sung by the Franciscans at the Holy Sepulchre. The *Miserere* was solemn, plaintive, and beautiful.

March 22, Holy Thursday.—I reached the Basilica at six. At seven Tierce was sung and High Mass celebrated. The altar was placed against the Holy Sepulchre, and the Patriarch's throne opposite, against the doors of the Greek choir, which was closed and empty. The Turkish soldiers kept the space round the Holy Sepulchre clear for Catholics—indeed, I saw no Greeks or Armenians about; all was therefore quiet and devotional. The General Communion lasted two hours. Priests, Franciscans, over five hundred pilgrims, native Christians, among them many poor Arabs, with their shaven heads and top-knots, people of all races and climes, united in the Communion of Saints.

Close to me stood a young man I have seen, of late, constantly in the Basilica. One cannot help noticing him, for he towers head and shoulders above everybody else. He has a handsome face, delicate features, a small chesnut moustache and imperial, and an immense quantity of brown hair falling neglected over his shoulders. He wears a coarse brown woollen gown, bound round his waist by a leather girdle. He never fails at the Procession, and always appears devout and recollected. Young, strong, and stalwart, his life seems bound up in the love of Jesus Crucified.

At ten o'clock, when the Consecration of the Holy Oils began, I went to the Hospice to get a cup of coffee, and on returning, found the Offices completed, and the Blessed Sacrament reposing on the Holy Tomb. I was awaiting my turn to enter the Holy Sepulchre, for the outer chamber was crowded, when the iron hammer resounding on the outer door warned us it was about to be shut. "Allah!" exclaimed a Turk impatiently, as I reached it, and, knocking with all his might, he began to close the door. It will be opened for two minutes before the Washing of Feet, and then remain closed till after *Tenebræ*, when it will again open for a few minutes to allow those within to go out, and to admit such as choose to be locked in all night.

I visited the Sepulchres at San Salvatore, St. Ann's, and the Ecce Homo, where Tenebræ were sung by the nuns, and at half-past five returned to the Basilica, where a crowd of French pilgrims was collected, awaiting the opening of the doors, and all talking together, but, once inside, every voice was hushed and perfect silence prevailed. None but Catholics were admitted. To-night we have the Holy Sepulchre to ourselves.

There are many priests among the pilgrims, who watch four at a time before the Holy Tomb on which the Living Lord reposes. The outer chamber is filled all night by the faithful, patiently awaiting their turn to approach the low door and kneel for a time in adoration. The rest remain outside kneeling, or sitting on low camp-stools they have brought with them. A French priest made a short address; the *Stabat Mater* was sung, the first verse being repeated between each of the succeeding ones, as I have so often heard it in Italy. Then other addresses and French hymns.

When the hour of our Lord's Agony approached, wishing to spend it quietly, I went up to Calvary. Some half-dozen persons had been attracted there by the same thought. Two women were lying prostrate on their faces, with outstretched arms, before the Crucifix, and remained motionless a full hour. The notes of the *Vexilla Regis*, sung in unison by five hundred voices at the Holy Sepulchre, came floating upwards. When they ceased all was silent. The lamps that burn day and night cast a dim light on the great Crucifix over the Greek altar and the figures of our Blessed Lady and St. John that stand on either side.

At midnight the Greek priests who live in the Basilica began to sing Matins in their choir, and one of them came, as usual, to incense the three altars. Five minutes after appeared the Armenian, with his golden crown. I love to see even this slight bond of union with those whom unhappy schisms have separated from us. Their priests come daily to incense our altars, as daily, at the Procession, the Catholic priests incense theirs, whilst the Holy Sepulchre is common ground, where every rite possessing Sacerdotal Orders celebrates in turn. Not to-night, however. During the twenty-four hours that the Adorable Sacrament reposes in the Holy Sepulchre, none but Catholics may enter or approach: hence the closed doors, which will only be thrown open when the Office of Good Friday is completed.

Once more I took my place in the outer chamber till I

could approach the Presence of our Divine Lord, for the crowd awaiting the same happiness had not in the least diminished. Afterwards I returned to Calvary to await the arrival of the Patriarch. He came at half-past six, and the solemn Offices of Good Friday began, celebrated at the Latin altar. At the Passion the priest, before singing the *Consummatum est*, prostrated himself on the pavement before the Greek altar, and breathed forth the last words of the Divine Victim on the spot where He pronounced them. Many were weeping, one grey-haired man, wearing the red cross of the French pilgrimage, sobbed aloud.

Priests and people knelt to adore the Holy Cross, and then went down, in long procession, to bring the Blessed Sacrament from the Holy Sepulchre.

When Vespers had been sung, the doors were opened for the Patriarch to go out, and will now remain open as usual. At one we joined a large party to follow the Stations of the Cross. Four other groups had started previously. It would not have been possible for all the pilgrims to pass through the crowded streets in a body. Frère Liévin and a French priest led our party; the former explaining the Stations, and the latter making a short address at each.

Tenebræ had begun when we reached the Basilica; they were very beautifully sung. At seven, a solemn Procession was made to the various Stations of our Lord's Passion. The doors are open now, and the vast building full. Not less than one thousand persons joined in the Procession, and on either side, as we passed, were crowds of lookers-on. At each station a short sermon was preached in a different language, the first in Italian, the second in Greek, the third in Arabic, and so on. When we reached the steep, narrow steps leading up to Calvary, there was a complete block. The Turkish soldiers did their best to keep back the crowd, whilst the kawasses, on the steps, cried out, "Français, Français," and handed up all they knew to be pilgrims; but the sermon, in French, was almost over when I reached the Holy Mount.

A large wooden crucifix had been carried at the head of the Procession. This was placed on the Greek altar, where the Cross of our Lord was erected. Linen bands were thrown over it, and the figure of our Lord was reverently detached and lifted down. It was then laid in a linen cloth and carried by two priests, others following, chanting and bearing vases con-

taining the myrrh and spices used in anointing. They proceeded thus to the Stone of Unction. I did not witness the ceremonies there, as, when I reached the foot of the steps, the space was densely crowded, and the soldiers directed me to go round by the outer corridor, to the Holy Sepulchre. There I placed myself on the steps of the Greek choir, and awaited the arrival of the Procession. The figure of our Lord was carried in and laid on the Tomb, whilst a sermon was preached in Spanish by a Franciscan, with the vehement gesticulation and impassioned eloquence Spanish preachers always indulge in; the subject being the sorrows of the most afflicted Mother at the foot of the Cross. Then the figure of our Lord was removed from the Tomb, and the ceremonies of the day were ended.

Holy Saturday.—The Offices began in the Basilica at six. The altar was erected in front of the Holy Sepulchre, as on Holy Thursday, and the Patriarch officiated. The Turkish soldiers kept guard around, so that only Catholics were grouped near the altar. They reminded me of the Roman soldiers, standing where they stand now, watching uselessly, so far as the glorious Resurrection of our Lord was concerned, yet giving unconscious testimony to the fact that the disciples did not remove the Adorable Body of their Master. Even so now the Turks guard the Holy Sepulchre. They do not know what they are watching, but they stand at their post, and they do their duty well and courteously.

We returned to the Basilica at midnight. Matins were solemnly sung in front of the Holy Sepulchre; the Rev^{ma} Padre Custode presiding. What greater joy is possible on earth than to hear the Easter Alleluias, the *Surrexit Dominus vere* sung there where indeed the Lord arose? One gazed at the low entrance of the rock tomb, almost expecting the glorified figure of the triumphant King to issue forth. At the *Benedictus* the Procession passed by the altar that marks the place where He appeared to St. Mary Magdalen and to the chapel that commemorates His appearance to His Blessed Mother. It is true the Gospel narrative gives no account of that apparition. Who should venture to narrate what passed between Mary and her Risen Son and God?

The chapel in question is the Latin choir, where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, and, immediately after Lauds, Masses were celebrated there, and all present received Holy Communion. On Calvary Masses were also being said, the

Greeks and Armenians being now in possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

About three, we returned home. It was a lovely moonlight morning. The streets were deserted, except that a Turk was seated keeping guard at each end of the dark, covered bazaar through which we had to pass.

I slept for two hours, and at seven again reached the Basilica as the Patriarch entered it. Tierce was sung, and Pontifical Mass celebrated at the Holy Sepulchre. After Mass, the clergy formed in procession, the people standing in a circle, holding lighted tapers, whilst the Gospel of the Resurrection was solemnly chanted from the four Evangelists, from St. Matthew and St. Mark at the north and south sides of the Holy Sepulchre, from St. Luke at the Stone of Unction, and from St. John at the entrance to the Holy Tomb. Then, singing the *Te Deum*, the Procession proceeded to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where Pontifical Benediction was given. It was an imposing and most beautiful ceremony, deriving its greatest beauty and grandeur from the place where it was celebrated. *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, civitas Dei!* Glorious thou art, Jerusalem, with a glory that must last whilst the world endures, for it was bequeathed to thee by the Adorable Humanity of the Eternal Son of the Father.

In the afternoon the Procession was very quiet, only a few faithful following, but all the more devotional.

*Gaude, Mater Alma Christi,
Gloriosum quem vidisti
Resurrexit sicut dixit.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.*

We walked out at the Gate of Sion, and round the walls to the Gate of St. Stephen. Two Arab funerals were winding their way through the Valley of Josaphat. The first body was carried on a simple bier; the second, that of a child, in the arms of a man. The people who followed were singing a low, monotonous chant, whilst the setting sun threw a golden glory over the mountains of Moab and the old grey walls of Siloe.

Easter Tuesday.—We heard Mass early in the chapel of the Hospice, and then rode to Emmaus. A stony mountain-road, but with a beauty all its own. The fresh green of the rising corn, the rosy fawn colour of the soil, the purple grey of the rocks, and the silvery foliage of the olives, produced a combination of colours of surpassing charm and delicacy. How

sweet and fresh the air, how brilliant the flowers that outspread their petals to catch and reflect the morning sun, but sweeter still the remembrance that on this road our Divine Lord, on the afternoon of His Resurrection, overtook the two disciples, sad and dispirited, explained to them the prophecies, and accompanied them on their way.

Emmaus, once a considerable town, is now a mere village. In 1861, Mdlle. de Nicolai, a Franciscan Tertiary, purchased a plot of ground on which she built a small convent, hospice, and church. Making extensive excavations in the neighbourhood, she was rewarded by discovering the remains of the church built on the site of the house of Cleophas, where our Lord made Himself known at the breaking of bread.

We found at the Hospice four Brothers of the Christian Schools, who had also come from Jerusalem that morning. After dining with them, we went with the Father Director to visit the ruins of the ancient church. The whole plan of it can be traced. It appears to be of the time of the first Crusade. The three apses, some of the pillars dividing the nave from the aisles, and a portion of the walls remain, as do the stone altar-slabs, which have been chipped round the edges by the Mussulmans, with the intention of erasing inscriptions.

In the centre of the church have been excavated the foundations of a house evidently of much more ancient construction. It would appear that the church had been built over and around it, as has been done in the case of so many sanctuaries, and this confirms the supposition that it was the house of Cleophas.

After exploring these interesting ruins, we ascended a hill in the neighbourhood, from which a fine view of the sea and surrounding hills is obtained; and then, mounting our horses, we rode in company with the Christian Brothers, to Neby Samouël, an isolated mountain, where the Prophet Samuel is said to have been born, to have lived, and to have been buried. It was from this hill that the Crusaders first came in sight of the walls of Jerusalem, and in their delight they called it Montjoie.

The Premonstratensians built a monastery on the summit about 1131. This was ravaged by the Saracens some fifty years later, and the church converted into a mosque, now in a very ruinous condition. The Mussulmans still venerate in it a tomb which they call that of Samuel, and which probably occupies the site of the sepulchre of the Prophet Judge.

We ascended the crumbling minaret and were rewarded by a

magnificent panorama. We are at an elevation of near three thousand feet and the view extends westwards over the fertile plain of Sharon to the Mediterranean, and eastwards to the Dead Sea and the blue line of mountains beyond the Jordan. The Mount of Olives and the Mount of the Franks, Jerusalem, St. John, Bethlehem, and many other towns and villages may be discerned, crowning the heights, or nestling in the folds of the hills.

Returning to Jerusalem we visited the tombs of the Judges; extensive sepulchral chambers hewn out in the rock. The entrance is ornamented with beautifully sculptured foliage, fruit and flowers, in good preservation. It is probable this was the burial-place of the members of the Sanhedrin, the Judges, as a rule, being buried in their own tribe.

There is a wondrous light on the hills this evening and I linger on the roof of the Hospice, to enjoy the beauty of the scene. The Mosque of Omar standing out against the pearly rose colour of the mountains beyond the Jordan. The crenelated gate of Damascus, and the greater part of Jerusalem, spread out beneath my feet, the swallows skimming about in great numbers, the call to prayer sounding from the minarets. A thoroughly Oriental sky, purple at the horizon, passing through crimson into gold.

One more long walk from the Jaffa Gate by the Valley of Hinnom and the Valley of Josaphat, crossing the Cedron to Gethsemane and back by St. Stephen's Gate. How beautiful in the fair spring time, are the hills that surround Jerusalem!

March 30, Friday.—Father Francis said Mass at the Altar of the Addolorata on Calvary. At nine the French pilgrims made the *Via Crucis*, carrying a large cross of olive wood they have brought with them from France and which they intend to leave in the Basilica as a memento of their pilgrimage, but on reaching the doors they found them, to their great disappointment, locked.

As we were waiting at the Pretorium, in the afternoon, the small French pilgrimage passed, returning from the Dead Sea. They have found the heat excessive; even here it has been very great these three days.

The next morning at nine I set out with Mr. W., and a moucre, to ride to the Basins of Solomon. The air was fresh, almost cold on the hills, a great change from the heat of the last few days. The Basins are large reservoirs constructed by King

Solomon, to water the "enclosed garden." There are three, the largest is six hundred feet in length, by two hundred feet in width. The breeze was rippling the blue waters, which glittered in the sun. We halted in a sheltered corner, beneath the wall of Kalâah-el-Bourak, the Castle of the Lightning, a large square building, with lofty crenelated walls, erected in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is in a ruinous condition and is inhabited by two Bashibazouks, who are posted there to guard the road to Hebron. One of them brought us coffee and oranges after lunch, and then accompanied us to the sealed fountain, the *fons signatus* of the Song of Solomon. Creeping through a very low door we descended a flight of steps to a chamber cut in the rock, with a small reservoir in the centre. From that we passed to another, where the water, pure and bright as crystal, rushes out of natural fissures in the rock, and passes by a narrow channel to fill the basin in the first chamber, from whence it is conducted by an aqueduct of the time of Solomon to Bethlehem.

Remounting our horses, we rode by the three basins, then by a rocky road on the mountain side, above the village of Eurtase, which was razed to the ground by Ibrahim Pacha in 1831, because the inhabitants refused to pay the tribute he imposed on them. It has been rebuilt and numbers about six hundred inhabitants.

In the valley beneath was the *hortus conclusus*, the enclosed garden of Solomon: the place to which the King, as Josephus tells us, mounted on a chariot, clad in a white mantle, and escorted by his guards, armed with bows and arrows, used to set forth from Jerusalem, at dawn of day in summer time, because, on account of its gardens and the abundance of its running waters, it was exceedingly fertile and delightful.

The valley is still extremely fertile. Sheltered from the wind by an encircling belt of hills, and watered by never failing streams, it produces in abundance all manner of fruits and vegetables, and its green freshness contrasts strongly with the arid hills around; the natural rampart from which, and not from walls, the valley took its name. Mosaic pavements, broken columns, and capitals, are dug up from time to time. They are supposed to have belonged to the palace which Solomon built in this favourite spot. "I made me great works: I built me houses and planted vineyards: I made gardens and orchards, and set them with trees of all kinds: and I made me

ponds of water, to water therewith the wood of the young trees."

Following the course of the aqueduct, which was undergoing reparation, we came in sight of Bethlehem, and rode to the convent, where we were glad to see once more good Father Henri, and the lay-brother, who offered us coffee, always so acceptable in the East. Then we again visited the Grotto of the Nativity. As we were kneeling before the Crib, two Greek priests came down from their choir above, with swinging thuribles to incense it. They mean it as an act of adoration, faith, and love, and it makes one long and pray for the time when the great schism may come to an end, and the unity of the Church be restored.

As we were leaving the grotto we met Father Francis, who not being able to accompany us in the morning, as we had tried to persuade him to do, had ridden over from Jerusalem, with his kawasse, to join us.

We rode back together, the kawasse, his sabre jingling at his side, leading the way. He is a Turk and a zealous follower of the Prophet, but a very good-natured, obliging fellow, and devotedly attached to the Father Rector. Father Francis himself in boots, white Arab cloak and pith helmet covered with a silk kufieh, was quite transformed from the humble friar, and, with his open German countenance, his chesnut moustache and beard, only wanted the cross on his breast to look like a Teutonic knight of the olden time. He rode well, and thoroughly enjoyed his ride, a treat rarely indulged in, as we all did till an unfortunate mishap came to mar our pleasure. Mr. W.'s horse, which hitherto had carried him admirably, came down suddenly at a gentle trot, cutting his knees badly. His rider fortunately extricated himself without being hurt. A repeated application of roadside dust, a rough, but efficacious remedy, at last stopped the bleeding from the broken knees and we reached Jerusalem at sunset.

The Basilica begins to be crowded by Greek pilgrims, assembling for their Easter which, this year, falls much later than ours. We walked round the walls to the north of the Holy City, visiting on the way the Grotto of Jeremias, a spacious cavern, where the Prophet is said to have written the Lamentations. It is inhabited by a number of "doves, dwelling in the clefts of the rock." Farther on youths were washing horses in a large reservoir and an old Arab was

keeping his flock, white sheep with brown heads, and goats, with long, silky, black hair, browsing contentedly beneath the shadow of the walls.

In the afternoon a sermon was preached at the Church of the Ecce Homo by a French Dominican, followed by the pilgrimage hymn, *Pitié, mon Dieu*.

April 3.—After hearing Mass in the Holy Sepulchre and making preparations for the journey to-morrow, I ride out with Mr. W. to try the horse that is to carry me to Beyrout, a bright bay, short legged, deep chested, willing and docile. We ride to the summit of the Mount of Olives and look down once more on the wonderful view. On one side Jerusalem, on the other the Dead Sea and the valley of the Jordan, and, all around, the hills of Judea, now so well known and loved.

Then a last visit to Calvary, to the Holy Sepulchre; leave-takings at the convent of the Dames de Sion, and from those whose kindness has made this distant land so home-like; but all brightened by the hope that, if it please God, I may once again return to the Holy City.

Breakspere.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE summer sun has long since risen in the dark azure of an Alpine sky over the Savoy mountains, and is pouring floods of glory over the rich vineyards and chesnut slopes of the Canton de Vaud in that loveliest nook of Lake Lemman, near Vevay.

The deep blue waters of the lake seem to sleep in that most perfect scene, "beautiful as a dream," reflecting the limestone crags and pine-clad uplands of the Dent de Jaman and the everlasting snows of the Dent de Midi. The foreground is sparkling, decked in green and gold, bright with the flowers and fruit of that smiling, sunny shore of Vaud, and the cheerful little town of Vevay looks like a happy bride laughing archly amidst a wreath of vines and maize-leaves. The placid waters are here and there dotted with the picturesque barges of the country, looking like butterflies spreading their wing-like lateen sails to the faint *vaudaire* which comes down from the hills, the distant snows shimmer in the sunlight, or glimmer in the mirror of the lake, the song of industry and peace arises from valley and mountain, and all is harmony and joy.

A pretty villa, with shady verandahs, terraces draped with foliage, and pleasant kiosks amongst the trees, its grounds extending towards the clear waters of the lake, is situated just outside the town on the side of Clarens. It is elegantly, even luxuriously furnished, and seems to combine all, as far as externals go, which is calculated to promote the happiness and enjoyment of mortals here below.

On the terrace before the breakfast-room, whose long windows open on to a lovely flower-garden, and command a magnificent view of the lake and the Savoy mountains, a solitary figure is slowly pacing up and down. The silvery hair and

kindly blue eyes, which are ever and anon raised from the pages of his breviary to gaze on the enchanting landscape before him, proclaim him to be the good Abbé Delacroix, who is now the guest of Christopher and Gertrude Breakspere, having come to spend some months with them at the house they have purchased for their summer residence. It is not only the presence of the Abbé Delacroix at this Swiss villa which recalls the Villa Pescara, for although constructed on a much smaller scale and simpler plan, there is much in the interior which reminds one of it. And if we glance at the servants who are about the house, we shall recognize some few of those numerous domestics who formed the household on the shores of the Lake of Garda. Lina, the late Marchioness' favourite and favoured maid, is assisting her mistress, the newly-made Frau Gräfin, to dress, descanting sadly meanwhile on the falsity and heartlessness of the English nation, as personated by Chuckles, who, insensible to her charms, has asked leave to return to England in consequence of the death of one of his parents; and in the man who is just leaving the breakfast-room, after handing to his master the letters and papers brought by that morning's mail, it is easy to recognize the trusty Pierre, who has grown grey in the service of the House of Pescara.

Christopher is reclining in an easy chair, awaiting the time of breakfast, and looking at the paper with a somewhat listless air. As he turns over the letters which have been placed by his side, his manner changes, for his eye rests on one from England, addressed in Dr. Bogue's handwriting, and he at once breaks its seal.

While he is occupied in perusing his letter, we must look back a little, and inform the reader of what events have occurred since the scene described in the preceding chapter.

It will readily have been divined that Gertrude von Stahremberg, when summoned to the bedside of her dying aunt, had yielded to her last and most urgent wish. It was not, however, without considerable hesitation and lingering regret, for although conscious that Christopher possessed qualities that could secure her devoted affection and admiration, her early love for Gaston de Villefranche—as to whose fate she was ignorant—was still strong within her. To her aunt, who, as we know, had formed other designs for her, she had never confided the attachment subsisting between the young Frenchman and herself, nor could she resolve to do so then. In addition to

this, a certain unanalyzed feeling of annoyance had asserted itself, at thus having a husband chosen for and given to her; but the wishes of one who had ever been as a fond mother to her, were sacred, and she would not, could not oppose them, when she knew them to be the last which her kind guardian would ever express.

The Marchioness had insisted on "her children" marrying within three months of her decease, so Christopher left Gertrude under the care of the good priest, while he himself went to obtain his demission from the army, and when all matters were arranged, after the lapse of the stated time, he led her to the altar in the little Catholic church of Vevay. Then Christopher wrote to Dr. Bogue, informing him of the death of the Marchioness and his marriage to her niece.

"I have not felt equal to visiting England," he wrote, "or I should have preferred telling you by word of mouth, my kind friend, of all that has occurred since you were at Rehbrunnen. I should have been glad enough too, Heaven knows, to see my dear old father once more, but then again, a meeting with Walter would have been unavoidable, and I could not well stand that. Not that I bear malice towards him for the wrongs he has done me, for Providence has been very good to me, and I think I have more chance of happiness than he has, for all his crooked ways and crafty schemes. One purpose I have in writing now, dear Dr. Bogue, is to beg you not to trouble yourself any more to see justice done to me, as you call it. Walter is very cunning, and probably well versed in the chicanery of the law; it would be difficult to bring conclusive evidence against him, and I should at any rate prefer not to be involved in legal proceedings. It would only be a fresh trouble to my father too, and perhaps disturb his mind again. I shall hope in the autumn to pay you a visit with my wife, whom I love better every day, for every day opens out new treasures in our mutual relations, and I have every reason to bless the memory of the Marchioness Pescara for effecting our union, since I greatly doubt whether it would ever have taken place had she not insisted upon it so strongly."

Christopher enclosed a letter which he asked Dr. Bogue to deliver, if possible, into his father's hands; a commission which there was no difficulty in executing, as the worthy Doctor had induced Mr. Breakspere to become his guest for a season, until the bustle and the festivities attendant on Walter's marriage

should be over. Dr. Bogue passed as much time as he could in the society of his old friend, not only with the kindly motive of diverting his thoughts from painful topics, but in view of ascertaining whether his professional eye could detect any symptoms of real disease in the morbid depression and nervous excitability under which the unfortunate man laboured. He soon discovered that Mr. Breakspere's delicate nervous organization had sustained terrible injury, by the charge hanging over Christopher, and his persecution at Crazybank. The good Doctor endeavoured to relieve both impressions by all the skill in his power, and his statements in relation to Christopher's position in society and the high honours gained by him in the Austrian army, did much to comfort the parent's heart, and restore something of his old equanimity. Knowing his tastes, he had, too, put his library—a rather valuable collection of volumes—at his friend's disposal, and encouraged him to seek comfort in what the owner of the library deemed a sovereign medicine for many woes—the pages of the immortal dead.

The letter which Christopher had just received contained an urgent appeal, begging him to revoke his decision, and for his father's sake, as well as his own, clear his name from the imputation resting upon it, and make good his claim to the fortune of his uncle. In neither case would there be any difficulty, Dr. Bogue wrote ; for though James Fuggles had succumbed to the disease which was consuming him, he had, previous to his death, made a declaration, duly attested and legally witnessed, to the effect that Christopher was entirely innocent in the matter of the robbery in the office at Bennet Friars, of which he gave full details, adding, that he had been forced to do it by Walter Cummins, who held him in his power by having implicated him in a disgraceful gambling transaction. He had moreover discovered Mr. Breakspere's old servant, Winifred, and from her had gathered many details corroborative of what he had learnt from Fuggles. Dr. Bogue concluded with the intelligence that, in consequence of his disclosures, Messrs. Stubbins and Fibbins had turned Sir Walter out of his partnership in the firm ; and that the engagement of Walter to Miss Parr had been broken off shortly before the time appointed for their marriage.

The fact which interested Christopher more than all the other items of intelligence contained in the letter, was not, however, Walter's infamy, but Mr. Parr's failure. For some

time the City magnate had sustained serious losses in his commercial transactions, and had been aware of the imminent ruin impending over what he grandiloquently termed the "House of Parr," but had trusted that, could he marry Beatrice to Walter, who was known to be a moneyed man, his close connection with him would at least buoy up his credit for a time, and might stave off, even if it did not avert, the dreaded collapse. At all events, it pleased him to think that when the evil day came, as come it must, his darling Beatrice would be safe. But the crash came sooner than he expected; the failure of a scheme, in which he had speculated largely, gave the last blow to his sinking fortunes. He was glad to send his wife and daughter to enjoy the proffered hospitality of their faithful friend, Lady Hinchinbrook, while he himself devoted all his energies to avert immediate disaster. He tided, indeed, over the crisis without absolute ruin, but his position in the moneyed world was gone, all his magnificent hopes of a princely fortune had disappeared for ever.

Beatrice found comfort and courage in the counsels and sympathy of her strong-minded and high-minded aunt, to whom she was able to unbosom all the feelings of her heart. Strange as it may seem, her first impression, on hearing the startling news of her father's misfortunes, was one of pleasure. She had always persisted, spite of all that others said to the contrary, that Walter alone, of all the men who sought her hand, did not seek her for her fortune, since he was then already himself a rich man. And when, on closer intercourse, she discovered how little congeniality existed between herself and him; and, for all his professions and presents, felt increasingly repelled by rather than drawn towards him, that thought had afforded her consolation. Her own good sense and power of observation had taught her that real happiness is not dependent on great wealth; and apart from regret at the grief which she knew his failure caused her father, she felt almost delighted to know that at length it would be seen that her betrothed loved her absolutely for her own sake, and not for the fortune she would bring him. Besides, was it not a very Providence for her father that her marriage was already arranged, and would soon be concluded?

Beatrice was destined, however, to be rudely undeceived. The next time she saw Walter, she went towards him gaily, with a cheerful smile, and was chilled by the cold, stiff manner in which he greeted her.

"Dear Walter," she began, "perhaps you may not view the matter as I do, but I am really rather pleased than otherwise, though many persons in my place would be distressed; but then, I am not like others. You know I always told you so," she added coaxingly.

This was not all what Sir Walter wanted. "It is well that you are unlike others, if you are pleased because your friends are ruined," he rejoined. "Your father must have known the state of his affairs, and I consider it, to say the least, most dishonourable on his part to have kept it from me."

Beatrice's colour rose. "I am sorry you should take it to heart in this way," she answered; "I thought you would rejoice with me that now an unkind world cannot urge that selfish motives actuated your love for me, and you can show that you really loved me for my own sake."

But Walter only scowled at her. "What does this nonsense mean?" he asked. "Are you demented? or have you been in league with your father to make a fool of me all the time? Have you a private independent fortune of your own to live on? Happily for me the old rogue has come to grief sooner than he expected, a little later and I should have been involved in his ruin."

Beatrice was high-spirited, and she deeply resented these insults to her father. An involuntary feeling of positive loathing rose up within her. She could not credit the change that had come over Walter. Was this the man who had risked his life for her, who had rendered her father a thousand services, who had been singled out for the honour of knighthood, who had professed such devotion to her, who now showed himself so mercenary, so mean, so egotistical?

"How dare you," she exclaimed, "reproach my father with what is purely his misfortune, not his fault? Have you not enough, and more than enough, with Mr. Breakspere's princely fortune for your own?"

Walter sneered at Mr. Parr and taunted Beatrice. He had been spending very lavishly, and his ill-gotten fortune turned out to be far less than he expected, since a large part was invested in some foreign railroads, which, though they promised fair at first, had now stopped payment. This added to his ill-humour; a scene of reciprocal recrimination and angry upbraiding ensued, ending, as might be expected, in a complete rupture.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Beatrice went down to Hinchinbrook Cottage, her mind was a prey to many painful emotions ; it is distressing to have our best hopes and brightest anticipations rudely destroyed. It was a relief to tell all her troubles to her aunt ; she owned that she had long since felt distrust of Walter and doubts about his sincerity, but she had striven to resist these impressions, and even now she endeavoured to excuse his estrangement and explain away his conduct, heartless and mean as it was. Now Lady Hinchinbrook had learnt from Dr. Bogue what his character really was, and she could only rejoice that her niece had not been sacrificed to such a villain.

"I cannot see, my love," she said to Beatrice, "that you owe that man any gratitude at all. You often mention his having rescued you from that fire two years ago ; he never did anything of the sort."

"Not Walter ! Do you mean to say it was not Walter who carried me out over the flames ? Who was it then ?"

"It was Christopher Breakspere, whom you met, I think, when you were abroad last year. Mr. Breakspere told me so himself ; I cannot imagine how you were so deceived."

Deceived indeed ! Poor Beatrice, she had deceived herself and had been deceived. She saw it now ; her aunt was right, the truth flashed upon her in a moment. He was the vision of her dreams, the hero of her fancy ; it was his face and form which seemed to float vaguely before her in her remembrance of the terrors of that night. Then she recollected how her father had always looked coldly on Christopher, and that he had left the country under a cloud, under the suspicion of having robbed his own father.

"No, my dear child, that is quite untrue," Lady Hinchinbrook resumed in answer to her question ; "Christopher had nothing to do with the theft at Bennet Friars ; who the real culprit was I do not exactly know, but enough has been found out to incriminate Walter, and his mother, who connived at it. It may seem hard to you now, but believe me, you may deem yourself fortunate in not having married so wicked a man."

Beatrice was thunderstruck. "If all this is really true, what an escape I have had !" she exclaimed. "What would my life

with him have been! But it cannot be true, or Christopher would have come back, and cleared his name, and resumed his place in society!"

"He will not do so; he is so generous as to forgive Sir Walter, and to content himself with allowing the truth to be made known to his friends, without bringing an action against one whom he considered as his brother. Some people call this cowardly, but I call it true courage. His father may well be proud of such a son."

"I thought Mr. Breakspere was mad?"

"O dear, no. They sent him to a kind of asylum to get him out of the way. Dr. Bogue was ill at the time, or he would have prevented it. I saw the poor old man quite recently; he is broken-hearted, but so patient and resigned."

Beatrice scarce heard the last sentence. It was of Christopher she was thinking, not of his father. "Where is he now?" she asked. "Papa said he was wounded in the battle that took place when we were in Italy."

Then Lady Hinchinbrook told the story. She was astonished at the effect it had upon Beatrice, who threw herself upon a couch, sobbing violently. She soon found a pretext for escaping to her own room, where she abandoned herself to the painful reflections which crowded upon her mind.

Had she but known the truth earlier, how different her life might have been! It was now not worth living; she had indeed been miserably deceived, cruelly betrayed! The image of the brave young officer rose up before her, as he stood at her side that last evening, pleading in vain for a kind word. Had she not repulsed him so persistently, so rudely, how happy she might have been! How she could have loved him, the only man who could have realized her ideal! But it was too late; she had been taught to consider him unworthy of her, and urged to marry one who was proved to be a swindler and a thief; now he had the reward of his patient heroism, and to her he could never be more than an ordinary acquaintance, a friend, perhaps, if he had not completely forgotten her!

When she recovered from her agitation, Beatrice resolved she too would be brave and generous. She knew Gertrude, she had admired and loved her, and she doubted not she deserved the happiness which had fallen to her lot. She would write and congratulate her, and tell her own sad story to her kind and sympathizing friend.

Beatrice did write, and her letter reached Vevay by the same post which brought Dr. Bogue's epistle. It was read in silence by Gertrude, but her husband observed that it brought a flush to her cheek and a cloud to her brow. Gertrude had guessed what the letter did not say. Christopher made no remark at the time, nor did he mention the Parrs, contenting himself with stating the upshot of Dr. Bogue's communication, and consulting the Abbé as to the course he ought to pursue. The old priest's advice was soon given: to abide by his former decision, and leave the avenging of his wrongs to Providence. Had not Christopher an abundant share of all the good things a man can desire in this life—a good position, wealth, happiness, a charming and accomplished wife, to whom he was sincerely attached? What more did he want? Why, then, involve himself in an uncertain law-suit, when he might add to all the merit of showing mercy and forgiveness? And so the matter was settled, in accordance with the old man's counsel.

On leaving the breakfast-table Gertrude wandered to the vine-clad terrace, and sat down upon a rustic seat, gazing at the lake and the fair scene stretched out before her, but not seeing it, for her thoughts were busy with a dark and dreary theme. The mountains, the wooded slopes, the lake and azure sky, seemed to rejoice—a great jubilee of nature; but a shadow lay over her young heart. Was her husband's heart in another's keeping? When he read the letter and heard that Beatrice was still free, would painful regrets arise within him at the thought of his old love? Perhaps his ever-increasing kindness to herself, his love and affection, would now turn to cold reserve and indifference, if not to a positive aversion. Perhaps she would trace in his altered demeanour his disappointment. But no, he was too generous for that. But at least she would have the painful consciousness that there was another preferred to her, and, dearly as she loved him, more dearly every day, she lamented her own precipitancy in taking him for her husband at the bidding of another. Presently a step was heard, and Christopher coming up, seated himself at her side.

"What is the matter? Have you had bad news?" he asked kindly.

Gertrude gave him the letter, watching him anxiously as he read it, and was greatly relieved to see a smile creep over his countenance.

"Poor Beatrice!" he exclaimed, "after all, it serves her

almost right. She worshipped gold, like her father, but she was too good for that scoundrel: I am glad he did not get her. Suppose you ask her to come and stay here a little. I daresay she feels her altered position very keenly."

He kissed the hand she put out to take the letter, and the cloud vanished from his wife's face, and a great weight seemed to be lifted from her heart. Christopher was not prodigal of his caresses, and this little action told her she had no reason to fear Beatrice as a rival.

"What a lucky fellow I am!" soliloquized Christopher as he strolled away, rolling a cigarette. "I could never have made myself civil to those vulgar old Parrs. I was caught by Beatrice's pretty face, but I do believe I should have been tired of her ere the honeymoon was over, whereas now I have a little jewel of a wife, and besides"—his eye unconsciously wandered to the pretty villa before him—"the jewel has a very satisfactory setting."

Beatrice did not come to Vevay. Her aunt fell ill, and she remained to nurse her, and on her death found that all Lady Hinchinbrook's little property was left to her. We may take leave of her here. It is enough to say that the softening influences of disappointment and sorrow changed the headstrong, wayward girl into a thoughtful, tender, generous woman.

Sir Walter Cummins did not escape the vengeance which Christopher generously refused to execute. When Dr. Bogue's disclosures became public, he fled the country. The last that was seen of him was when he came back in disgrace and poverty to upbraid his mother with her guilty kindness, and to endeavour to extort from her, almost with threats, money to supply his wants. What a terrible nemesis for the fond mother who had sacrificed her duty to God and man for the sake of her spoiled and petted boy!

It only remains for us to say a final word about our hero's chivalrous companion-in-arms in the regiment of Prince Rudolph Lancers, the young Marquis de Villefranche, who, as our readers will remember, gallantly interposed to save Lorenzo Pescara on the battlefield, and fell, struck down by Max von Stahremberg's sword. Happily the wound did not prove fatal; whilst at the Court of the Queen of Calabria, Max met his friend again, and was surprised to find him no longer an aspirant after military glory. Touched by the grace of God, he had determined to consecrate himself to the more immediate service of God in the

ranks of the priesthood. The reader may perhaps be glad to hear that his ambition in this respect has not been disappointed; he is now a professor in the College where Christopher intends to send his sons, as soon as they are old enough. Their father is not without hopes that they may once again make the name of Breakspere as illustrious in the future as it was in ages that are past.

THE END.

Reviews.

I.—IRISH CATHOLICS UNDER CROMWELL.¹

ARCHBISHOP MORAN'S *Historical Sketch of the Persecutions of Irish Catholics under the Rule of Cromwell and the Puritans* should be read by every Englishman, and if we, Englishmen, after reading it, are not ashamed of ourselves, we must be lost to shame. Nor can we flatter ourselves by laying all the blame on Cromwell and the Puritans, for putting aside the fact that, Puritans or not, they were English, the English Monarch and the English Parliament, on the Restoration, confirmed by the Act of Settlement the English robbers in their ill-gotten possessions and set their seal to the impoverishment of the Irish Catholics. It is a wonder that Catholicity has not been extirpated : it is indeed a wonder that when the Catholics in the diocese of Dublin, in 1657, had been reduced to 3000, there are now after two hundred years of almost uninterrupted persecution, well nigh 390,000 Catholics in that diocese (p. 49).

Three parties, to speak generally, are concerned in the events related by Archbishop Moran : the English Royalists, the English Puritans, and the Irish Catholics. The English monarchy had thrown off its allegiance to the Holy See, what wonder that its subjects should throw off their allegiance to itself ? The English monarchy had created Anglicanism by Act of Parliament in opposition to the protestation of the English Church, what wonder that Anglicans should drift away into Puritanism ? Both Royalists and Puritans persecuted the Catholics : the Catholics took part with the Royalists rather than with the Puritans, as the less bad of the two : but when it served the turn of the Royalists to provide for their own security at the expense of the Catholics, the latter were left to the tender mercies of Cromwell and his myrmidons, and extirpation was the order of the day.

¹ *Historical Sketch of the Persecutions of Irish Catholics under the Rule of Cromwell and the Puritans.* By the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Archbishop of Sydney. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son.

The Parliament party, writes Lord Clarendon (*History*, i. 215), had grounded their own authority and strength upon such foundations as were inconsistent with any toleration of the Roman Catholic religion, and even with any humanity to the Irish nation—and more especially to those of the old native extraction, the whole race whereof they had upon the matter, sworn to extirpate.

As early as December 8, 1641, an Act was passed in Parliament to the effect that the Catholic religion should never be tolerated in Ireland;² and in order to carry this Act into execution, the Lords Justices issued the following order to the commander of the Irish forces :

It is resolved that it is fit his Lordship do endeavour with His Majesty's forces, to slay and destroy all the said rebels, and their adherents and relievers, by all the ways and means he may : and burn, destroy, spoil, waste, consume, and demolish all the places, towns, and houses, where the said rebels have been relieved and harboured, and all the hay and corn there, and kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting able to bear arms (p. 21).

The Lords and Commons of England enacted October 24, 1644, that "no quarter should be given to any Irishman or to any Papist born in Ireland." War has its horrors and men are disposed to make allowance for great horrors on the ground that they are committed in war, but when the war is waged in cold blood against those whose only crime is loyalty to God and King and Fatherland, the murders committed in war become more detestable, because they are perpetrated under the mask of legalized injustice. So Pilate crucified our Lord : so England decimated Ireland.

Archbishop Moran's History first describes the reduction of the chief cities in Ireland which were held by Catholics and Royalists for the King, and by Catholics for the Faith. It is a harrowing repetition of the same courage and endurance in the Catholics ; the same trimming policy of the Royalists ; and the same diabolical hatred of the truth, masked by religious fanaticism, of the Puritans. We have in so many different chapters the narrative of the fall under the Puritan power, of Dublin, Cashel, Cork, Drogheda, Wexford, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Waterford, Limerick, Galway. There was one principle on which the Puritans acted, *Delenda est Ecclesia Dei*.

In Dublin Sir Charles Coote, Senr., one of the ringleaders of Puritanism in Ireland (whose career closed in 1642), made no exception in the barbarous orders of the soldiery when they

² Rushworth's *Coll.* p. 455.

were let loose on their bloody hunts amongst the Irish Catholics (p. 25). When appointed by the Lords Justices to the command of the Puritan troops in Dublin, he swore on a naked sword and musket placed on the table before him that he would not desist from prosecuting the war until the Irish were destroyed (p. 38). The Royalists in 1647 under Ormonde treacherously betrayed Dublin to the Puritans and left the Catholics who had fought for the King, in the lurch: by public edict it was commanded that all "Papists" should quit the city: it was death for Catholics to exercise their religion within the walls of Dublin (p. 42). On October 25, 1656, instructions were given to the Mayor of Dublin, to "take effectual measures to remove all the Papists that might be then dwelling in the city, within forty-eight hours after the publication of the order (p. 48).

The chapters which record the treatment of the Catholics in other cities mentioned above are full of similar cold-blooded barbarities, diversified with accounts of the heroic charity of many of the sufferers. For the pillage of the Cathedral of Cashel and the heroism of its Archbishop, Dr. Walsh: for the plunder and banishment of all who adhered to "Popery" in Cork: for the massacre in St. Peter's Church at Drogheda: for the slaughter of three hundred women at the market cross in Wexford: for the martyrs of Killkenny: for the heroism of Hugh O'Neil at Clonmel: for the heroic defence of Waterford, the *Parva Roma* of the sixteenth century, and the zeal of Bishop Comerford; for the labours of the missionaries of St. Vincent de Paul in Limerick and the prediction of the Saint, that the blood of these martyrs [the Catholics slaughtered by the Puritans] would not be forgotten before God but sooner or later produce an abundant harvest of Catholicity (p. 196); for the nine months' siege of Galway and the *rabid detestation* of the Catholic priests and the plunder of the Catholic citizens: we must refer our readers to the work itself of Archbishop Moran.

The way in which terms were kept by the Puritans when once their adversaries were in their power may be illustrated by one instance among many, in the case of Newry A.D. 1641. A pamphlet published in London in 1662, *A collection of some of the massacres, &c., committed on the Irish in Ireland, since October 23, 1641*, tells us:

The burgesses and inhabitants of the town of Newry, meeting the English army on their march to besiege the castle of the said town, were *received into protection* and after *quarter given* to the garrison of the said castle, the said inhabitants, to the number of five hundred and upwards,

men, women, and children, were brought on the bridge of Newry and thrown into the river and such of them as endeavoured to escape by swimming were murdered.

There is much to learn from Archbishop Moran about the "planting" of Englishmen in Ireland with possession of the estates of Irishmen : and the *transplanting* of the Irish from their homes of possession into waste and poverty in Connaught : about the sale of Irish as slaves to Barbadoes : about the oath of abjuration and the noble conduct of the inhabitants of Cork in rejecting it : there are accounts of wholesale massacres, and of the perseverance of individuals to the death : and there is finally the *Act of Settlement* by which it is proved that God's truth and God's Church are hated alike by Puritans and Anglicans.

2.—A PHILOSOPHICAL CATECHISM FOR BEGINNERS.¹

This is a very little book, but a very important one. It is the first attempt to put forward Catholic philosophy in modern language, to translate the technicalities of the schoolmen into the phraseology which has grown up of recent years in English-speaking countries. It is, moreover, a bold attack, and a most successful attack, on the fundamental fallacies of modern scepticism and half-scepticism, and furnishes the Catholic student, and still more the Catholic teacher, with an answer to the chief philosophical heresies of the day, all in a nut-shell.

Professor Mivart's Catechism, however, is not merely subversive of error. It puts forward clearly and incisively, as far as the condensed form of the arguments admit of, the groundwork of true philosophy. The first few pages treat of certitude, its ultimate criterion, and its various motives and causes. From this it passes naturally to the external world, its reality, and the correspondence between things as they are, on the one hand, and the impressions we receive of them and the intellectual "ideas" we derive from them, on the other. Our author dwells with wise persistency on the trustworthiness of our senses and on the correctness of the information we gain by means of them respecting things outside of us. The error, almost universal in non-Catholic philosophy, of identifying universals with generalized images present to our material imagination, is shown to

¹ *A Philosophical Catechism. For Beginners.* By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., M.D., F.R.S., &c. London : Burns and Oates, 1884.

be false, inconsistent with facts, and belied by consciousness. The excellent summary of the powers we share with the animals and of those which distinguish us from them, will be found most useful. The remaining sections are ethical and theological. They contain a beautiful little treatise on Free Will and on God's existence, and the Catechism ends with ten solid advantages of true philosophy.

Several remarks occur to us as we read and re-read this most admirable little book. The first is that it is necessary to *re-read* as well as to read it. It will not be either understood or appreciated by the cursory reader. Our first perusal left us in a rather confused state of mind. We felt like one who has eaten a great deal more nutritious food than he can digest. It was only when we took question and answer one by one, thought over them, and read them in the light (if it can be called a light) of the prevalent errors of the day, that we were able to realize the amount of truth and wisdom these forty-seven pages contain, or how successful they are in catching the point of the sceptical difficulty and showing it to be unfounded. Next, we cannot praise too highly the *completeness* of the work. Perhaps it may seem absurd to call a work complete which sums up philosophy in a few pages. But we mean that Professor Mivart has set before himself a certain most useful task, and has carried out his purpose to its completion. That task is to refute in the narrowest possible limits the fundamental errors of non-Catholic philosophy, and to state the fundamental principles of true philosophy, and this he has done most successfully and completely. Any one who has really mastered this little abstract will be in possession of an antidote to a great deal of the plausible nonsense which usurps to itself the name of modern philosophy and science. It is only one who is versed in modern systems who will see the drift of all that is contained in Professor Mivart's Catechism; but he who is familiar with them cannot fail to notice the skill and ability with which the author has forgotten none of the pitfalls most dangerous to the student.

There are one or two expressions here and there which we should have wished otherwise. The application of the word "agnostic" to all who assert the relativity of human knowledge may be fundamentally true, but is not sanctioned by modern usage. To say that "every dog is a soul," is we think going a little too far, and we cannot agree with Professor Mivart, that "it is less incorrect to speak thus than to say that a dog is a body,"

especially if the opinion is a correct one that the soul of brutes is not only essentially dependent on matter, but actually educed from its potentialities. Both expressions seem to us equally incorrect and false. The definition of time, "an abstraction from abstractions, the endurance of all the endurances of enduring things," will perplex the "beginner," and will not convey a very clear idea to the more advanced student. In one or two other places we cannot help thinking that the Catechism presupposes more familiarity with technical terms than will be found in ordinary beginners.

It is especially as a statement of fundamental principles on which they can rely, that we heartily recommend this little Catechism to our readers, and we recommend them not only to *read*, but to *study* it line by line and paragraph by paragraph. We hope that it is but the vanguard of a more elaborate treatise. Professor Mivart tells us in the Preface that the concise statements of the Catechism may easily be expanded so as to meet inquirers, but we venture to remark that no one can expand them so satisfactorily as Professor Mivart himself.

We must not conclude without a specimen of the style in which the Catechism is written. We cannot imagine a more clear or beautiful statement of the proof of God's existence against the modern agnostic than the following :

I. What do you judge as to the nature of the eternal absolute First Cause, and how do you judge of this ?

T. I judge the cause from its effects. Nothing can give that which is beyond it, nor could a universe with intellect and moral perception, have had a first absolute cause which was not both intelligent and moral. No one gives that which he has not got.

I. But do you not degrade the First Cause in speaking of Him and thinking of Him in merely "human" terms. Is not that "Anthropomorphism?"

T. If we refuse to make use of "human" terms we have but the animal, vegetable and inorganic worlds from which to take our choice of terms, and if we take the best of these three we shall fall into *zoomorphism*, which would be absurd indeed. The most rational method is to employ the highest conceptions we can, acknowledging all the time their utter inadequacy and removing from them all the imperfections we can remove. Thus we get the conception of a divine personality.

Let the reader master these two paragraphs, and he will find in them an answer to the most serious difficulties of modern agnosticism.

3.—INFLUENCE OF RELIGIONS ON NATURAL DEVELOPMENT.¹

M. Desgrand's work on the influence of religions on the economic development of nations has for its central idea a great and important truth, namely, that the economic and social progress of Europe, and the advantages that European nations have won over the peoples of the East are largely due to the influence of Christianity. The Divine law of labour, the equally Divine law of charity, and the spirit of faith, of trust in God, of self-control and self-denial, all these Christianity has given to Europe, and all these are powerful agents in promoting a nation's progress even in material things. It is on this fact that our author insists, and he points out that the lesson it conveys is one of warning. He asks with reason how much of her present progress would Europe maintain if the infidel spirit became that of a dominant majority through all the West.

M. Desgrand's central thesis is as true as it is important. The method of treatment by which he seeks to prove and illustrate it is a most interesting one, namely, that of comparing the influence of the various religions of the world on the industrial and economic character of their professors. But we are very sorry to say that the execution of the work does not at all come up to its conception. There is far too much of loose general statement instead of argument from definite facts, and there are many inaccuracies, and these often of such a kind as to shake the reader's confidence in the writer, even when his main argument is sound. We are sorry to have to say this of a Catholic work so well conceived and directed to so high an aim, but the Catholic critic has the duty of enforcing on Catholic apologists the necessity of close argument and scrupulous accuracy of statement, if any effect is to be produced in the hostile camp of rationalism, and if Catholic readers and students are to be furnished with trustworthy weapons.

Take for instance the chapter on Brahmanism. In the first place the number of its professors is understated. The number given 140,000,000, is, if we do not mistake, based on the Indian census of 1871. Now that census included only British India and Mysore. None of the other native states were included in the returns, and they count in their population some 60,000,000,

¹ *De l'influence des Religions sur le développement économique des peuples.* Simple Etude. Par Louis Desgrand, Président-Fondateur de la Société de Géographie de Lyon. Paris : Librairie Plon, 1884.

mostly Hindus by religion. M. Desgrand more than once speaks of all India as Bengal, one might as well talk of Europe as "Spain." In the same loose way he speaks of *la fertilité du sol, la beauté du climat, l'abondance des eaux d'irrigation* in India, but all this is only true of certain districts. India is more like a continent than a country in its variety of soil and climate, and over tens of thousands of square miles irrigation is a painful and difficult work. To speak of the *indolence séculaire de l'Hindou*, is an exaggeration. We owe it to Hindu industry that India is the abode of men instead of tigers, and India has developed native industries that have survived even attempts at systematic suppression on the part of Europeans. If the Parsi is to be compared with the Hindu, as is done (p. 41) to the disadvantage of the latter, the comparison should be made between the Parsi and the corresponding trading class of the Hindus, who have always carried on a close competition with the Parsis.

What is much more important, the influence of caste in checking industrial development, is exaggerated and indeed misrepresented. Caste taking the form of something like trade-guilds has had much to do with developing and preserving whatever industries India possesses. M. Desgrand is very unfortunate in his quotation from the "*Vedas*" at p. 42. This summary of the duties of the four castes is not found in the Veda. It is really rather a free translation of a well-known passage of the first book of the Laws of Manu, its only connection with the Veda being that the central idea of the creation of the castes is taken from the Purushasukta in the last book of the Rig-veda. This mistake is no slight one, for Manu is at least ten centuries later than the Veda, and indeed is probably later than our era. To take the assertion that all things belong to the Brahman as representing a practical maxim in Hindu law, and to argue that therefore none of the lower castes could have any motive for exertion in the production of wealth, is very unsound reasoning. Such maxims only assert the Brahman's right to generous alms. In fact the Hindu labourer has been much more kept back by plunderers in time of war and usurers in time of peace than by any exactions of his priests. Again it is a mistake to suppose that caste is so rigid a system as to cut the low-caste men off from a rise in wealth and civilization, or from great industrial enterprises. Many of the native princes of India are the descendants of low-caste men,

Vaisyas and Sudras have often risen to be the counsellors and generals of native states; in a narrower sphere, there are whole provinces in India where nine-tenths of the village headmen are Sudras, sometimes of such low caste that they have to sit at a respectful distance from the little council over which they preside. To say as M. Desgrand says, that if Lesseps had been born a Brahman or a Rajput he could never have executed any great engineering works for the world, is to give a very misleading illustration. How many of the public works of India, executed before the English conquest in Hindu states, are the work of Rajput kings and their Brahman ministers! So too it is misleading to represent agriculture as under a curse, and kept back by public opinion. The lines quoted from Manu do not prove this, indeed taken by themselves they prove nothing. Some of the minor mistakes of this chapter are no doubt due to the printer. The founder of the Brahmo-Samaj appears as *Keshut-Chundersen*. M. Desgrand speaks as if he thought he were still living.

We are sorry to have to point out so many errors, but inaccuracy of this kind makes an argument worthless even though the conclusion is true. We need not analyze the succeeding chapters. We must note however that M. Desgrand has a curious way of talking of such religions as Hinduism and Buddhism "Churches" (*Églises*). Certainly neither of them is an organized unity, and both include sects whose practices are as degraded and whose doctrines are as chaotic as those of the savage tribes of whom M. Desgrand speaks rather oddly as of people without an *église* or a revelation, and representing the "professors of natural religions."

4.—AUXILIUM PREDICATORUM.¹

Works on Scripture are much needed now-a-days, and we are glad to welcome the admirably conceived and admirably executed *Auxilium Predicatorum*, two volumes of which have just issued from the Press. The author is the Passionist Father, Father Pius Devine. His plan is to publish the Gospel in short pieces, each followed by a few exegetical notes; after which are

¹ *Auxilium Predicatorum*, or a short gloss upon the Gospels, with hints as to their use in sermons. By the Rev. Pius Devine, Passionist. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. Vols. i. and ii.: St. Matt, St. Mark, St. Luke.

placed headings for sermons on the subjects treated in the passage under discussion. The plan is, as far as we know, new, and will prove very useful to our parish priests. Here they will find ready at hand suggestive headings for sermons on the important truths, and on practical points, all drawn directly from the Gospels, with various useful suggestions and hints. The exegetical notes are very good, and will give information on numberless little difficulties which occur to one studying closely the Gospel narrative.

For practical handiness we rather wonder that the author did not arrange the Gospels in a Harmony, and thus comment on all together. But after all he is but following the general practice, and perhaps it is more convenient for the end he had in view. It is quite a pleasure to use these well-arranged and well-printed volumes. The notes are short, clear, and practical; while the plans for sermons are also very suggestive and very complete; all important points of doctrine and practice are put forward in turn; and repeated often in proportion to their importance. The danger in a book of this sort is always lest conciseness should lead to want of clearness, *brevi esse laboro, obscurus fio*, and we notice here and there sentences which it is not easy to grasp the meaning of. This happens especially in the points for sermons and in some of the notes, as for instance the note on Abiathar (vol. ii. p. 23) is very obscure. We also notice a good many misprints and clerical errors—pharasaism, *χρησις*, *dimintuntur autōn*(!) occur within a few pages, and Greek accents are simply murdered. We rather demur to the prudence or truth of describing the effects of dancing as follows: (1) it creates luxury, (2) is the origin of ill-assorted union, (3) of many rash promises (vol. i. p. 5). Such a sweeping assertion casts a quite unfair stigma on an amusement perfectly innocent in itself.

These outlines are, if sometimes a little severe, very practical, and come home to the needs of daily life. Some are inserted apparently rather from desire to benefit the clergy reading them than from any real wish that they should be delivered from the pulpit, as they touch on the duties and more common short-comings of the preacher. We are glad to notice that the questions of the higher calls to the priesthood and religious life are frequently touched upon. How many useful workers are lost to our active orders of men and women because the very possibility of carrying out such a call is hardly suggested to the soul. We hope that this book may by God's blessings help our hard-

worked priests to a fuller use of the inspired Word in their sermons, and to a more careful preparation of their instructions. We are glad to see that after the completion of the volumes on the Gospels, the Epistles are to be treated in the same way. These works will do much to bring within the reach of all the stores of matter gathered up in the works of Lohner, writers like Faber, and in the tomes of the great commentators.

5.—PARISH REGISTERS IN ENGLAND.¹

This very interesting little work, first published as an article in a Review some twenty years ago, has been so entirely recast and enlarged, that it is rather a new book than a second edition of an old one. Its very touching dedication to Lord Emly and Mr. Aubrey de Vere, and the concluding words of its Preface, tell us that it is the result of work done in the intervals of pain, the recreation of years of suffering. But in the book itself there is nothing to betray this, and it shows in every page the fruit of wide and careful reading and untiring research.

The parish registers of births (or rather baptisms), marriages, and deaths, are a comparatively modern institution. Mr. Waters tells us that they owe their introduction to the wisdom of Cardinal Ximenes. In 1497 he ordered that in every parish in Spain a record should be kept of all baptisms, with the names of the sponsors, the object of the law being to prevent false pleas of spiritual relationship being urged as matrimonial impediments. From Spain this law was introduced into the Low Countries by their Spanish rulers, and in 1538, Cromwell, as Vicar-General of Henry the Eighth, who had seen the working of the system of registers abroad, introduced it into England by a royal decree, which ordered the keeping of registers of marriages and deaths as well as baptisms. In 1539 the registration of baptisms was established in France, and in 1563 the Council of Trent made the registration of marriages as well as baptisms a law of the Catholic Church.

We need not follow further the history of parish registers, which is told concisely, yet with all necessary detail, in Mr.

¹ *Parish Registers in England, their history and contents, with suggestions for securing their better custody and preservation.* Attempted by Robert Edmond Chester Waters, B.A. A New Edition. Rewritten throughout and enlarged. London: F. J. Roberts, 1883.

Waters' pages. We cannot, however, lay the book down without selecting some specimens of the extracts from English registers. which, with our author's explanations to make their meaning clear, form not the least interesting part of a very interesting book. In the older registers, and indeed until quite recently, instead of filling up a set form, with colourless and uniform entries, the clerk or parson noted births, marriages, and deaths with the addition of such details as he believed would interest a future reader—sometimes adding his own opinion, not always a very complimentary one, of the parties concerned. He would also enter in the parish register any local occurrence, which appeared so unusual as to deserve permanent record, and thus the register contained the annals of the parish. Unfortunately this very liberty in the manner of keeping the record led to many irregularities. Imperfect entries are frequent, and there are even long periods when the record fails altogether, either because the clerk has not copied his rough notes into the register, or because the book itself has been injured or destroyed.

In 1597 the Convocation of Canterbury ordered all the paper registers in the province to be copied into parchment books for their better preservation. This order was extended to the whole kingdom in 1603. The oldest register books now extant are usually transcripts made in pursuance of these orders. In some cases the older paper-books have been preserved, and a comparison with the transcript often brings out some curious facts. Thus :

The growth of Protestant sentiment in the interval between 1538 and 1597 is illustrated by the transcriber's omission of prayers and pious supplications for the souls of the dead.

STAPLEHURST, KENT.—When the register was recopied, the words printed between brackets were left out of the transcript.

"1543, Dec. 31. There was buried John Turner the elder [whose soule Jesu pardon. Amen].

"1545, June 6. Buryed the sonn of Thomas Roberts the younger, called Henry [upon whose soule I pray God have mercy].

"1548, Sept. 11. Buryed James Bragelond, an honest man and a good householder [whose soule Jesu pardon and bring to eternal rest]" (p. 10).

Every page of these transcribed registers is signed by the minister and churchwardens of the year in which it was made. This has led some incautious local historians into rash state-

ments as to the longevity of the clergy of the sixteenth century. Thus in Duncomb's *History of Herefordshire* we read :

Robert Barnes was vicar of Bromyard eighty-two years, as his name appears during the whole of that period in the parochial registers, and one of his churchwardens filled that office from 1538 to 1600.

The Civil War left its mark on many of the parish registers. Here are some entries of the period from Mr. Waters' collection :

ROTHERBY, CO. LEICESTER. "1643, Bellum! 1644, Bellum! 1645, Bellum! interruption! persecution! . . . Sequestration by John Mussen, yeoman, and John Yates, taylor! 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654, Sequestration! Thomas Silverwood, intruder."

ST. MARY'S, BEVERLEY.—"1643, June 30. Our great scrimmage in Beverley, and God gave us victory at that tyme, ever blessed be God."

1643, July 30. "Thirteen slaine men on ye King's party was buried.

All our lives now at ye stake
Lord deliver us, for Christ His sake."

Mr. Waters notes that, contrary to what one would have expected, the typical Puritan names occur less frequently in the registers under the Commonwealth than at an earlier period, and he gives examples, amongst them a child christened "Repente," as early as 1599. He adds some interesting information about the family of "*Praisegod* Barbone:"

It is almost certain that *Praisegod* Barbone, the most conspicuous member of the Parliament of 1653, received his name at his baptism, for he is so named in the books of the Leathersellers' Company of London, when he took up his freedom on Jan. 20, 1623-4: but the godly names of Cromwell's saints were for the most part names of adoption. Thus *Praisegod*'s brother styled himself *If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-shouldst-have-been-damned* Barbone, which was abbreviated by the profane to *Damned* Barbone (p. 18).

There is many a grim story briefly summed up in the parish registers of deaths. Executions are duly chronicled. On August 8, 1592, the clerk of St. Nicholas, Durham, briefly notes the hanging of five poor wretches "for being Egyptians" —i.e., wandering about in gipsy fashion, contrary to the Act, 5 Eliz. c. 20. On August 21, 1650, we have a record of the hanging of nine thieves and *sixteen witches* at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The entries relating to witchcraft and witches are, it seems, very numerous. Here is another entry of an execution :

ST. OSWALD'S, DURHAM. "1590.

"Duke Hill Hogge Holiday	} iiij }	Seminaries Papists Treytors and Rebels	} to hyr Majes- tye	} were hanged and quar- tered at Dryburne for there horrible offences the 27 day of May."
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Their only "offence" was their priesthood. Mr. Waters tells us that local tradition affirms that Dryburne brook, which flowed near the gallows, was miraculously dried up on the day of their triumph. He adds from the Newcastle Corporation accounts the bill of charges for one of these executions of priests for treason. We quote it here, because its cold-blooded details bring out more clearly even than any highly-wrought description, the suffering and indignity inflicted on our fathers for their faith:

Paid to a Frenchman who did take out the Seminary priests bowels after he was hanged, 20s.; for coals which made the fire at the execution of the Seminary priest, 6d.; and for a wright's axe which headed the Seminary, 4s. 6d.; for a hand-axe and a cutting knife which did rip and quarter the Seminary priest, 14d.; and for a horse which trailed him from off the sled to the gallows, 12d.; for four iron stanchels, with hooks on them for hanging of the Seminaries four quarters of four gates, 3s. 8d.; for one iron wedge for riving wood to make the fire on the moor, 18d.; and for a shovel to the fire, 2s.; to a mason for two days' work, setting the stanchels of the gates fast, 10d. a day, 20d.; for carrying the four quarters of the Seminary priest from gate to gate and other charges, 2s.; for fire and coals for melting the lead to set the iron stanchels of the gate fast, 8d.

Names and titles are strangely distinguished at times by the parish clerk's weakness in spelling. We select the most interesting instance, and add our author's apt comment:

KIRBY MOORSIDE, YORKSHIRE. "1687. Georges Vilaus Lord dooke of bookingham, bur. 17 April."

This rude ill-spelt entry of his burial supplies the last finishing touch to Pope's well-known description of the neglected death-bed of the "Great Villiers."

But we must be content with these extracts, though there are few pages from which one might not be made. Many of these notes from registers throw light on old customs, or give us contemporary glimpses of now famous events, or tell strange things in stranger language. There is just one note we

wish had been omitted, for it is a pity to find in this most readable book a passing shot at "the Ultramontane clergy," to which many of its readers will take exception.

6.—THE PROTOTYPE OF MAN.¹

What are the laws of proportion according to which the Author of Nature has framed the human body? In presence of so many races and varieties of men; above all, in presence of so many abnormal types induced in process of time by disease, by peculiar modes of life, by vice and by ignorance, it is not easy to give an accurate answer to such a question. The Greek artists devised a law of human proportion which is still used in the fine arts. In more recent times, we find, among many others, Albrecht Dürer, Leonardo da Vinci, Bramante, Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo, Giotto, the Frenchmen Le Brun and Poussin, the Dutchman Van Hoogstaeten, the Englishman Flaxman, endeavouring to frame a system which should express the natural proportions of man, and serve as a practical guide for artists. Yet nothing more accurate and useful than the Greek Canon was arrived at; more knowledge only seemed to render the problem more complex and consequently more obscure. Dr. Rochet, the author of the work of which Dr. Carter Blake has now given us an excellent English translation, professes to have at last arrived at that great desideratum of science and art. In his *Prototype of Man* he describes at length, with the help of illustrations, twenty fundamental rules which he considers to be of an adequate expression of the natural proportions bestowed by the Creator upon the typical man. He thus admits, to use the words of his translator, that "the principle of subordination to an originally conceived pattern, fixed by a force extrinsic to the tendency to vary in both species and individuals, is the dominant law operating in the formation of the human body."

Whilst recognizing the relative excellence and usefulness of the principle of the Greeks, the author declares, however, their application of it to have been erroneous, inasmuch as in their measurement of the total height of men, they did not include

¹ *The Prototype of Man, giving the natural laws of human proportion in both sexes.* By Charles Rochet. Translated by C. Carter Blake, Doct. Sci., Foreign Associate of the Anthropological Society of Paris. London: Baillière, Tindall, and Cox.

the feet, but stopped at the heels. In his system, the head is the principle of unity of all the measures of the body, so that eight heads represent exactly the height of the typical man, measured down to the extremity of the feet. Three heights of the head give the trunk; two heights of the head give the thighs (including the knees); lastly, two heights of the head give exactly the legs when the feet are included.

Other very interesting measurements are to be found in this work, such as that of "the man in a square," "the man spread out," "the man lying down," "the man sitting," "the man kneeling," &c.

The work concludes with a summary of the author's elaborate researches on the typical height of man and woman, among the races of modern Europe. Dr. Rochet, after forty years' study as a Lecturer at the Sorbonne and at the School of Fine Arts in Paris, must be acknowledged to be an authority on this subject, and Dr. Carter Blake has done real service in thus introducing *The Prototype of Man* to English readers. The last words of the Author's Preface are characteristic of the man and of the spirit which animates him: "I place," he says, "this modest handbook under the patronage of those who love study for the sake of study, science for the sake of science, and truth for the sake of truth."

7.—PETLAND REVISITED.¹

We have all of us in times past made so many and such pleasant excursions into Petland with our old friend Mr. Wood, that we are only too willing to re-enter its charmed precincts at the invitation of so agreeable and accomplished a cicerone. He has told us so much already about the lower animals, their structure and their form, their habits and their habitations, their character and their capabilities, their virtues and their vices, from the lordly lion down to the insignificant insect, we have heard so many tales about familiar friends and foreign faces, that we wonder there is anything left to tell. But Mr. Wood has lived so long in close and constant companionship with animals, that his fund of knowledge respecting them appears inexhaustible. The present volume does not deal with

¹ *Petland Revisited.* By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1884.

natural history, but consists of a collection of entertaining and instructive anecdotes about dogs and cats, as well as more unconventional pets. The first chapters written twenty years ago, relate the foolish freaks and funny feats of a favourite cat who was treated with a consideration and respect which would have gladdened the heart of the ancient Egyptian. That "Pret" who was provokingly ingenious in insinuating himself into places where he had no business, and whence he could obtain no egress, should have been neglected one day, and left several hours without meat or milk, is a calamity worthy of record, and a fault calling for tearful remorse. In fact we are inclined to think Mr. Wood, who certainly possesses in an unusual measure the sympathy which is a magic key to the hearts of irrational as well as of rational creatures, somewhat underrates the chaos which yawns between the two. His object of this book, he tells us in the preface, is "to demonstrate the mental and sympathetic connection which, though so little known, exists universally between man and beast;" and that if those who occupy a different position in the scale of creation could meet "upon an equal footing" they would "all blend together and unite in the more comprehensive nature of man." Although Mr. Wood is a minister of religion, we venture to remind him that man was made to God's image, destined to attain to God's image, and to enjoy the vision of God for ever. Perhaps his kind heart and love for the brute creation makes him at times forget that no real comparison can ever be instituted between them and us.

We are aware that many qualities and mental powers lie dormant in the lower animals until called forth by training and the companionship of man, but the following account of singular and preternatural cunning and acquired powers of thought displayed by a confirmed sheep-killing dog, would appear incredible, were it given on a less trustworthy authority than Mr. Wood's.

A dog which was a great favourite of his owners and regarded as of thoroughly irreproachable training, was charged by some neighbours with worrying sheep at night. The family rebutted this charge on the ground that the dog was fastened into their kitchen at night, and was never let out until the servants came down in the morning. The farmers, however, persisted that they knew the dog well, and had seen him going from the sheepfold, though he managed to escape them. When this was urged so strongly as to make it imperative to take

some further steps, one of the daughters volunteered to sleep in the kitchen and watch the dog's behaviour. When they made up the bed the dog seemed very restless and strange, but by-and-bye he settled down, and all was silent. A little after midnight he got up, came to the bed, and sniffed about until he had satisfied himself the lady was not awake. Then he leaped into the window seat, lifted the catch of the shutters and opened them, then he undid the latch of the window, which he opened and then disappeared.

After a long interval he came back, closed and fastened the window and shutters, and finished by licking his own feet, and the marks he had left by springing on the floor. To the terror of the seeming sleeper, he now came and closely scrutinized her; but she kept still, and he at last crept off to his own bed.

As soon as she heard the servants stirring, the lady rose softly and slipped through the door. But the guilty dog had marked her. He sprang up and made a dash at her with most undisguised fury, for he saw that his secret was discovered and his character blasted by one whom he now regarded as a hateful spy. Fortunately she got the door fast shut in time, and at once alarmed the house. But the dog was now so furious that no one dared go into the kitchen, and at last a gun was brought, pointed through an aperture, and he was shot dead.

In another case, a dog was used to slip off his collar at night, and worry sheep for some hours. When he came back, he used to wash his bloody nose and face in a brook, put on his collar again, and lie down to sleep as if he had never left his kennel (pp. 162, 163).

Every one knows that animals are capable of feeling intense jealousy with regard to human things, but one would hardly believe an insignificant sparrow would have shown as much passion as an anecdote given of him proves him to possess.

A lady had some years ago a sparrow which was exceedingly affectionate towards her, and soon developed a jealousy that threw Othello into the shade. No living creature could approach his mistress without being assaulted, and as he always flew at the nose, the attack was not at all agreeable. The bird would not even allow the maid to dress her mistress' hair. He used to sit on the dressing-table, so that, by means of the mirror, he commanded a view of the door. If the unfortunate maid should enter, the sparrow would shriek with rage and fly at her, driving her for refuge behind a wardrobe.

Once the lady was presented with a pair of the then fashionable "owl-head" earrings. But the sparrow would not allow her to wear them. He thought that they were birds (?) intruding on his domains, and determined to exterminate them. She had just put one of them into her ear, when the sparrow screamed with jealous anger, flew at the earring, and pecked and dragged at it until he succeeded in pulling it

out of the ear. Then he flew with it in his beak to the dressing-table, on which he banged it till he was quite sure that it was dead. Then he hopped off with his dead foe in his beak, and buried it under a pin-cushion (p. 264).

Pets are sometimes terrible *pests* even to their owners, and worry them sadly. Mr. Wood tells us of a lady who brought up a beautiful young leopard, with sweet caressing ways, and as playful as a kitten. But it had a large appetite, and always chose to be hungry in the night-time. And as often as it was hungry it began to howl so pitifully and so loudly, that its mistress could get no rest, and was perforce obliged to get up and feed the ravenous creature with warm milk, which it used to suck out of a sponge. Porcupines too, are strange pets, yet we read of a gentleman who kept two of these restless, ill-tempered creatures, and managed to attach them strongly to him.

The story of the captive butterflies, which were tamed and kept for the astonishingly long space of a year and a half, is graceful and uncommon, but unfortunately too long for quotation. The lady who bestowed so much pains upon these volatile creatures seemed to have found them capable of affection, gratitude, and fidelity, to judge by her words—which be it confessed, savour somewhat of transcendentalism.

One day after a heavy thunderstorm, we found the inanimate form of a yellow butterfly upon the window-sill. I took it up lovingly, and did my best to revive it; for I believed it to be the material form of my own beautiful Pysche, who had sought refuge from the storm, but found the window closed. Of this I cannot be sure, for all our efforts to restore her were in vain. The wondrous essence that had given it life, beauty, motion, affection, and memory, had returned to the hand of its mighty Creator, and with Him let it rest (p. 301).

Among the many pets I have loved and lost, few have endeared themselves to me more than my butterflies (p. 297).

Is not this stretching the "Divine law of universal love" to its utmost limits?

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Orphanages established at Jerusalem, by FF. Theodore and Alphonse Ratisbonne are familiar to many of our readers, and most have, moreover, heard of the miraculous conversion of the latter at the Church of S. Andrea delle Fratte in Rome. Those who wish to know more about this most wonderful instance of God's mercy will do well to read the Panegyric of Father Ratisbonne lately translated from the *Annales de Notre Dame de Sion*, and published in pamphlet form.¹ It gives a rapid and most interesting sketch of the life and labours of this remarkable man. Originally a devout and bigoted Jew, he was, like St. Paul, brought in an instant to a knowledge of the Truth by a miraculous vision. For some years after his conversion he was a member of the Society of Jesus, and subsequently joined his brother, the Abbé Theodore, in his work for the conversion of the Jews in their Holy City. We learn from this Panegyric that the Jews are flocking in large numbers to fix their abode at Jerusalem. The number there has tripled within ten years, and Turkey has striven in vain to prevent it. This makes the Œuvre of the Orphanages all the more important, and we hope that this eloquent sermon, sold as it is for the benefit of the Orphanages, and having the recommendation of a Preface by Lady Herbert of Lea, may be widely circulated.

A pamphlet on Freemasonry, written by a Belgian, is not likely to deal very gently with the sect. In Belgium, until the late elections, the lodges were masters of the country, and insultingly proclaimed their triumph, which they hoped would have permanent results through the action of the education law. The writer of *Les Maçons-Juifs*² deals mainly with the history

¹ *In Memoriam. The Very Rev. Father Marie-Alphonse Ratisbonne.* With Preface by Lady Herbert. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co., 1884.

² *Les Maçons-Juifs et l'Avenir, ou la tolérance moderne.* Louvain: Fonteyn, 1884.

of Masonry in connection with that idea of making all religions equal before the law, which in practice has come to mean excluding Catholicism from the school, teaching a new religion of State manufacture, and substituting for Christian morality, a code of rationalistic moral philosophy. He also gives not a little attention to the share of the Jews in the organization of Freemasonry, and the propaganda of indifferentism. Their part has undoubtedly been a large one. Altogether in little more than a hundred pages the author throws much new light on the history of Freemasonry. He does not give his name, but it is evident that he is a ripe historical student. His critical examination of the claims to authenticity of the so-called **Masonic Charter of Cologne**, dated 1535, is a useful contribution to this special subject. He clearly shows that the document is **spurious**; and this is worth noting because Claudio Jannet and other Catholic writers on Masonry have accepted it as genuine.

The little fortnightly periodical³ issued to the members of the Third Order by the Franciscan Fathers of Glasgow, has, since last May, contained the first portions of a series of lives of the Saints, Beati, and holy men and women of the Three Orders of St. Francis, the work of Father Antonine Scannell, O.S.F. The lives are arranged under the days of the year, on which those they celebrate are commemorated. So far we have only the opening days of January. This is the first attempt that has ever been made to bring out the lives of the Franciscan Saints in English in a complete series. There is certainly something thoroughly Franciscan in the way in which they are published, for they are so cheap that even the poorest can obtain them. The only fault that most readers will find with many of the lives is that they are so short, but this is a fault on the safe side. We trust the reverend author will be able to bring his work to completion, and to see his Franciscan lives reprinted in a form better fitted for a permanent place on the shelves of a library. In its present shape it would extend to a very long range of such little volumes as the one before us.

*A Manual of the Catholic Religion*⁴ is a popular catechism translated from the German of the venerable American mis-

³ *Third Order of St. Francis*. Lives of the Franciscan Saints, Blessed, and other remarkable persons. By the Rev. F. Antonine Scannell, O.S.F. Vol. I. Glasgow: P. Donegan and Co., 1884.

⁴ *A Manual of the Catholic Religion for Catechists, Teachers, and self-instruction*. By the Rev. Father F. X. Weninger, D.D., Missionary of the Society of Jesus. Seventeenth Edition. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher.

sioner, Father Weninger. Its special merits, the author tells us, consists in unity of plan and the co-ordinate use in demonstration of Church tradition and Holy Scripture. In the latter respect especially we note a very full use of the Fathers, the General Councils and Church history. We may add that the answers given to Protestant and infidel objections are clear and sufficient, and that the book has the high advantage of being based on a former Latin work of the same writer, *Summa Doctrinæ Christianæ* which was commended by His Holiness Pope Gregory the Sixteenth as calculated "to instruct youth in the purest principles of the Catholic faith."

A new edition of *Catholic Belief*⁵ has just been issued, prefaced by a well merited word of praise from the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, who calls it "one of the most complete and useful manuals of doctrine, devotion, and elementary information for the instruction of those who are seeking the truth." Every one who has used it has learnt from experience how true these words are. For converts, or ill-instructed Catholics, it is admirable, and even those who fancy that they know their religion well, will find in this admirable book much that they did not know before, and yet which no Catholic ought to be ignorant of.

The Third Order of St. Francis ought to prosper and flourish now that it has a zealous advocate and friend in him who sits in Peter's Chair. We hope and expect to see it extend itself far and wide during the present pontificate, and the English translation of Father Bertinus' Manual⁶ is most seasonable. The Rule of Life (pp. 37, 38) is admirable, most prudently avoiding impossible or impracticable restrictions in what is innocent, but at the same time so ordering the life of the Tertiary that he who keeps to it must needs make continual advance in virtue. The Manual commences with an account of the institution of the Third Order by St. Francis in 1220. Its first member was the Blessed Lucchesio, a merchant of Tuscany. Within fifty years it had spread all over Europe. It numbers in its ranks many great saints, St. Louis of France, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary. It has continued to flourish for over six hundred years, and it flourishes now as much as

⁵ *Catholic Belief*. By the Very Rev. Joseph Faa di Bruno. Fifth Edition. London: Burns and Oates.

⁶ *Manual of the Third Order of St. Francis*. Its History and Short Explanation of its Rules. From the French of Father Bertinus, O.S.F. London: Burns and Oates.

ever. The Indulgences attached to it are almost innumerable. A list of the principal of them is added as an appendix to the Manual.

The struggle between the Church and secularism for the possession of schools and scholars is not going on in Europe and America only, but has long since reached the antipodes. We have recently received from Australia a pamphlet by a vigorous and able defender of the Catholic cause in the colony of Victoria, Sir W. H. Archer, in which he gives details of the contest between denominational and godless education which is going on there. A commission has been sitting on the question of Government aid to religious schools, and in the absence of the chairman, who was in favour of the endowment of denominational schools, passed, by a majority of one, a resolution (p. 33), "That no school belonging to a denomination should be recognized as capable of receiving any monetary advantages from the State." Against this attempt to destroy Catholic schools, Sir W. H. Archer, who was a member of the commission, loudly protests, and appeals to the Catholics of Victoria to be up and doing, in words which we hope will re-echo in the ears of English Catholics, and of the Catholic Union of Great Britain. "You must agitate, ardently, persistently, agitate, agitate, agitate, for your holy cause." We recommend the perusal of this pamphlet⁷ to all Catholics interested in the all-important work of Catholic education.

We are glad to see an English reprint of Father Lambert's *Notes on Ingersoll*,⁸ which have had already in America a circulation of over fifty thousand. Father Lambert takes the infidel lecturer point by point and assertion by assertion, and shows how his "points" are mere flippant quibbles and his assertions unfair and untrue. He encounters with manly boldness his shallow blasphemies and cheap ridicule of Christianity. Now that Ingersoll's Lectures are sown broadcast by the Secularists, it is very necessary that the antidote to the poison should be within the reach of all. Every Catholic will be grateful to Father Lambert for his admirable notes, and will wish him God speed and a wide circulation in England.

⁷ *The Position of Catholics in Victoria in relation to Public Education.* By William Henry Archer, Knt. George Robertson and Co., Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide.

⁸ *Notes on Ingersoll.* By Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Waterloo, N.Y. Reprinted from the fifth American edition. London: Hodges, Soho Square.

St. George's Cathedral has long been noted for its beautiful music, and Father Reeks has supplied, by the new *St. George's Hymn-Tune Book*,⁹ what was long felt to be a want. Whatever may be the case in Catholic countries, we certainly need popular hymns for the congregation to sing, both for the sake of Protestants and converts from Protestantism, and they cannot be well sung unless the music can be readily procured. For the choirs of missions, both in town and country, this cheap Tune-Book, with its fifty well-selected hymns, will prove a real boon.

There is no people so much given to the making of speeches as the English people, and none so generally careless of the elementary requisites of oratory. In the art of speaking indistinctly, confounding vowel sounds, slurring consonants, marking only the accented syllable of a word and gobbling up all the rest, and in other feats of this sort we have not a rival. In a little pamphlet styled *The Art of Speaking*¹⁰ Mr. Harold Ford has indicated one cause of this. It is too generally granted that men are born good readers or speakers. But mere natural untutored eloquence and quickness of apprehension can never alone make men good readers or speakers. This truth—*orator fit, non nascitur*—is duly set forth by Mr. Ford, whose neatly printed little pamphlet will be found to contain much sound practical advice, given with modesty, simplicity, and directness. If the principles he lays down were better attended to, we should have fewer complaints of the acoustic defects of our public edifices, secular or ecclesiastical, and the public speech would cease to be what it too often is at present, mere noise—*vox et præterea nihil*—conveying to a great portion of the audience no articulate sound. We sincerely hope the present brochure is only the first of a series we may expect from the pen of Mr. Harold Ford.

The scene of the *Smuggler's Revenge*¹¹ is laid among the snow-clad plains and dark forests of Norway. The plot is ingenious and somewhat intricate, and the reader will not feel inclined to lay it down until he has read to the end. The title-page announces that it is "designed chiefly for the amuse-

⁹ *St. George's Hymn-Tune Book*. Compiled by Rev. Joseph Reeks. Price 1s. 6d. London: Burns and Oates.

¹⁰ *The Art of Speaking, or the Principia of Vocal delivery*. By Harold Ford, Lecturer on the Art of Elocution at St. Bede's College. John Heywood, Deansgate and Ridgefield, Manchester; and at Paternoster Buildings, London, 1883.

¹¹ *The Smuggler's Revenge*; or, *The Lost Child of Lanemarken*. Translated from the German of Gustav Nieritz by Lady Lentaigne. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1884.

ment and instruction of youth," and it certainly will prove attractive to children of every age. The adventures and sufferings of the lost child, and his ultimate restoration to his family and friends, are romantic and almost sensational. The moral tone is good. Wrong-doing is throughout placed in a repulsive light, and although the villainy of the man who is the author of all the evil in the tale apparently succeeds for a time, vengeance, though slow, overtakes him in the end, and he meets with condign punishment sufficient to satisfy the most ardent lover of justice. We will not sketch the story. We do not wish to spoil it for our readers.

Messrs. Benziger's *Catholic Home Almanac*¹² has a very wide circulation in America both in English and German. It has a coloured frontispiece worthy of being framed, and contains quite a crowd of interesting little stories, all of them beautifully illustrated. We hope that it may find its way into the shops of Catholic booksellers in England, as we feel sure that it would have a large sale and be appreciated alike by old and young.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Katholik* for September calls attention to the immense difficulties which the colossal dimensions of our great cities place in the way of those who are intrusted with the care of souls. It is impossible for them to keep pace with the extraordinarily rapid increase to which the principle of centralization has led, or to preserve those who flock to the towns from the corruption which pervades the moral atmosphere of these overcrowded centres. Whole strata of the population are removed from religious influences; extraordinary efforts are therefore needed to reach them, and to rescue the hundreds of souls that are yearly lost to the Church by contact with heresy and irreligion. As a means of grappling with the evil, the *Katholik* suggests the division of large and over-populated parishes, the re-arrangement of dioceses, and uniformity in externals, such as the use of the same catechism and hymn-books, the same rules for fasting and the celebration of feasts on the same days, throughout each land, that the unity of the Catholic Church,

¹² *The Catholic Home Almanac for 1885*. Price 25 cents. Benziger, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

which so much impresses unbelievers, may be apparent in non-essentials. There is so much at present to depress and discourage in the condition of the Church in Prussia, that the *Katholik* gladly points to a bright spot in the otherwise gloomy prospect—the numerous and successful meetings of Catholic Associations held in various towns during last August. There was the Society of St. Cecilia, for the cultivation of a taste for good church music, which met in Mayence; the Görres Society, whose aim is to promote science and religion, in Freiburg; the Workmen's Association, whose members mustered strong around their General-President in Cologne; and the Tradesmen's Guild, who held a *fête* under episcopal patronage in Treves; not to speak of a general Congress of the Catholics of Germany at Amberg for the discussion of the social difficulties of the day. The importance of these meetings may be estimated by the attention bestowed on them by the non-Catholic press.

Dr. Ernst, acting on the principle that one should be just to one's enemies, again writes in defence of the followers of Pelagius, whose errors, he asserts, have been exaggerated by recent writers. On a former occasion he cleared them from the charge of having originated the Nestorian heresy; he now disproves the accusation urged against them of having propagated false doctrines concerning the Evangelical Counsels and works of supererogation in general. The discussion of Wyclif's merits or demerits as a translator is now brought to a close. Dr. Bender proves him to have issued a translation of the Gospels, wilfully and wittingly garbled and falsified to support his own erroneous teaching, manipulated in so dexterous a manner as to make it appear that the temporalities of the clergy are unlawful, unjust, and condemned by Scripture—his object being to excite discontent among the people. And when his work was proscribed and burnt, he posed as a martyr, and represented himself as persecuted for having translated the Scriptures, not prosecuted for having translated them incorrectly.

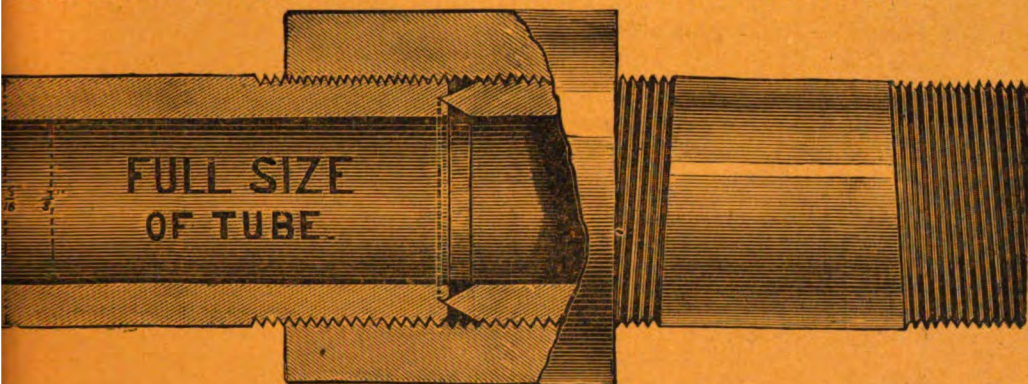
The *Civiltà Cattolica* (Nos. 823 and 824) points out two dangerous tendencies which are apparent on the part of Italian Catholics: the one is to drop political differences, even the question of the Temporal Power, in order to rally all Conservatives to stay the rising tide of Radicalism. The other, akin to it, is a movement in the direction of compromise and conciliation between the Catholics and the Liberal party. This

is manifest in the active part taken by Catholics in the municipal and provincial elections, which the disintegrating force of Parliamentarism has not been able to do away with. The outbreak of Asiatic cholera to a greater or less extent throughout almost the whole of Italy, forms the subject of an article, in which it is described as a scourge of God, sent to avenge His outraged justice, and to call to the remembrance of men who are engrossed with temporal interests, the solemn thought of the life to come. Materialists may scoff at this view of the matter, but while they refuse to see the supernatural hand which wields the scourge, they are humiliated by it, and forced to acknowledge it to be their master, since modern science is at a loss to discover any natural cause or effectual remedy for the disease. The eternity of matter is discussed in a philosophical article, the conclusion arrived at being that it is impossible for a finite intelligence to decide the question, for it belongs to the infinite Creator alone to declare whether the world He created was created in time or from eternity. In several previous numbers of the *Civiltà* the internal constitution of the Church, her nature, her prerogatives, her essential qualities, have been ably and clearly expounded; her external rights are now taken under consideration, the first being her territorial rights. These are universal, not that she claims possession of the soil, or political dominion, but she claims to govern her subjects throughout the world, to exercise her jurisdiction over the hearts and the actions of the faithful, to preach the truth to the heathen, the partially enlightened, and the heretic: to propagate the faith without hindrance or restraint. Amongst other articles is one on the *Regesti* of the Vatican, and one on the intellectual decadence of Italy as exemplified by the debased style of the novels of the present day. The breath of the Revolution, like the wind of the desert, has brought sterility and death to the literary life of a nation once unrivalled in the world of *belles lettres*.

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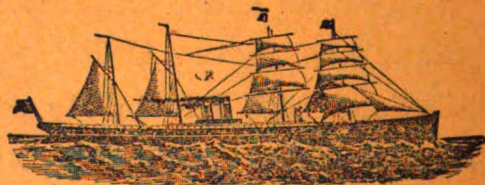
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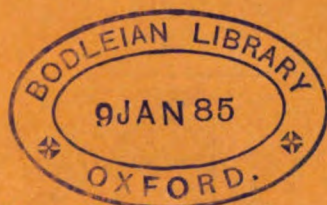
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THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1884.



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Primary Education.

PRIMARY education is a subject that has already been so often and so ably handled, that it savours almost of presumption to take it up again. Moreover the two chief systems of imparting it, the Board system, and the Voluntary, or Denominational, are so warmly supported by their respective advocates, that the very mention of them together is almost certain to put everybody into an attitude of defence. These are unpleasant facts to face. On the one hand is the danger of wearying well-wishers, and on the other that of wounding the susceptibilities of antagonists. Some have gone so far as to tell us that there is a resolute party in the House of Commons, supported by as resolute a following outside, who are determined to do away with all Government grants to Denominational Schools, as something positively "sinful," and we are warned that action on our part will only hasten the catastrophe. We incline however to the belief that although action may help to bring it on, it may just as probably help to keep it off. But there can be no possible doubt of what will result from inaction. The men who are watching to deal the fatal blow will be all the better pleased if the victim will kneel down to receive it. It is therefore not so much in the confidence of being able to say something new on a subject that has been so well ventilated, as in the hope of keeping it before people's eyes, that the task of writing on it has again been undertaken.

It is a pity that so much feeling has been imported into the discussion. It is difficult to understand why it should be so, if men are only looking for such a system or systems of education as would give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number of reasonable people. In other matters, in questions of science, or art, or commerce, those who are concerned are as anxious to hear what can be said against, as what can be said in favour of a scheme, and he is best listened to who can best expose its flaws and fallacies. Here however the case is wholly

different. Men meet not as inquirers, but as champions ; not to ask, Which is best ? but to say, Mine is best. They come not free and unbiassed, but hampered with predilections, pet theories, and hobbies ; and consequently the problem before them is not solved, and what is worse, there is some not wholly groundless fear that ultimately it will be solved rather by prejudice and passion than by reason, rather by the violence of a party than by the wisdom of the nation. Without pretending to an Olympic imperturbability, we shall endeavour in the remarks which we are about to make to keep our feelings so far under control as not to transgress the limits of fair criticism, for although some of us may not like the Board System, and others may hate the Denominational, yet that is no reason for attempting to demolish each other after the manner of the two Kilkenny cats. There is ample room for both.

One characteristic feature of the Board System is the elimination of all religious dogma from its course of instruction. To many minds this is a detriment and a scandal. But given that elementary education is to be compulsory, is there any way of avoiding it ? As society is at present constituted in this country it would seem that there is not. Our Catholic fellow-countrymen are of course held together by unity of faith. Other large sections of the community, such as Churchmen and Wesleyans, fancy they are so held together, which practically in this particular case amounts to the same thing. Good breeding prevents them from prying into the opinions of other people, while a dislike of being "unsettled," and a love of the comfortable, as effectually prevents their taking stock of their own, so that, all disturbing influences being in abeyance, the religious atmosphere is serene, people are able to smile at each other like the dwellers on Stromboli or Vesuvius, and all are content to send their children to the schools of their respective Churches. But outside these bodies there are thousands of men of advanced Reformation principles, who have developed more logically and pursued more persistently their twofold right of subjecting all doctrine to private judgment, and of refusing to recognize any authority on earth as infallible. Among them even the theory of "fundamentals," once trusted in as an impregnable fortress, and to this day deemed available for Sunday School teachers in some rural districts, has, when subjected to the fierce light of modern criticism, completely broken down. It has been detected to be what we might have designated a

humbug and a sham, were it not that it really means, when reduced to plain prose, that of the truths which God has thought it worth His while to reveal to us, some are important and some are not, and that therefore it is perhaps the most impudent piece of trifling with God's majesty that presumptuous impostors ever invented to delude the multitude. Well, it has gone the way of all flesh, and crumbled to pieces. But follow the theory up and see to what it has led. "Nothing can have higher sanction than Divine revelation. Some non-fundamentals have this as much as fundamentals, and therefore if those may be questioned, so may these be. The authority is, indeed, in both cases Divine, but still in neither is it conclusive, for it is an axiom that no authority on earth is infallible. All things may be and are affirmed; all things may be and are denied. Nothing can be imposed as of faith, because nothing is incontrovertibly true." Springing logically from these antecedents, we have amongst us thousands of men who are determined that religious freedom, which in some minds seems to include freedom from religion, shall not be for them an empty name. *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri* is their motto. They will pin their faith to no man. If the Apostles' Creed is to stand, it must speak for itself. Nobody may insist on a dogmatic explanation of it. The parson may preach, but he must take his cue from his flock, and confine himself to platitudes, or to dissertations on honesty, truthfulness, sobriety, manliness, and the other common-places of such a morality as may be set up without religion, and which, like a structure from under which the royalties have been taken, may collapse at any time, no matter how strong or how beautiful it may appear. But as for dogma, as for positive teaching in matters of religion, that will not be tolerated, for in these things "one man is as good as another, and better too."

Perhaps we may seem to have wandered from our theme, and to have got by mistake into a religious controversy. But it is not so. It was necessary for us to show the justice, on Reformation principles, of the claim of a large fraction of our fellow-countrymen to have schools in which the danger of their children being taught a creed of which they do not approve shall be effectually obviated by having them taught no creed at all. With this concession to their religious scruples they are satisfied. We may not think it the best thing for them, but in this land of religious freedom they must be allowed to judge for themselves. A man's will is his heaven, and, as long as he

respects the rights of his fellow-men, he must be left to enjoy it. If therefore the education of the masses is to be compulsory in a country which has adopted the principles of the Reformation, there must be schools which, so far as religion is concerned, shall be colourless—that is, there must be Board Schools.

But now let us return to the Denominationalists. For precisely the same reasons of religious freedom by which they have been led to establish the advocates of the Board System, or Secularists as we may call them, in their present strong position, they supposed that they themselves would be suffered to remain in their own.

This idea had grown up in their minds as something quite natural, for it used to be thought that freedom of conscience meant the liberty of every citizen, not only to choose his religion, but also to practise it, when and wherever he pleased, as long as he did not infringe on the rights of his neighbour. It was on this understanding that tests were abolished, penal laws suspended or repealed, and religious disabilities everywhere removed. It is on the same principle that the Universities and the Houses of Parliament, the Bar, and Commissions, both naval and military, are open to all, irrespective of creed; that the Mahometan may, if he please, spread his carpet in Trafalgar Square, and the Salvationist rattle through the streets with fife and drum, protected from an exasperated populace by the borough police. Even blasphemy, which, in times of yore, was punished as an offence against God, will now pass muster if it does not also offend the sensibilities of men. Here is religious freedom with a vengeance. But extremes meet. We have been stretching the meaning of religious freedom so as to include freedom from religion, and now the very men in whose favour we were labouring are endeavouring to restrict the phrase to that meaning alone. It shall, if they get their way, confer only the obligation of pocketing our religion for six days out of seven, and an incapacity to receive pecuniary help from Government on any other terms.

Now, how is this extraordinary change of front to be justified and this perversion of the plain meaning of words explained? It is here that the bitterness of ancient feuds comes in with baleful influence. Hostility to the Church of England, no less than to the Church of Rome, distorts men's vision and warps their judgment. No one in his senses can deny that the religious spirit of the past produced in this country a truly wonderful

array of educational establishments, long before the Board System was even thought of. To this source we owe the Universities and the majority of the great public schools, while the endowed Grammar Schools of England and Wales, most of which owe their foundation to the same spirit, may be reckoned by the hundred, the majority of them dating as far back as the sixteenth century, and some as early as the thirteenth. Nevertheless, chiefly on account of the antagonism to which we have alluded, but partly also because men's eyes are dazzled by the brilliant success of modern educational enterprise in this country, not only are the achievements of our ancestors cast temporarily into the shade, but they themselves are denounced as drones and laggards, their systems condemned as obsolete, and their modern representatives and heirs involved in a common misfortune. But if the Denominationalists of the olden time were remiss, what are we to say of the ancestry of those who now rail so rabidly against them? What did they do for education? What mark have they made on the page of history? Let them point to the monuments which they raised to the muses. Little as they think of what Denominationalists have done, had they but exerted themselves to the same extent as Wesleyans, Churchmen, and Catholics, there would have been no lack of school accommodation, and the ratepayers of Great Britain would have been saved an expenditure on Board Schools of some millions of pounds a year.

Another effect of the strabismus from which these men are suffering is that the familiar argument of *post ergo propter* has been assiduously applied to the case. The credit of the enormous strides undoubtedly made by education since the Board System was introduced in 1870, has been complacently taken to themselves by the Secularists, and the natural result is that they affect to look down with disdain on the Voluntary System as a relic of the dark ages, which the nineteenth century ought unhesitatingly to sweep away. The contrast no doubt is striking, but what is the true explanation of it? Was there of old a want of spirit and enterprise on the part of the managers? "The honest zeal which they [the clergy of the United Kingdom] displayed to promote the great object of universal education, is truly worthy of the pastors of the people and the teachers of a Gospel which was preached to the poor."¹

¹ *Report of the Select Committee on the Education of the Lower Orders.* Parliamentary Paper, 356, June 3, 1818.

Were the advantages of education unappreciated, or the cost of it begrudged? Thousands of founders rise indignant from their graves at the imputation. Was there a want of school accommodation? It was always in excess of the demand. And if in none of these directions we can find anything to account for apparent apathy and inertness in the educational system of our fathers, is there anything in the new system to account for activity? Nothing but what existed in the old. No very new principle has been introduced, and they now follow one method, they have the same syllabus of instruction, and they are subject to the same inspection. Therefore there is nothing peculiar to the Board System to account for the extraordinary success that has attended our educational efforts of late years. It has, however, delegated to it by Government a power in which all the virtue lies, the power, namely, of enforcing attendance. Here is the cause of the spread of education, at any rate to this extent that without it all accessory causes would have failed. You must catch your hare before you can cook it. The explanation, therefore, as well of the sluggishness of the past, as of the abnormal activity of the present, is to be sought for neither in any defect inherent in the Voluntary System, nor in any remissness on the part of those who directed it, nor yet in any special aptitude of the Board System, but in the fact that Government formerly neglected, and of late has woken up to its duty of seconding the efforts of private enterprise and zeal. To institute a fair comparison of the relative efficiency in this respect of the Board and Voluntary Systems, we must imagine this compelling power in abeyance. Then we shall have both Board and Voluntary Schools stripped of summonses, fines, distrains, imprisonments, in a word, of all the terrors of the law, but the Voluntary School still retaining the services of thousands of men, both parsons and priests, who make school management a duty, and discharge its responsibilities as a work of love, who devote their lives to the service of the poor, sympathizing with them in their hardships, and enjoying a love and confidence, and exerting an influence, which only disinterested self-sacrifice can inspire. What the result of this would be, and to which side the balance would incline, it needs no prophet to foretell.

Another familiar argument which is used to justify the threatened usurpation of all educational power, is that the Board System opens a fair field and no favour in respect of

religion. It is assumed that if no specific doctrine is taught, nobody can have any right to complain. Let us try to bring out, in parabolic form, the full force of this plausible piece of reasoning. We will suppose the existence of a boarding-house at which some of the inmates take wine at dinner, some beer, and some stout. What would be thought of the mental condition of the proprietor, himself an ardent advocate of total abstinence, if he were to address the company as follows: Gentlemen and ladies, hitherto it has been the custom in this establishment for each of you to take what you pleased to drink at table. I am now about to introduce a change in this particular, but I am anxious to be fair and equitable to all of you, and to leave no one any cause for jealousy or complaint. I have, therefore, given orders that in future one common beverage be handed round, it is what I take myself, namely, a wholesome and uncontaminated water. What, we ask, would be thought of such language? And would the inmates be considered very unreasonable if they replied that they didn't exactly see it? Yet this is precisely analogous to what the Secularist says to us, and he pretends to be amazed at our raising any objection. He seems unable to understand that it is just as unfair and illiberal for him to force water upon us, as it would be for us to force our beer upon him, and that if it be a sin to cram religion down the throats of people who do not like it, it is at least equally sinful to deny it to those who do. There is no greater fallacy than that which underlies this make-believe theory of being the same to all. Denominationalists see a distinction between the being educated and the being perhaps brimful of facts and processes. They are possessed of the idea that although a child were not only perfect in reading, writing, and arithmetic, but were also an adept in geography, domestic economy, and history, and had also gained a smattering of the sciences, he would not for all that necessarily be educated. They believe that these attainments by themselves would in many, if not in most cases, be positively injurious, and that to be really beneficial they must rest on a substratum of morality. They believe also that to talk of building up a code of morality without religion is to talk nonsense; that a morality which is not founded on the first and greatest Commandment of loving God above all things, and all else for His sake, which is not, in other words, looped up to the supreme will of One who taketh thought for all men, must be founded on selfishness; that under such a code

man's motive for action must ever be, in its ultimate analysis, love of his own body ; and that his aim in life, when traced through and past all his wordy and high-sounding professions, can be no higher than that which impels the beast of the field, namely, the nutrition and well-being, not of his soul, not of his mind, but of that in which these, according to the apostles of such morality, are mere phenomena, namely, his body. Finally, they believe that in such a code there would be nothing to hinder man from turning all his attainments in whatever direction he thought might most conduce to his own temporal pleasure or profit, however great an injustice he might thereby be guilty of towards the rest of the world. We are not concerned at present in proving that Denominationalists are right in believing all this. We only state, as a fact, that they do. Is it wonderful, therefore, that they should be dissatisfied with the offer of the Secularist ? The "education" which he speaks of is to them a maimed and truncated abortion, and his attempt to thrust it upon them is an unwarrantable interference with freedom of conscience.

The Secularist will of course reply that we do him an injustice. That nothing is further from his intention than to force his views upon us. That, so far as he is concerned, we may cling for ever to our prejudices, only that we need not expect him to contribute much longer to the support of religions with which he has no sympathy. This answer by its coolness seems to have deceived some even among ourselves. Let us therefore consider attentively what it amounts to. We Denominationalists have laid out enormous sums in building our own schools, furnishing them, and supplying them with staffs of teachers. Then we have been taxed to do the same for the Secularist. Having thus been set upon his legs, the first announcement which he makes is, that he will not subscribe any longer towards the support of our religions. Any longer ! Why, he is not doing it now. It is difficult at first to guess what he alludes to, but his meaning is that he objects to our being allowed to compete with him for certain prizes called Grants, which are voted by Parliament out of the national income, and by Government thrown open at present to all certified schools. But what are these prizes offered for ? Is it for religion, as he insinuates ? Is the grant that *he* gets given for religion ? And is not the grant that we receive awarded on precisely the same conditions, and for precisely the same thing ?

Should we get a penny less if we were to cease from teaching our children a creed ? The grant is given, as he knows perfectly well, for success in teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic. Religion has nothing in the world to do with it. We Denominationalists have indeed some reason to complain, for in paying rates to build Board Schools we really are paying for the satisfaction of the Secularists' "religious" views. But as for his grievance, it is wholly imaginary, not to say disingenuous, and it is the very effrontery of his insinuation that has sometimes screened its falseness from detection. If he had any sense of justice he would speak as follows. Those who do not believe in Secularism ought not to be obliged to build our Secularist Schools, or to support them. If a tax be levied upon the whole community, the whole community ought to reap the benefit of it. The school rates, therefore, instead of being handed over exclusively to us, ought to be distributed amongst all the certified schools of the district in which they are levied. This is the kind of speech we have a right to expect from him now. But if he persists in reiterating his complaint we shall know that his is no mere theoretical objection to religion in the abstract, but a very practical antipathy to those who profess it, and consequently that he, while parading as the champion of freedom, is really an insidious, but very commonplace advocate of religious intolerance.

Let us, however, now set the religious question aside altogether. Let us suppose the dispute about it to have been adjusted to the complete satisfaction of all parties concerned, and the advocates of the various educational systems to be working harmoniously together on parallel lines, having in view one common object, namely, the invention of the best possible educational machine ; and in the midst of this tranquillity let us consider the proposition of reducing all schools to one pattern, by handing them over to the State, and placing them under Board management. Would the change be a beneficial one for education ? Sad experience warns us of the caducous nature of all human institutions. They need frequent stimulants to keep them at work, and constant vigilance to prevent their falling out of gear, nor do educational systems form any exception to the rule. The Board System, or, as we may now call it, the State System, is a creature of but yesterday. The vigour of youth is still throbbing in its limbs, and yet we already descry symptoms of that decadence to which all things sub-

lunary are obnoxious. We speak not of mistakes or errors, attributable to that wanton exuberance of spirits which characterizes the spring-tide of life, mistakes which we might hope to see rectified by experience and the prudence of maturer years ; but of vices inherent in the constitution, such as age can only tend to develope and intensify. To show that it is open to great abuses we need not go so far back as the closing by the Home Secretary of St. Paul's Industrial Board School, for gross mismanagement. It is sufficient to turn to last year, when the London School Board issued a circular, by which we learn that it had been possible for their head teachers to sign requisitions for, and distribute, prizes which had never been merited, and to have carried on this practice for a considerable time without being caught. And that it admits of such abuses being quietly hushed up by the managers is proved by the extremely lenient measure of justice dealt out to the culprits. The severest sentence amounted to what nautical assessors would term a suspension of certificate for twelve months, and this was inflicted in only one case. To the rest a pretty little moral sermon was preached, but preached privately to each one, to save them the pain of a public exposure, although in this way the innocent have been left to bear equally with the guilty the ignominy of untruthfulness and dishonesty—hard words, it is true, but they are not exactly ours ; their equivalents occur in the Board's own Circular.

We are not saying that such things could not possibly happen under the Voluntary System. When the advocates of the Voluntary System aspire to monopolize education, it will be time enough to inquire about that. The point we wish to make now is this, that under the State System, in the metropolis, under the very noses of the authorities, and while £30,000 a year was being swallowed up by the salaries of Inspectors, it was possible, for we are not told how many school teachers to carry on this organized fraud, for we are not told how many months or years before the managers found it out. This fact alone is enough to prove a general remissness on the part of responsible people, and a constitutional vice in the system such as warrants the gravest misgivings, and ought to deter every prudent person from making it the sole depository of all his educational hopes. Rival systems working side by side would afford mutual support in these matters. The vigilant eye which they would keep on each other would be a

guarantee for honesty in both. We shall perhaps be told that means will be found, as time goes on, to eliminate these abuses, or at least to reduce them to a minimum. But considering that the system is still, as we have said, in its first fervour, and in the vigour of youth, we are not sanguine about that. If these things can be done in the green wood, what may we not expect in the dry?

Nevertheless, we are willing, for the sake of argument, to grant that it may be so. But even on that supposition the advocates of a State monopoly would not have established their claim. To do this they ought to demonstrate the superiority of their system over every other as an educational medium. But it has as yet shown no sign whatever of any special aptitude or power. It is true that the average percentage of passes for England and Wales is slightly higher in Board than in Voluntary Schools. Various causes combine to produce that effect. In the first place the Board Schools, though built especially for the needy, attract by their luxury the children of the well-to-do middle classes, who crush out the poor, and drive them into the comparatively deserted voluntary schools, to bring down their standard of efficiency by their lower intelligence, their irregular attendance, and the injurious effect of intercourse out of school hours with illiterate people at home. This argument has special force in the case of the Catholic schools, the children in which are almost uniformly of the poorest. Then, secondly, we must take account of the difference of expenditure, which is out of all proportion with the difference in the percentage of passes, the cost of each child under the Voluntary System being only £1 14s. 10¾d., while under the State System it runs up to an average of £2 1s. 3½d. for maintenance alone, and, when all expenses are included, to £3 5s. 5¾d. a child.

We need not, however, go on with this comparison. It would involve a study of statistics so multitudinous and so complicated that few would care to follow us, but fortunately it is quite unnecessary for our purpose. In order to form an opinion as to the relative rigidity of two kinds of iron it is not necessary to test all the iron of each kind. If fair samples of each are taken, and subjected to precisely the same strain under precisely the same conditions, we shall have in the result a satisfactory reply to the problem. And similarly, if we wish to compare two systems of education, we need only take an example of each working in identical circumstances. Wherever the two systems meet in this way, the superiority of one over the other, if there

be any, must appear. Let us, then, take an instance in point. We answer for its reality, but we must be excused from giving names. In a certain town in one of the Midland counties there are three Board, or State, Schools. In the following table are given the percentage of passes, the cost per child, and the grant per child for each of the three.

	Percentage of Passes.		Cost per child.			Grant per child.		
	Boys.	Girls.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1st Board School	87	84	1	13	10½	0	17	9
2nd Board School	64	78	2	1	6½	0	15	11½
3rd Board School	none	62	2	6	2½	0	11	9¾
Voluntary School	95	86	1	13	6	0	17	11¾

On the bottom line we have introduced a Voluntary School for the comparison which we are about to institute, but we wish first to make a few remarks on the State Schools alone. It will be noticed that in the percentages of passes there is a difference between the highest and the lowest of twenty-three for the boys and twenty-two for the girls. To what are we to attribute this? Is there anything to account for it in the situation of the schools? Not very much, for a radius of a quarter of a mile from the most central point among them would sweep over all four. Can it be caused by some inevitable inequality in the teaching power of masters and mistresses? No doubt this would count for something, but we submit that teachers who can produce no better result than sixty-two or sixty-four per cent. can hardly be men of average ability, and people entrusted with the spending of public funds would have no business to employ them. Well, perhaps the difference may be traced to a difference in the social status of the children. Certainly some allowance ought usually to be made on this score, but in this particular case, although there is this social inequality among the three State Schools, yet no argument can be founded on it, as will at once appear by comparing, as we now proceed to do, the State Schools with the Voluntary School. The children in this school are notoriously the poorest of all. The average attendance is about two hundred and fifty, and among their parents there are hardly a dozen who rank above labourers. They are in many cases badly lodged, fed wretchedly, and clothed in rags. Yet at the Inspection they beat the highest of the State Schools by eight per cent. We must not omit to mention also that they take the same number of extra subjects as the best State School, while the second and third State

Schools do not take any—they find the three R's as much as they can conveniently manage.

So far as we can see, only one other plea can be put in for the beaten side, namely, that the Voluntary School must be an exceptionally good one. This supposition might very fairly be disputed, for there are in the country many other Voluntary Schools equally, or even more, successful. But apart from this, while the plea might have some force if it were a case of school against school, it is very weak where there are three against one, and as an explanation of the inequality of the three State Schools among themselves it is of course absolutely worthless. Nor will it do to say that the case is an isolated one, and that a similar one might be found in which one State School beat three Voluntary Schools; for although that might betray a weakness in the Voluntary system, it would not prove that the State system was strong, and this is the point which the advocates of a State monopoly ought to make good. Here then we have the two systems subjected to a fair trial, under circumstances which, if not identical, lean to the advantage of the State; yet the result, not once only, but year by year, is practically the same, the Voluntary pressing hard on, or outstripping the best State School, while the other two State Schools are wholly out of the race. Now we have seen that neither difference of social status, nor difference in the ability of teachers, nor difference of locality, will account for the anomaly. We are driven therefore to the conclusion that there must be something faulty in the system itself. It will be said perhaps that it is the management, and not the system, that is to blame. Precisely so. It is the management. But what difference does that make? It is the management that differentiates the systems, and therefore to blame the management is to blame the system. A very little study of the anatomy of provincial School Boards will suffice to give one a fairly accurate notion of the management to be expected from them. The seats on them, once coveted by people of position and education, are now often left to be scrambled for by adventurous and ambitious second-class tradesmen, about some of whom we have heard it disputed, and not settled, whether or no they could write their own names, and who may therefore, without much injustice, be considered as unfit to guide the educational chariot as they would be to command one of her Majesty's ironclads. These usually are the members who are most assi-

duous in attending the Board meetings. Their abler associates have something else to do, and make their appearance only on state occasions. Hence the chief part of the ordinary work is often left to the men least capable of executing it. With a sagacity, however, which might hardly be expected of them, they practically confine themselves to reading the reports of visiting officers, listening to the excuses or prayers of parents, issuing attendance orders, directing the service of summonses, voting repairs and supplies, and accepting tenders. One we remember who never failed to turn up at quarter day, in good time to secure for himself the privilege of signing his name to all the cheques, which was all the more remarkable because no one could remember his ever having made out one of his own. But as for the other highly important half of their duty as managers and stewards of public moneys, which is to visit and inspect the schools, to take note of order and discipline, to point out mistakes which teachers may unwittingly fall into, to detect the many irregularities of which it is possible for them to be guilty—as for all this, to require it of them would be about as reasonable as asking them to work out a problem in the theory of projectiles, or to give a disquisition on the Rig-Veda. Boards having the education of the masses at heart indeed! Look at the bye-laws. When there are local industries in which it is profitable to employ young hands, or farms in the neighbourhood that need the help of scarecrows, it will be found not uncommonly that the masters of those industries, and the owners of those farms, have seats on the Board, and that the bye-laws permit half time at the end of the 2nd Standard, and labour certificates at the end of the 4th, that is, to children of eight and ten years respectively. No wonder that the setting up of State Schools is a popular thing among a certain class. “Wheresoever the body shall be, there shall the eagles also be gathered together.” Self-immolation on Boards is not a very common virtue, or, to speak more in accordance with modern philosophy, not a very common folly, and when we see one member using his position to solicit the votes of his comrades in order to secure for himself a contract, a second returning the compliment, on the principle that one good turn deserves another, a third packing the meeting in order to have himself elected to the humble post of visiting officer at a salary of £40 a year; when we witness these doings we cannot help suspecting that the intellectual elevation of the masses is hardly the object which Boards have most at heart.

Now we fancy we hear a watchful adversary whispering to us with a flavour of banter in his voice, "If it be thus with Boards, how comes it that they turn out such superior work?" It is a fair question, and requires a clear answer. First let us see how much superior to the Voluntary Schools the State Schools really are. The following table supplies this information for England and Wales.

Percentage of Passes for 1883-4.					
	Voluntary.			State.	
Reading . . .	89	14	.	89	96
Writing . . .	82	03	.	84	61
Arithmetic . . .	77	51	.	81	23
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Totals . . .	248	68	.	255	80
Percentages in the three subjects combined . . .	82	89	.	85	26
	<hr/>			<hr/>	
Difference in favour of State Schools				2	37

The next point to note is the cost at which this result is obtained.

Cost per child in average attendance.					
	£	s.	d.		
State Schools	3	5	5¾		
Voluntary Schools	1	14	10¾		
	<hr/>			<hr/>	
Difference in favour of Voluntary Schools	1	10	7		

We find, then, that to secure a superiority of a little over two per cent. in the passes, the State incurs nearly eighty-eight per cent. more in outlay. This can hardly be looked upon as a brilliant feat, and we do not begrudge School Boards any of the consolation they derive from it. But now to reply to the question that has been put to us. The superior work alluded to is not turned out by the managers at all. It can be attributed to them only in a very indirect way. It comes in reality from the severe competition carried on among teachers, and this competition is kept alive by the principle of paying on results. The managers, therefore, can be said to cause it only inasmuch as they leave the teachers practically uncontrolled, both in money matters, and still more in the pressure put upon children. It is by their permissive will only that success comes. Their efficacious will, as theologians would say, has nothing to

do with it. They are the cause of it, not by active interference, but by passiveness. And now let us in our turn put a question. Is this success an unmitigated good? Does it deserve to be called success? We are not alluding to the enormous outlay which it entails, but to the inducement offered to teachers by the State to overwork young brains in order to obtain it. This overwork, wherever it is found, whether in State Schools or Voluntary Schools, is the direct outcome of a principle which lies at the very foundation of the State System—the principle, that is, of paying by results. We do not quarrel with the principle itself. Results must always form an important factor in calculating remuneration. But there ought to be in every well-devised educational scheme something analogous to the governor in a steam-engine, to prevent this principle from leading teachers to overtax the energies and abilities of their pupils, and in the State System this moderating power is wanting. We are not accusing the teachers. Their errors in this particular at any rate are rather their misfortune than their fault. The loud protest which they have already made shows that many among the more experienced are aware of the evil, and wish to avoid it. But an irresistible influence drives them on. Young rivals assail the labour before them with all the energy of youthful ambition; the ready answers of the children at examination satisfy the Inspector that the work is not too heavy; in his zeal he advises a slight increase; whatever the older and more prudent teacher may think, he must either advance with the rest or retire to the rear. And so the cruel machine moves on, like the car of Juggernaut, and all must move with it if they do not wish it to run over them. This is the process by which the boasted success has been attained, and therefore we for our part are inclined to think it is not an unmitigated good. We know, of course, that the existence of overwork is questioned or denied. If it were the suspected vivisection of a poodle that were brought before Parliament, the Home Secretary would forthwith enter into the spirit of the thing, the authorities at Scotland Yard would be communicated with, the papers would take it up, and the country would be convulsed like a poultry-yard on the laying of an egg, until honourable Members had been assured either that the report was groundless, or that outraged humanity had been avenged. But with the vivisection of children, to see how much they can endure, it is wholly otherwise. The advocates of a State mono-

poly in education pooh-pooh it, deride it, scout it, turn a deaf ear to it, do everything, in fact, to get rid of it. Of course they are supported by a wonderful array of authority, from the jaunty explanations of the Vice-President down to the last report of the youngest medical officer in his pay, or the letter of that Inspector who, in writing to the papers, let it out, very ungratefully we think, that the Department had actually continued to employ him professionally for twenty years, although in all that time he had not observed, among the thousands of children that passed through his hands, a single clear case of overwork. But why can't they do as much for the children as for the poodle dog? Why are they so touchy about it? Why can't they inquire into it? Until they do, we shall continue to believe that overpressure exists.

But let us define what we mean by overpressure. Many disputes would be avoided if disputants would only begin by understanding each other. In order, therefore, not to waste time beating the air and bandying words, let us state first what we do not mean, and then what we do. By overpressure we do not mean "keeping in," or detaining children after school hours, as we believe is sometimes done where the staff is too weak to finish the work within the ordinary time. We have nothing to say in defence of such a practice; but it does not necessarily imply overpressure, because although the work lasts longer, yet the mental strain is proportionately less. What we do mean by overpressure is the keeping up this strain for too many hours, in the school by an effective staff, and out of school by the fear of punishment. It still remains for us to explain the meaning of "too many hours." This will be seen in the following tables and supplementary remarks.

Time Table for a few months after Inspection.

	Morning.	Afternoon.	Hours per day.
Standards 1 to 3 .	9 to 12 .	1.30 to 4.30 .	6
Standards 4 to 7 .	9 to 12.15 .	1.30 to 4.45 .	6.30

Time table for six months before Inspection.

	Morning.	Afternoon.	Hours per day.
Standards 1 & 2 .	9 to 12.30 .	1.15 to 5 .	7.15
Standards 3 to 7 .	9 to 12.30 .	1.15 to 5.20 .	7.35

Besides the work done during these hours, add home lessons, for the 1st and 2nd Standards, two sums, and six lines of

writing, calculated to occupy half an hour. For the other Standards, enough to occupy an hour and a half, as follows :

3rd Standard, two sums, and to write out the verbs, adjectives, and adverbs, from four pages of a reader.

4th Standard, two sums and twelve " words or meanings," or two sums, and parse a sentence, and learn from five to ten lines of poetry by heart.

5th, 6th, and 7th Standards, two sums ; parse a sentence ; learn from five to ten lines of poetry by heart ; lesson in domestic economy.

Thus for half the year children from six to eight years old would be kept at head work for $7\frac{3}{4}$ hours a day, and children from eight to thirteen years old, for 9 hours 5 minutes a day. During the same six months, as may be seen by the tables, they would have only $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour for dinner. We have been in their homes when they came running in breathless, to gobble it up and hurry back again, and in the evening little Maggie and Nellie showed the marks of the cane on their hands for being late.

As for the pupil teachers, they would be at school from 7.30 a.m. to 5.45 p.m., or even later. They would dine at the same time as the children, but they would only have some ten or fifteen minutes for that operation, having also to correct the children's home-written lessons for their respective classes. When they reached their homes in the evening they would, of course, have to learn their own lessons as soon as tea was over, but after that they would be at liberty to recreate themselves till bed-time. Such is our definition of overpressure. The details are taken from real life, although the tables may never have been signed by H.M. Inspector, nor ever have been hung in any school-room. They were signed by the rod, and they hang with the tug of a fifty-six round the necks of hundreds of children. Need we add that the particular school alluded to took an "Excellent?" Those who do not believe in the existence of overwork, must now either deny the adequateness of the definition, or else admit that the case is proven. To us either alternative will be satisfactory. We might have drawn a touching picture of the gradual wasting away of little sufferers, their hours of delirium, their ravings about sums, and their early death, but what is the use of harrowing people's feelings when the object in view may be gained quite as well by the use of the rule and plumb? Again we ask, Why refuse to do for children

what you do for poodle dogs? The above is not an isolated case. Why not make inquiries? Why, because the Vice-President cannot see any cause for complaint. Of course he can't. It would be unreasonable to expect it of him. Did he not show his good will by engaging the talents of Dr. Crichton Brown, and, even then he could not do it. If he were to admit the existence of overpressure, he would next have to set about checking it, and this he could do only by means of efficient managers, or by withdrawing the prize that he dangles before teacher's eyes. But the first alternative is impossible, as we have seen already, and the second would be the murder of his hobby.

A modern historian has written: "There is no more chance of a reaction against free trade in England than there is of a reaction against the rule of three." And really when one looks back at the commercial marvels of the last fifty years, one can scarcely realize that it is only that length of time since men believed in protection. But are we so certain that there is no chance of a reaction? Monopolies at their best are bad, and they are nowhere worse than in education. Government may manage the post, and telegraphs, perhaps even railways, as well or better than private companies. It is, however, to be borne in mind that if in these matters anything were to go wrong, if there were any irregularity or remissness, a million throats would wake up the authorities to their duty. But schools have no such safeguard. Therefore we would advise those who seem bent on cramping, and ultimately strangling competition in school systems, to pause for a while. Voluntary Schools have clearly something to say for themselves, and anybody who inspected the work of the Christian Brothers, in the Health Exhibition, will be ready to allow that *they* have also something to show for themselves. Why then refuse them a hearing? If you are confident of the excellence of your system, why act invidiously? You can afford to be generous. Why lay yourselves open to surmises and sinister comments? Why not throw down the glove to all competitors, on equal terms, and stop the mouths of malcontents? Denominationalists are unfairly weighted. They must tax themselves to build schools for their own children; they are taxed by the State to build schools for yours; for both these works they are taxed again, first by the sanitary authorities, and then by the guardians of the poor. Lastly they are taxed to keep schools going, but all the money goes to you.

Give us a chance on even ground. Monopolies are things of the past ; they are out of joint with the century in which we live. This is an age of exhibitions, when all the world may compete in open market, and he gets the prize medal who exhibits the best fabric, be he Jew or be he Gentile. As to religion, it is not to be mentioned on either side. What has religion to do with boats, or fishing-nets, or drain-traps, or short-horns ? Neither ought it to have anything to do with the verdict which is to be passed on the produce of our schools.

Shall we be heard ? That depends on the answer to another question, Is our liberalism to be of the good old honest English type, that enjoyed a stand-up fight on even ground, or is it to be that of Paris mobs and Aston Park ?

JAMES F. SPLAINE, S.J.

The Tercentenary of a True Reformer.

THE active, enterprising spirit of the Northern races gives them a taste for practice rather than for speculation. They are more attracted to the holiness which is displayed in active works of mercy than in that which finds its ideal in a life of pure contemplation. They can understand the missionary, though the mystic is not to their liking. They cannot comprehend how any one can seek a life of retirement as the best means of serving God, when the harvest is so great and the labourers so few. They forget that he who prays in secret is no less a labourer than he whose work is an unceasing round of external activity, and far more so if the active work mar interior recollection.

The Church of God, among its catalogue of Saints, finds men who satisfy every ideal and are suited to every taste. For the lovers of speculation she has her contemplatives, for the admirers of external activity she has her zealous missionaries and apostles. Not that external activity is ever divorced in the Saints from the contemplative spirit. Those who toiled most assiduously by day and night still found time for long hours of prayer, and when some break in their labours gave them a few days of repose, they showed their internal spirit by taking up as by a natural instinct the life of solitude and contemplation. Even amid their continual round of labours they made, like St. Catherine of Sienna, a cell in their heart whither they retired in spirit from the world's bustle to the remembrance of their God, and each exercise of zeal for others was at the same time an act of the love of God.

Such a Saint was St. Charles Borromeo, whose tercentenary has just stirred up our memories of him; a Saint of untiring activity, of indefatigable zeal, of self-sacrificing labours such as all must admire; yet at the same time a Saint whose activity was but the external impression of the love of God burning intensely in his heart.

The activity of St. Charles was compelled, by the circumstances in which he lived, to take a shape which is an additional recommendation to it in the eyes of Northern nations. Somehow, it flatters the inborn self-love of most ordinary mortals, if they think it is their duty to set other people right. The reformation of abuses is in particular regarded by Englishmen especially as their birthright. Misgovernment in Sicily, atrocities in Bulgaria, bigotry in Spain, nothing comes amiss to their reforming spirit. Now St. Charles was a true Reformer. In him their admiration has a legitimate object. In him they have a fit occasion of indulging that irrepressible love of reformers which, in lack of other material, fixes itself on some of the most abominable scoundrels who have ever cursed the world. When men worship an unscrupulous, mercenary, disobedient apostate like Wiclif, who among his other maxims of piety laid down that God ought to obey the devil; and a coarse, sensual, foul-mouthed, licentious beast like Martin Luther, it is time that they should have an opportunity of seeing that there can be a true as well as a false Reformer—a Saint of God cleansing the world of sin by the fire of Divine love, as well as a doubly-dyed miscreant professing to wash away abuses by pouring in a filthy stream of abominations far worse than the evils they were supposed to cure.

St. Charles was indeed a model Reformer, though we almost hesitate to apply to him a name which has acquired so ill an odour by reason of those who have usurped it. In him we see the infallible marks of one animated by the Spirit of God in his reforming labours, just as we see in Luther and Wiclif and Calvin the unmistakeable signs of the spirit of Antichrist. It is worth while, especially in these days of centenaries, to notice one or two of the differentiating characteristics which distinguish the true Reformer from the false, the angel of light from the angel of darkness. The first and most obvious is that the true Reformer works on the lines of obedience and submission. He acts as a part of that divinely-guided system in which he has his own proper place. He simply carries out the laws of the Church and enforces her spirit. As a modern instance, we venture to adduce the Tractarian movement in its earlier days. Its leaders were schismatics, heretics, aliens to the Church of God. Yet they were Reformers in the true sense. They acted in a spirit of almost touching loyalty to their chiefs; they simply

took the system in which they lived, and sought to work it as in their eyes it ought to be worked. Of course they soon found that it was an impossible attempt, that the system was illogical and rotten to the core, and those to whom they looked for guidance were blind leaders of the blind. When they made this discovery their loyalty never once wavered. They did not come forward as amateur reformers of Anglicanism; they simply looked about for an authority to which it was possible to be loyal. They quitted the city of confusion and the home of strife for the city of perfect order and the home of peace. They did not throw off their allegiance, they transferred it.

This loyalty to existing authority, quite independently of the personal character of him who was invested with it, was remarkable in St. Charles. All his work was done in the true spirit of submission. His reverence for the Holy See was exhibited in his every relation with Rome. In spite of vexatious delays in matters of business, he was never once heard to complain either of the Pope himself or of any of the officials of the Roman Court. He would kiss all Papal briefs when they came to him, and he extended his veneration to his fellow Cardinals and to all Bishops, whom he treated with every possible honour, as well as to ordinary ecclesiastics, always remaining standing when he gave audience to a priest. It was through his influence that the Council of Trent brought its labours to a successful issue. He studied its decrees most minutely, and the Catechism of the Council was owing to him. He obeyed its every injunction and recommendation with the most perfect exactitude, and the reform of his diocese was simply the carrying out of its decrees. For a man of his administrative genius all this must have been naturally difficult. Genius is impatient of rules, and zeal is prone to overleap barriers. But when the Spirit of God inspires genius and is the source of zeal, they become like the well-trained steed in the hands of its driver, instead of kicking against the traces like unbroken colts.

What made this easy to St. Charles was the fact that his reforms began at home. He reformed himself before attempting to reform others. The Decrees of the Council of Trent had a very noticeable effect in spurring him on to fresh sanctity. When he settled in Milan he resolved (says his biographer), in the first place, to attend to his own soul, by walking in the way of perfection and holy living, as an obligation to which he was bound by his episcopal character. He would beg his friends

to tell him of his faults and failings. Foreign prelates and the priests of his own household were alike enlisted in this charitable service. A still greater proof of his humility was that he was most grateful to any one who volunteered a disparaging remark. He would not allow his name to appear in any of the volumes that he published containing his councils and the Acts of the Church of Milan. When some nuns, whose convent needed reform, refused to let him enter, and placed themselves in the doorway with rude gestures and violent remarks, he quietly went home without a word of anger or remonstrance, leaving them to repent, as they very speedily did, of insulting one who showed such meekness and charity. On himself he never spent any money beyond what was requisite for bare necessities. What was said of him by Father Panigarola in his funeral sermon was literally true: "He took from his wealth only what a dog has from his master—bread, water, and straw." His clothes were so worn and threadbare, that when one of his household presented a garment belonging to the Cardinal to a beggar, the man refused it and complained to him that his servants had cheated him. He rejoiced in all the bodily discomforts which most men carefully avoid. He would never go near the fire on the coldest days, or wear gloves, even though his bleeding hands were covered with wounds from the cold. During the time of the plague he walked in the procession barefoot, though the blood would flow from his feet as he trod the ice-bound streets. All this, moreover, was the penance of one in whose life it is difficult to find any stains to be washed away. When quite a child he would retreat during his playtime to the oratory in his father's castle at Arona, and spend in prayer the hours which his companions spent in amusement. In that dissolute age, even the members of his household conspired to tempt the chastity of his stainless youth, but from every such attempt he fled as one whom men are striving to thrust over a precipice. His purity shone in his countenance, and the very sight of him was the means of putting into the hearts of many the desire to consecrate themselves to God by the vows of the priesthood or of religious life.

But we are not writing the Life of the Saint. We are merely seeking to point the marks and signs of the true Reformer in the Church of God. Charles having begun by reforming himself, or rather by exhibiting in his own person a brilliant example of those apostolic virtues, which constituted his episcopate not

only a state of perfection but a model of perfection, so far as man can attain to it, to the whole Christian world, turned in the next place from himself to his household. He dismissed the greater part of the officers and lay persons who had hitherto surrounded the Archbishop, and substituted for them a company of ecclesiastics. These were in all about a hundred in number, and were selected with the greatest care. He had a crowd of applications, partly from those who had a personal devotion to himself, partly from the repute of his sanctity and talent for administration. Out of the applicants he chose, as far as possible, men of learning and holiness, and subjected them before their reception to a careful scrutiny and to some sort of trial of their fitness for admission. Sometimes he would set them to make the spiritual exercises, sometimes to do some rather laborious literary work; sometimes he would keep them waiting day after day, to try their patience. The household he thus formed was conducted after the manner of a Religious house. All priests were bound to say Mass every day and to confess once a week at least. The Divine Office was said in common. During meals some spiritual book was read aloud. All had to make a daily meditation, the points of which were read on the previous evening before retiring to rest. After dinner a short visit was made to the chapel, and on Fridays all had to fast and take the discipline. Yet he treated all around him with the greatest kindness and liberality. They had good salaries, and in time of sickness the Saint himself would see that they had all their wants supplied. Happy indeed was the household of such a master! In spite of all the strictness that was enforced, it was a scene of continued peace and cheerfulness. It was a centre of usefulness, whose influence was felt to the very ends of the diocese. It was, moreover, a training-school for distinguished prelates: more than twenty priests who had been members of St. Charles' household were elected to sees in various countries of Europe.

From his own private household he next turned to the city of Milan. For more than eighty years Milan had not had a resident Archbishop. Ecclesiastical discipline had consequently fallen into a most miserable condition, and the priesthood had become a bye-word for careless and sinful living. St. Charles saw at once that it was a hopeless task to attempt to reform the laity until the clergy had regained something at least of that more perfect life which Christ our Lord demands in the priests

of His Church. For though the priesthood is not a state of perfection in the same sense in which the phrase is applicable to the religious orders, yet there is a certain sense in which by reason of the excellence of their ministry, priests may be said to be in a state of perfection, at least in an initial and incipient manner (*inchoative*). They are bound to a more holy and perfect life than ordinary men. Greater virtue is required of them, and a higher standard, since the office they hold is of all offices the highest, in that it consecrates them to offer to the Eternal Father His own Beloved Son. The perils, too, attaching to their office are greater, and God gives them greater graces to meet them. Their vow of chastity is essentially a counsel of perfection, but this does not belong to the priesthood as such, though invariably united to it in the Western Church. Their perfection is, in the language of theology, "a perfection to be exercised," not "a perfection to be acquired," that is to say, they do not receive in virtue of their state the means of acquiring personal perfection through that state, but only of practising perfection towards others. The priesthood supposes perfection in the sense in which we have described it, as a previous disposition in him who receives it; it does not of itself point on, as does the religious life, to an unlimited vista of ever-increasing graces to be conferred on those who live in it, in virtue of their state of life, but it requires a personal perfection and the performance of certain works of perfection.¹ Hence, as Cardinal Manning observes in his Preface to *St. Charles' Life*, "the decline of the priesthood is the ruin of the world, for the priesthood is the light of the world and the salt of the earth."²

Accordingly, St. Charles' first object in Milan was the reform of the clergy. The need of reform amongst them can scarcely be overstated. Their lives and manners were as scandalous as can be conceived. They wore the secular dress, carried arms publicly, and lived in many cases in open and habitual sin. Their ignorance was as great as their morals were corrupt. Some priests never went to confession, fancying they were excused because they heard the confessions of others. Some did not know how to administer the sacraments. Reserved cases and censures they had never heard of. Their lives were such

¹ "Quapropter censeo sacerdotes ex vi sui ordinis habere statum altiore et sanctiorem qui ab eis nonnulla opera perfectionis requirit, ratione cujus obligationis merito dici possunt esse aliquo modo, saltem inchoative, in statu perfectionis" (Suarez, *De Statu Religionis*, I. 17, 4).

² Preface to Giussano's *Life of St. Charles*, p. xii.

that it had become a common saying in Milan, "If you want to go to Hell, become a priest."

St. Charles saw with his eagle glance the true remedy for this evil. The only hope of a thorough change was a steady supply of well-trained priests. Three Seminaries he therefore established in the city, carrying out the injunction of the Council of Trent in all the details of his management. Wherever he could find pious and suitable subjects who showed promise of a holy life and evinced a vocation to the priesthood, he spared no pains to give them an opportunity of following the Divine call. Rich or poor he received alike, or, rather, he preferred the poor for choice, following that wise recommendation of the Council of Trent, that a majority of the clergy should be taken from the ranks of the people. In the remote villages of the Alps, in the schools and streets of the city of Milan, in the humblest homes, among artisans and menials, as well as among the cultivated and the educated, he sought for labourers in his Master's vineyard. He paid the recently established Society of Jesus the high compliment of placing under their care his Seminaries during the first few years of their existence, until a sufficient number of his own Oblates had been trained to carry on their work in the same spirit of devotion. All through his life St. Charles showed a very high esteem of the religious orders. "No man," says Cardinal Manning, "more honoured and loved the sons of St. Dominic, among whom he lived in Rome, and of St. Francis, who were his companions in Milan, and all regular orders as such."³ He recognized in them what the Church intended them to be, a support and willing instrument at the service of the Episcopate, separated, indeed, from individual members of it by reason of their immediate and direct dependence on the *Episcopus Episcoporum*, and therefore exempt as regulars from local jurisdiction, yet at the same time very closely united to the bishop of the diocese where they dwell by reason of their greater facilities, as religious, for coming to his assistance with their auxiliary squadron of light-armed troops, and of aiding him to renew the spirit of fervour where it has declined among the ordinary pastors of the universal flock, or where these latter need their help to cope with the corruptions and vices prevalent among the laity.

In 1563, St. Charles induced the Jesuits to found a College in Milan, and six years later, their church being no longer able to contain the crowds which frequented it, he rebuilt it from

³ *Ibid.* p. xiv.

its foundations on a scale which rendered it one of the most considerable churches of his diocese. He had also a high opinion of the Theatines, and in 1570, brought fourteen of them into Milan, and supported them until they had taken root there, and were sufficiently supplied by the alms of the faithful. Ten years afterwards he introduced into Switzerland both Capuchins and Jesuits, assisting the former in establishing themselves at Altorf, and the latter to found Colleges at Lucerne and Fribourg.

But he knew well enough that it was not enough to reform the clergy, or train up zealous priests, or to avail himself of the aid of the religious orders, unless he himself personally and in detail made inspection of his diocese. Accordingly he visited the whole of it twice every year. Every church, chapel, convent, oratory, hospital, was brought under the eye of the zealous pastor. Many of the schools he himself examined to ensure the careful training of youth in the principles of the faith. This visitation was indeed an apostolic one. No luxurious and well-appointed chariot carried him from place to place, no lordly retinue attended the Cardinal on his visits to his scattered flock. We will let his biographer speak for himself—

His journeyings in making these inspections were most fatiguing, his way often lying across rocky passes and steep mountains, up which he might be seen toiling, staff in hand, alternately frozen with the cold or exhausted by heat. In most places the path was impracticable to horses, and he was obliged, therefore, to travel many a mile on foot like a simple mountaineer. Often in his humility and charity he would insist on relieving his companions of the heaviest portion of the baggage, and we have also on record that when the path lay across a craggy rock or beside a precipice so steep that the natives themselves were accustomed to preserve their feet from slipping by iron spikes on their shoes, St. Charles, in the ardour of his zeal, would hasten on, supporting himself with his hands on the ground—on all fours, as the saying is.⁴

Yet he did not neglect the dignity of ceremonial befitting his high office, and necessary to impress upon the common people the honour due to a prince of the Church. On his arrival in a town, a procession conducted him to the church, where he spent some time in prayer. During the visitation he would invariably preach to the people, having previously inquired of the parish priest the state of the parish, what evils or vices were most

⁴ Giussano's *Life of St. Charles Borromeo*, vol. i. p. 132.

prevalent, in order that he might strike home in his exhortation to the people. During his visitation of Switzerland as Apostolic Visitor in 1583, he pursued the same policy of unwearied personal labour and self-sacrifice. With three apostolic men as his assistants he took up his residence at Roveredo in the Mesolcina Valley, and there by sermons, by instructions, by unwearied almsgiving, by personal mortifications which seem almost impossible considering the toilsome and anxious work on which he was engaged, he did much to save southern and eastern Switzerland from the yoke of heresy.

Such a Reformer as St. Charles was not likely to escape that continual persecution by which the world bears its unwilling testimony to the apostolic labours of the servants of God, and stamps them with the honoured mark of its hatred and opposition. In 1567, when he began to enforce his authority in the city of Milan, he was accused of personal ambition and a design of making himself master of the city. When he attempted to carry out his visitation of the Church of La Scala, the canons shut the door in his face, driving him away with threats of violence. His measures of Reform in the case of the Frati Humiliati involved him in a far more serious danger. Some of the leading men among them formed a conspiracy against his life, and they hired one, an ecclesiastic named Farina, to carry it out. The wretched man concealed himself in St. Charles' oratory, and while the night prayers of his household were being sung, fired at him from a distance of some five or six paces. Two balls struck him—one did not even pierce his clothes, but fell harmlessly at his feet; the other penetrated to the skin, but merely made a slight bruise. This wonderful escape was justly regarded as a miracle, and caused the greatest excitement in the city.

To the end of his life misrepresentation and calumny pursued him. In 1578 some nuns, whom he had reformed, complained to Rome of his strictness, at the instigation of the Governor of Milan, who regarded him as encroaching on his jurisdiction. In 1582 the heretics of the Grison obtained a decree from the Government excluding him from their country, not to mention other contradictions which assailed him from all sides. But he could say with St. Paul, "I fear none of these things, neither do I count my life precious."⁵ He was always patient, courteous, undisturbed by the turmoil around him.

⁵ Acts xx. 24.

When fired at by the assassin in his domestic chapel, he quietly motioned those present to keep their places and finish the prayers, although at the moment he thought he had been shot through the body.

It is especially in the times of danger to himself and to his flock that the good shepherd who cares for his sheep is discerned from the hireling who seeks his own. If St. Charles was unmoved in the midst of perils to himself, the calamities of those intrusted to his care touched him to the quick. The plague, which decimated Milan in 1576, moved his heart to the deepest pity. He himself went from house to house ministering to the dying, visited the pest-house outside the walls, supplied the hospital with provisions, stripped his house almost bare of furniture and drapery for the benefit of the inmates, and even sent his own bed thither for the use of the sufferers. Seeing some of the clergy of the town shrink from the danger of infection, he brought down additional priests from the Swiss valleys, and finding them insufficient, he turned to the Regulars, who joyfully came forward to this work of charity. As time went on and the pestilence spread, St. Charles gave orders for solemn processions to implore the mercy of God. The people were first assembled in the Cathedral, and he solemnly blessed ashes as in Lent and put them on the heads of all present. He himself walked in the procession, clad in penitential garb.

Round his neck he bore a rope like the halter of a condemned criminal; in his hand he bore a crucifix (preserved to this day in the sacristy of the Cathedral) on which he kept his eyes fixed throughout the whole of the way, like a malefactor led forth for execution (*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 392).

An incident on the way showed the character of the devoted Archbishop:

As he walked along with bare feet carrying a large crucifix in his hand, rapt in contemplation of the Passion of Jesus Christ, his foot caught in an iron grating, so that one of his nails was torn off to the quick. He would not, however, stop to apply any remedy, but bore the pain without flinching, and the roughness of the road. Every one was moved to compassion, but he showed no emotion save that of joy, that he was called to suffer for his flock.

On the other days of the procession he appeared, still walking barefoot. Though he submitted to have the wound bound up on returning home after the procession, he removed the bandage afterwards, nor would he have it replaced till after the procession was over.

When the surgeon came to dress it, and shuddered at the incision he had to make, the Saint himself never showed that he felt any pain (*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 394).

Such are a few scattered traits of St. Charles reforming work. We turn our eyes rather unwillingly from the Catholic to the heretical reformer. What a painful contrast does the apostate monk of Wittenberg present to the saintly Archbishop of Milan! In spite of the painfulness of the contrast, let us put them side by side, in order that we may see clearly in what lie the chief points of opposition between the true and the false Reformer.

They had some things in common: unwearied activity of mind, great natural courage and determination, and an astonishing power of influencing those around them. They were both keenly alive to existing evils, and set to work to remedy them, but the one in God's way, the other after the devil's fashion.

Luther began from self and ended with self. From first to last it was "I, Martin Luther." St. Charles began and ended by a total forgetfulness of self. In him God took the place of self: what cared he what happened to himself, so long as his Lord was honoured and adored?

Luther commenced his work of reform by raising the standard of revolt against authority—not all at once, but at first under a show of submission, until he thought himself strong enough to throw off the mask and proclaim his apostasy. With the true instinct of the heretic, he was always most bitter against the Holy See. One of his Wittenberg theses was, "The Pope cannot remit any fault, except so far as he declares and approves its remission by God."⁶ A little later, when measures were begun against him, he says, "I do not know whether the Pope is Antichrist himself or his apostle."⁷ When Leo the Tenth at length declared him a heretic, he called the Papal Bull *Satanissima Bulla*.

St. Charles commenced his reforms by insisting on the exact observance of the laws of the Council of Trent, by exhibiting in his own person a pattern of devotion to the Holy See and all things Papal, by referring all things to the decision of Rome, and accepting its decrees with the unquestioning obedience of

⁶ "Papa non potest remittere ullam culpam nisi declarando et approbando a Deo remissam."

⁷ "Nescio an Papa sit Antichristus ipse aut Apostolus ejus" (De Wette, I. 239).

loyal affection. Luther, as his first step, wants to reform the whole system of the Church. No half measures for him, no limitation of his work to those intrusted to his own care. Everything is to be swept away. "If you do not from your very hearts renounce Popery you cannot save your souls," is his language to the Wittenberg students. St. Charles begins the work of reform with himself, and ends it with that portion of the vineyard of the Lord that was intrusted to his care. Luther's reforms go hand in hand with moral turpitude and unclean living. St. Charles' reforms derive their efficacy and power from the angelical purity of his holy life, from the spirit of mortification which breathed in his every act. Luther's frequent visitor was, on his own showing, the devil, who often came and mocked at him, and incited him to new reforms. St. Charles enjoyed continually sweet intercourse with God, and the Spirit of God guided him through his difficult and dangerous mission. Luther's foul language and brutal abuse of all his own opponents disgusts even his admirers; the winning words and gentle charity of St. Charles won the love even of his bitterest opponents.

But, after all, the most reliable test of the character of a reformer is the results of his reform. Here the contrast between the true and the false shows itself most clearly. St. Charles even during his lifetime had the happiness of seeing the city of Milan transformed by means of his unwearied labours. It was not like the same city. Piety had taken the place of indifference, and a tone of high morality succeeded to the gross licence which had previously prevailed. The scandalous lives of the clergy had been exchanged for regular discipline and exemplary zeal. "The clergy," says his biographer, "were so reformed that strangers thought that all the Milanese priests belonged to strict religious orders." Thus the good shepherd already anticipated, however faintly, the joy reserved in Heaven for those who bring back many to justice, and who reclaim the wandering sheep from the thorns and from the beasts of prey. Although he was only forty-seven years old when he died, he saw already rich fruit ripening to the harvest and knew that the delight he experienced at the sight was but the beginning of the happiness that would go on for ever augmenting as long as the world should last, at the sight of the long-lived seed of which he was the spiritual father. He saw, moreover, growing up around him a band of faithful pastors bound together by the rule which he

had himself tested in the experience of his own household. He knew that the Oblates who bear his name would carry the sweet odour of his virtues far beyond his diocese of Milan or his country of Italy, and would carry on the work of opposition to the spirit of heresy which he had begun with such signal success. Already the valleys of the Alps had been almost swept clear of the enemies of the Church, although they had at one time seemed likely to gain the mastery there. Already the salutary enactments of the Council of Trent had worked wonders in staying the progress of heresy and in abolishing the abuses which had to a great extent occasioned the success of the rebels. He knew that the reforming Council would enforce its reforms all over the world, and would show to all mankind how the spirit of the primitive Church still lived and flourished in the Church of the sixteenth century, although the sins of men, and especially the sins of princes, had done much to obscure it, and had dealt a heavy blow to religion throughout Europe.

All this the true Reformer saw. What, on the other hand, was the sight that thrust itself before the eyes of the false Reformer? We will let him speak for himself, that our readers may know that we are not painting a fanciful or one-sided picture. We cannot quote the strongest expressions used by Luther respecting the condition brought about by his so-called Reformation, but the following will give the reader some idea of the character of a tree which could produce such fruits as these :

Unfortunately [he says] it is our daily experience, that now under the Evangelium the people entertain greater and bitterer hatred and envy, and are worse with their avarice and money-grabbing than before under the Papacy. The more and the longer the Evangelium is preached, the worse things are getting. All boast that they are Christians, all are proud of their Christian liberty. Yet meantime they give way to concupiscence and turn to avarice, lust, pride, envy, &c. Nobody does his duty faithfully, nobody serves his neighbour in charity ; sometimes this makes me so impatient, that I often wish those hogs that trample the pearls under foot, were still under the tyranny of the Pope. For it is impossible that such Gomorrha people should be ruled in the peace of the Evangelium. If God had not shut my eyes, if I had foreseen these scandals, I would never have begun to preach the Evangelium. As everybody sees, the people are now more miserly, more merciless, more impure, more impudent, than before under the Papacy. *All vices, sins and infamies have become so common, that they are no longer reputed as such.* The people feel they are free from the bonds and fetters of the

Pope, but now they want to get rid also of the Evangelium and of all the laws of God. The youth are insolent and wild and refuse obedience, the old people are full of avarice, usury and many other sins that cannot even be named. After the Pope's tyranny and kingdom has come to an end, everybody despises the pure and saving doctrine, *people become simply beasts and brutes*. Everybody thinks that Christian liberty and licentiousness of the flesh are one and the same thing, as if now everybody was allowed to do what he likes. Townsfolk and peasants, men and women, children and servants, princes, magistrates and subjects, *all are going to the devil*.⁷

Our readers must forgive us this extract, but it is necessary for their full appreciation of the contrast between the effects of a true and a false Reform. Side by side with this witness of Luther to the results of his own work, we cannot do better than set the following testimony the change wrought in Milan by the Saint even within the short space of his own lifetime :

Thus, at the time of his death, out of the wilderness of the diocese and province of Milan, heretofore full of abuses, corruptions, and sins, he had made a spiritual garden, and had brought it to such perfection, that Cardinal Paleotto called it a "heavenly Jerusalem" in a sermon preached at San Nazaro in Broglio in the year 1582, when administering Confirmation. "O Milan," he said, "I know not what to say of thee, for when I consider thy holy works and thy devotion, I seem to behold another Jerusalem, thanks to the toils and labours of thy good Pastor."⁸

We will not attempt to carry the contrast into the world unseen. We will only remark that as it is one of the worst elements in the agony of the damned that their torments continually increase as fresh souls are dragged down to Hell by their sin, so it is one of the sweetest of the accidental joys of the saints in Heaven, that their happiness is unceasingly augmented by the long line of those whom their good works have earned the grace of eternal life. It is not for us to pronounce the former to be Luther's doom, but we know with absolute and irrefragable certainty that St. Charles shares in Heaven with his Divine Lord the joy of redeeming countless souls by his work.

⁷ Verres' *Luther*, pp. 300, 301.

⁸ Giussano's *Life of St. Charles Borromeo*, vol. ii. p. 374.

Sketches of African Life in British Guiana.

PART THE SECOND.

WE described in our last number an African house in British Guiana, and its various appurtenances.. We must now say a little more about its inmates. On your exit from the house you may turn to the right or left as best you please: on the left you see a dark policeman coming, delighted if he could only take you up for thinking, as he fancies, you would like to knock him down. The said policeman is a bit of a tyrant when he gets a chance. He looks very savage at times, and hates all boys, and often has some poor weak girl imprisoned for a month for having assaulted and severely beaten him in the quiet discharge of his duty. However, we shall not trouble the "officer," as he is called, or, like him, look daggers at the boy, as if, poor fellow, his pockets were ever filled with stolen fruit. We will make friends with Africa's younger son and accompany him to school, speak kindly to him, study his manner, and find out all about him, and hear what he has to say for himself. For in truth there is much to be said in favour of the lad.

Poor little fellow, formed of the same clay as his distant European cousins, though much browned or blackened in the baking, as facetious or wicked people might put it. He possesses a little round head of his own, with a bright, intelligent face to front it. His eyes are as black and brilliant as polished jet. His teeth are of the fairest Indian ivory. His hair is by nature exceedingly short, crisp and curly, or as learned men or book-making travellers would call it, woolly. Picture-books of nursery renown often do great injustice to his nose and underlip, cruelly flattening the one, or grossly increasing the tendency to protrude, or pouty thickness of the other. His little black feet *with yellowest brown soles* (a fact that painters often forget or seldom know), are bare. Happy boy! without much covering upon his head, he delights in a ring upon his finger, if fortune favours him, be it made of beads or even beef-bone. He is not

shy, nor is he proud, ever ready to shake hands with the Governor, or Prince George, should they pass that way, or to return a nod or make a bow to any honourable member of the High Court of Policy, who might greet him with a smile, or in his mind wish to court his friendship. No, he is not proud, for he has actually been known to thank an old lady for throwing a penny in his way to keep him out of hers. His one garment, or two garments, or three garments as the case may be, are scanty, not flowing, clean, however, and decent, at least, to do him full justice, were so on Sunday morning, but as the week wears on his garments wear out, and young Solomon becomes a sight not fit indeed for the Queen of Saba to come and see! For his clothes give evident signs that sundry judicious patches here and there, would prevent that too evident colour contrast of white and black between his sable skin and linen coat or other covering. A contrast it is true artists rejoice in, and tell us that if it adds not actual beauty, at least it gives force and character to the sketch. Be this as it may, and tastes are allowed to differ here, boys must be boys all the wide world over, and the little African children are no exception, and out here especially are under the ordinary delusion, of course, that clothes are made more to be *torn* than *worn*.

The poor mother does her little best, and works her needle right well, as close personal inspection doth fully prove, but poor woman, her best endeavours are of little purpose. Let loose from the thread-and-needle process and far from the maternal gaze, our little urchin is fast climbing up some rough-stemmed cocoa-nut tree, securing its heavy fruit, then quickly sliding down again, loosening every stitch of his slender clothing, so lately patched, or rending wide his poor body garment.

Dear little fellow, let us love him for his liveliness. In due time and not without fear, all tattered and all torn, with bleeding toe and knees well chafed he returns to his mother who does not seem to love him just then, or for an hour's time to come, for sighing much, supperless, all sore, the boy is sent off to bed that night, and though he rises in the morning with marks of the tamarind rod, to him invisible, though perchance still painful, the young Solomon is not a sadder boy, much less a wiser or better one. And now a slight sketch of his scholastic course and his intellectual progress and development.

The school-bell has sounded and off to school young Solomon goes, or of course at times shirks, and runs away as

boys of big nations dō ; however, to school as a rule he runs, swinging to and fro his light burden of damaged books, trying by an extra swing and knock to test the strength of some weak garden-paling, or the patience of some poor coolee who, with a piano on his head, cannot well run after him to avenge the insult. In the package of his books, first come his slate, all cracked of course, then the copy-book, containing some fair writing, but with the usual percentage of boyish blots and blunders ; and then the dog-eared reading-book, and last of all his catechism without its paper cover, all tightly held by a string or strap, or with his father's last broken brace.

In his pocket, mixed up with dry crumbs and broken nutshells, and in close company with a marble, a bladeless knife, a half-eaten mango (it would be cruel to say perhaps "stolen"), the usual inch and a quarter piece of slate-pencil will be found. While his books are all swinging from the one hand, the other hand is to him much better engaged in clenching tight a piece of sugar-cane some twelve inches long secured from a Portuguese shop, in exchange for an empty bottle he has somehow or other managed to appropriate to himself. Vigorously with his white teeth he works away at his tough sugar, and merrily he trips along over the rough angular stones, all bare-footed, but never breaking one, much less bruising his little feet, and at length arrives at school, divides or hides his sugar-cane, fearing the counterpart less sweet, says "morning" to his master, opens his books, and betakes himself to study, and if possessed of moderate talent, works on successfully. He readily learns, nor is he, be it well observed, one whit more wanting in national talent and ability than our English country lad ; indeed, to take the opinion of a school inspector of a life-long standing here and of undoubted talent and experience, it would seem as if for a time, up to twelve at least, the little West Indian or Creole African has rather the advantage over his fairer cousins in the East, but then it seems there follow two years or more of mental stagnation, and then things are somewhat clear again, though the African youth or young man does not as a rule exhibit much reasoning power or turn for logic, whatever powers in that line he may by chance possess. But with the school-lad we are dealing. Take him first at his *sums* ; quick enough his figures find the right place on the slate, and as quickly are they added up, subtracted, multiplied, or turned into rule of three ; it is amusing to see a boy of near thirteen years of age with a sum in

proportion upon his slate, with all the marks of deep thoughtfulness on his brow, now looking to the ceiling for inspiration, then looking scantily at the walls, as if he saw his answer written there, then staring at the floor, then working briskly on his slate. Then out and loudly shouted the answer comes, or he quietly hands up his slate to the teacher, when all is correctly worked and rightly done.

Writing, too, he picks up fairly, and often forms for himself a first-rate hand useful for commercial purposes if ever he gets to business. But if he has a weak point—and we must own he has one—it is perceptible in his reading and pronunciation, but be it kindly remembered his disadvantages here are great and many, for in the first place he is not reading or speaking his own language, whatever that language may be, and secondly he is living and is mixed up with all tribes and nations and people. The English, the Portuguese, the East Indian, not to mention French Islanders, Dutch of the Talky-Talky language, and others of curious lingo, are all dinning into his ear. English he hears from the Englishman, but very broken would-be English from almost every body else. But for all this the African is not tongue-tied or bashful in conversation. While he despises all monosyllabic words, he is a great hand at clearing the dictionary of the longest and biggest sounding words he can find therein, twisting his tongue curiously around them, and he feels an honest pride in delivering himself as fluently he thinks, as a Manning, and as correctly as a Newman possibly could do! So much for the three R's, though speaking does not begin with one. There remain yet two more. One is of vital importance and far more necessary than all the other R's put together, but too sacred to mix up with these rough sketches. We allude to religion. The other R. is of painful importance, and most useful as giving impetus and encouragement to all the others and is mentioned even in Scripture, we mean the *rod*. In the matter of taking prizes and standing punishments our young hero is equal to the occasions, with cheerful face and sparkling eyes he receives his rewards, however trivial they may be, while, though no coward, with yells and howls, pitiful faces and pathetic appeal, he accepts his corporal chastisement, and with much marked profit too. For out in these parts our young Solomon has to remember with sadness, it may be, the saying of a wiser and greater Solomon than he in reference to the rod—for certain it is the rod is not spared here, but, on

the contrary, is held in high esteem by the master at school, and most carefully guarded by kind and loving parents at home.¹ Nor is it likely during the present generation at least, or is it at all desirable out here, whatever be the foolish tendency elsewhere, that an implement of such high Scriptural antiquity, of ancient classic renown, and of such public utility as the rod—*virga vulgaris*!—should ever find its way into our local museums, glass covered, and on velvet, laid there to be neatly labelled and carefully catalogued as “Barbarous implement of bygone days, used by our savage forefathers, to instil learning into the school-boy and to secure order, obedience, and good manners at home!”

The more ancient rods of corporal infliction were generally cut from the tamarind-tree, flourishing luxuriantly and providentially in these parts, and corresponding in use though surpassing in beauty the well known *birch*-tree of old England, while the acid pods of the tamarind-tree are eagerly sought after by boys. Its stinging switches whether used singly, or applied collectively like the birch, are equally disliked by them. “Fetch down the tamarind” is an expression not calculated to produce a smile in the youthful face, and generally results either in a loud cry for mercy, and a promise of instant reform, or a quick dash out of the door, and no sign of return till the storm seems quite blown over.

Before dismissing young Africanus and his school attainments, a word about his musical acquirements. Musicians allow that he has a quick ear, and is an excellent timeist; he easily takes in an air, and as easily gives it out again; his voice is not always melodious, though a song sung in an African school-room is quite equal to, and as pleasing as, a song sung in an English school-room, and as a rule is sung in better time. He is fond of instrumental music too, has a decided devotion to the big drum, and if you try him with a penny wherewith to buy a tin flute or whistle, he will make himself supremely happy the whole day long and all other people within hearing perfectly miserable. Soon he will learn a few popular airs, and the town will relish them later, for when the great Emancipation Anniversary holiday comes around, then he will turn out with red cap, blue trowsers, and a coat of many colours to honour the occasion, link himself on to a street band, if bandmaster he be not, and then play to his

¹ It must be somewhat regretted that the black parents are at times much too severe with their younger children, and let their punishments often run into cruelty.

heart's content, while ladies of sable hue will dance along the streets to his merry tunes. Now come his amusements. It may surprise many of our readers to know that tops, marbles, kites, &c., all have their appointed season here, as in the distant mother country. At one time a black boy's pocket will be crammed with marbles, at another time tops and top-strings will be cropping out, or on a door-step you will find our boy busy with split pieces of slender cane, fashioning a hexagon kite of fair proportions, and turning out, on the whole, a better bit of handicraft than an English boy probably could do. He has pieces of bottle-glass beside him to fasten cleverly to his strings so as to cut away his adversary's kite, and send it flying to the wind, for he is proficient in his art. Before referring to cricket, for he goes in for that too, we must notice another favourite game, the game of boat, indulged in by the more juvenile members of the community. When the tide has been very high, and the waters from the rain have well swollen the trenches, and the flood-gates in due time are opened, causing much rapid flow of muddy water, small boys place on the running stream thin sticks or little straws, call them boats, then back their speed with all their might and main against all competitors. A given mark, the passing of a bridge, is the winning point or goal. Then each in mad excitement speaks to his little boat, calls it encouraging names, or clasps his hands, shakes or rattles his fingers one against the other, works his feet and arms, and contorts every loose limb in his precious body, as if the winning of his boat was more than life and death to him, or as if his bright eternity depended on the race; and if it so happen, as generally it does, his straw or stick runs foul against some *debris* floating in the stream or turns aggravatingly to the land attracted by the shore, and mid tall grass and weeds remains a fixture there, you would indeed pity poor Neptune as you gaze upon his face in utter anguish and in sad despair. You would pity him, too true. Let the *London Times* write a leader or say what it will about the excitement on an Oxford and Cambridge boat-race day at Putney, Hammersmith, and Kew, it bears no comparison to the little African's boat-race or straw match, upon a rainy day in Demerara.

Considering that the mid-day temperature of our clime stands at more than 100° in the open field, and that the bright year round, it must be a matter of surprise to many that the game of cricket should ever have gained a footing on the soil,

much more have found general favour here. Yet so it is, and that among all classes and all colours, rich or poor, young or old. The European residents have their evening games and their periodical matches, sending to London for the best of bats and balls and embellished mugs to honour each other with. They carry their emulation to the extent of writing polite letters to the West Indian Islands inviting their very best Eleven to come and play, beating them at times fearfully, but treating them always royally. So again those who have never seen an English Oval or perhaps have never heard of Lord's, send also to the Barbaconne or somewhere else for choice balls, wickets, pads, and all the necessary cricket paraphernalia, and during the game have their scores posted up, and in the local newspapers all printed down, and sad for the Editor of that paper if he has laid a duck's egg at the door of any one who has at least scored one. But we are trespassing on other fields when we should be playing with our black African boy, not running the risk of getting hits or hard raps from London balls.

Our young African then must have his cricket game, because the white man has his. His scanty means, however, make him very independent of London balls and bats and wickets: an old paraffin tin all bruised and battered and just managing to stand, does excellent duty as both bales and wicket. The red leather ball resigns the honour to some old rags tightly twisted and fairly rounded, or at a great push an oblong mango-stone supplies its place. The bat of course is all in strict keeping, being often the butt-end of a leafless cocoa-nut branch, if perchance a piece of wood has not been fashioned into the conventional, bat-like form, and surely, what more do you want? The noble and scientific game of cricket is carried on with evident satisfaction to the players, and immense amusement to the lookers on. It happens often the lively scene of action is close to a muddy trench into which the ball goes as often splashing in as not, but in goes the fielder too, enjoying his bath, securing the ball, and scarce wetting his clothes, for he has scarce any clothes to wet! There cannot, we confess, be much interest to solid and sober minds to hear of an honoured game like cricket, spoilt and turned into a mere caricature by the poor Africans in these Western parts, but the fact is significant, and helps to show, as there are many other things of the like nature helping to prove, that the African has an inordinate

love of imitation, and must do as the white man does, because he thinks it good and the proper thing to do. But who can quite blame here? The great fault however is, he overdoes it, and imitates without rhyme or reason, and is often led to copy the faults and follies of the white man, rather than imitate his more solid virtues, when these latter chance to manifest themselves. Take for an example an uneducated African man, when his toilet is complete, and he is promenading on a Sunday evening all dressed in his Sunday's best, and he will hit off to a T the polished gentleman or the well dressed London swell.

No ordinary British labourer, or even common country actor, whatever his power of mimicry might be, could equal our African friend or approach his power of imitation when out for a gentle stroll on a fine Sunday afternoon. See him as he walks along, now showing his full fair height, then assuming a graceful and dignified bend, then all erect again, stopping and turning round on his high heel and fixing his dark critical eye upon some house in course of building (not really noticing the building at all), or with lips compressed viewing some slender tree from top to toe, as if he could not just then for his very life recall to memory its botanic name. See him on that sunny afternoon with all his carefully kept wardrobe spread over his broad and well built back and shoulders, in the one hand he holds tight clenched two white kid gloves, finger tips and wrist alone appearing, while in the other hand a cane is seen, now dangling from his fore-finger, then gently used to side away a dried leaf, a straw, a broken twig that lays upon his honoured foot-path.

An eye-glass graces his dark black eye, fairly staggering the plebeian passer, if perchance he condescended to cast one look towards him, or patronize him by his most searching and most penetrating glance. And then the eye-gear falls down the length of its black silken thread, and dangles to and fro till soon required again to give extra expression to his jet black countenance.

His coat, paid for by shilling instalments, is of broad, shoddy cloth of the finest texture, and of the most fashionable cut; it is surmounted with a velvet collar, and in the orthodox button-hole a tiny rose buds forth, supported by two green leaves neatly spread. His hat is of Paris silk, and the brim of extra Paris *bend*, all brushed with exquisite skill and care.

His boots are as bright as his dark black eyes, and both (his

boots we mean!) are of patent polished leather. His slender necktie and stiff-starched collar rival the envied whiteness of his ivory teeth. A chain of massive metal hangs from his close-fitting waistcoat bearing at the one end a locket, brass nuggets, a watch-key, and the like, and nothing at the other, nor does he allow these envied treasures to be obscured by the lappets of his coat, and he encourages much this useless metal watch-key to tell the truest lie that layeth in its power to tell.

Rings on his finger count from two to four, and then well dressed from top to toe and all things neatly fitting and some things partly paid for, the good man is supremely happy on that Sunday afternoon, in spite of the dull prospect of rolling barrels, digging trenches, or cutting cane on the Monday morning. Our description is an accurate one so far as it goes, but the class of which we are speaking is after all only a small fraction of the community. By way of smoothing down feathers if there should any of them ruffled be, let this thing be said to his credit, that he at least is not like the rest of his fellow-men, in that he works more than thrice in the week, puts by some money, and by his own honest toil makes a fashionable gentleman of himself, when occasion allows him to bring himself forward, as on our bright Sunday afternoon. Besides all this, he has advanced commerce in the town, bought many things and even paid for some, and has, as mentioned above, the power of doing what no awkward Englishman could do, viz., of taking off the Paris dandy or the London swell, while in heart and soul he is far more innocent, and much more pure-minded than European dawdlers. These last words of ours should, like charity, cover a multitude of sins in our description of him. His many days of industry make amends surely for one cool afternoon of childish vanity. However, in spite of the attempt at an *amende honorable*, we are bound to make our sketch more perfect even at the risk of having a little more honest amusement at his expense. His works, as imitative works, we have allowed to be perfect in their way, but his *words* are not equal to his *works*. There is much weakness there. If the language of his tongue was equal to the whiteness of his teeth, then there would be eloquence indeed; but here he fails. He fails, however, not from the want of words, oh! no, but from the want of knowing where to put those words, and what those words do mean, and also how to pronounce the words he chooses, and thus unconsciously abuses, or with his British liberty alters, to suit his fancy. For when he speaks,

(and silence him if you can), it becomes a matter of wholesale robbery and downright murder, for old Sam Johnson and poor Walker are robbed of every long, or learned, or outlandish word they had with such care collected, while the Queen's best English is murdered in cold blood without any pity, sorrow, or remorse.

Nay, the beauty of it is that there exists not even a vague suspicion that such crimes are being committed, in fact, when a sentence has been produced made up of words as big as suet pieces in a plough-boy's pudding, it is repeated over and over again, as if equalling in sound and surpassing in sense any phrase ever uttered by the most eloquent man in the Imperial Parliament.

It is amusing in the highest degree to be an unobserved witness, or better still a silent listener (for this manner of man likes to be heard), it is amusing to hear him ventilating his thoughts by conversing with his friend, say, on that bright Sunday afternoon when his clothes give an extra importance to his person, and add force and dignity to his words. Thus he accosts his friend while removing the cigar from his lips, and balancing it beautifully between thumb and finger: "Mr. John November (Jack he would not use even on a week-day, much less drop the Mr. or handle to the name), Mr. November, it gives you and me collectively controllable facility (for *felicity*) to encounter ourselves together this Sabbath evening and undertake unmistakeable friendship discourse together. I venture, Mr. November, to attribute to you and myself the *fortunatus* and convenient encounter to-day. Is Lucretia Alexandrina your daughter recovering the strength of her consequence (constitution!)" After a few more questions, all wrapped up in long and unintelligible words, our friend warns Mr. November not "to be late" on the morrow, but quickly "one time" perform the important commissions entrusted to *him*, emphatically reminding him that "prochristianization is the thief (thief) of time," then with a self-satisfied smile he shakes hands with his companion and both depart in silence, our friend evidently feeling that his superiority shone out brilliantly in the last display of knowledge and of learning, as shown forth in that grand old proverb he had so distinctly uttered and so correctly delivered himself of.

If our friend fails somewhat in his speech and uses his British liberty to the disadvantage of many a long latinized

word, so too he seems free and unfettered in his letter-writing, indulging at times in a delicious simplicity. For instance, a few months ago a poor black man writing to the Catholic Bishop of these parts upon matters no doubt of *grave* importance signed himself thus: "Your affectionate brother the grave-digger!" Poor fellow, seeing so much "dust to dust" made him take *la liberté* of thinking of *paternité* just then and *égalité* later on to be.

But to return to the imitative genius of the African. While his imitation has or may have done him some little good, at times it has been productive of a great deal of harm, both moral and religious. Among other things the following may help to prove this. Let loose from slavery the marriage law lay for a time very light and loosely upon him, but when at length the beauty and moral necessity of true Christian marriage dawned upon him, and he was made to see that it was good for himself as well as for the white man, he determined that he too would marry. But seeing that when his fairer companions, or rather patrons, were going to be married, there was much adornment, fuss, and stir made, and loads of money spent, and thinking all that must be right, he would delay his bright wedding-day till he could make some stir and have some money thus to do the right thing, and as he would think, right well.

If the white man had carriages and horses with flowers in the window and flunkies at the door, he must have something very like it. If the white man's bride had a dozen fair maidens all decked in silks and satins and bits of lace, circling about her, he too must have his fair share, all dressed in white and looking to English eyes much like unto photographic negatives.

If for the one the bells must be rung and music sung, there must be ringing and singing for him too. If a huge cake like to the pictures of the Tower of Babel is made for the white man, he must have his cake all frosted and something like to a modern whited sepulchre in the East, though it cost him the value of his wages for a week. If champagne wine and cooling drinks are the things for others, he in duty bound must have the same expensive drink as they have had. In a word, he must have what his richer friends in another stage of life have, quite independently of his present means or future prospects, and if he cannot have such things at once, he must delay his wedding to the Greek Kalends, it may be, to the jeopardizing of his soul and to the scandal of others and to the grief of his pastor. While on

the other hand, if he does procure all the marriage things above mentioned, he probably will cripple his resources for many a long day, and before the marriage week is over will find the wolf not far distant from the door. Why can he not do it quietly and simply?

Tradition tells us how, once upon a time in days of yore, Jeremiah Bone claimed in marriage the bright black hand of Ida Brown, and longed to lead her to the altar, and when at length the blessed day did come, he led her all trembling to the rails, while his manly bosom was filled with honest pride. And when they had mutually exchanged each other or taken each other for better or for worse, through hailstorms of Indian rice, and showers of lovely petals, leaves and flowers, and the wild applause of the gazing multitude he brought her all tearful to the sumptuous wedding-feast. There all things went on well midst graceful smiles and happy words and speeches, kind, but unintelligible, while cooling drinks, choice wines, and champagne, of the best, flowed like the mountain torrent. All cheerful was the sound that evening, and merry and late was the dance that night. But when the dull next morning came, and all friends had cleared away, clearing away with them every scrap of nutritious food, larder, cellar, pockets, purse (for the parson had taken the last farthing for his fee)—all, all were empty, and provokingly so. But Ida, the envied bride and heroine of our story, was equal to the sad occasion, the solemn words of the previous day no doubt tingling in her ears, "For better or for worse." So seeing all around her the empty champagne bottles standing against the wall like mocking ghosts, she waited and fasted till the sun went down, and then putting a shawl upon her head, she stole out and sold those bottles one by one, and bought bread that night for dismal Jeremiah's supper!

And now for another sketch and we have done. We have seen the good stout mother, her house and grounds, and Solomon the boy. We have strolled out and studied him at his lessons under the rod, and accompanied him at his games. The dandy man we have made the most of, and have pitied the fair Ida and hungry Jeremiah. Let us in conclusion have a look at little Africana. Bring her forward where she shows her forwardness a bit, or rather where a little weak point or so manifests itself. First in her favour we can say that as a young domestic being she is good, cheerful, and obedient, looks after her little black sister Blanche, plays with her doll, pats her

kitten, and can do a little crochet work besides ; can grate cassava for the starch, peel the plantains, and fan the fire or gather sticks to keep the pot a boiling. Her mother, like poor mothers the wide world over, keeps her constantly from school, delighted somewhat that a festered toe or inflamed eye gives her fair excuse for keeping her at home. Hence the child's learning on the whole is not extensive. She is also much employed in fetching water, cleaning the ware, and taking back the washing, but her great work is the catering for the house. In this she delights exceedingly. Her dress is always modest, and like her brother's coat, is clean on Sundays. She delights in beads around her neck of amber colour, and has a tiny ring upon her finger, her ears are pierced, and at times she wears a bracelet on her wrist, a present from her godmother. She wears her hair in a fashion hard to describe and hideous to behold, for what little wool nature has blessed her with her mother makes the most of, and by dint of painful pulling out, stretching, and tight twisting, forms little locks of a rat-tail length hanging about her head, or like young horns sticking up here and there and all about, numbering in all from six to eight. Her respected mother bears her woolly hair exactly in the same fashion, though of course on a larger scale, and both mother and princess rejoice in this droll, queer custom. From the name of the daughter by-the-bye, we are not to suppose that she is of the royal blood descent, for the Africans are fond of big and aristocratic names and were much more so formerly, when for instance Wellington was not enough for the baptismal name, the handle *Duke* must be prefixed—Lord Nelson, Prince George, and so on, were the style of name they very much rejoiced in and insisted upon in days gone by.

Young Princess, for we must return to her, wears often on her royal feet boots, not necessarily however and stockings, for these softer articles do please her much. While materfamilias is busy washing the clothes (and washing becomes quite a trade when both rich and poor mostly dress in white), while then the washing and starching (and starch in a vengeance they do), or ironing or hanging out is going on, young Princess with an empty calabash and a handful of money is sent scampering off to do the marketing. So, dancing away, as little girls will dance, often quite pretty in that performance, she finds herself after a word or so on the road with Miss Alexandrina Delphina Goodluck, of her own age and complexion, at the Portuguese

provision shop, where all things from a pearl shirt-button to a biscuit barrel can be bought, and here her royal highness becomes quite naughty, and all her gentle qualities disappear. She pushes forward on the greasy counter her empty calabash and at once cries out all breathless: "Gill² rice, gill salt-fish, gill pork, two gill plantain, gill Irish potato, gill sugar, two gill lard," &c., and if Antonio the shop boy is not at his post at once and in quick attendance, the important orders are repeated again in two keys higher, for Miss Princess is master of the position and she knows it, she has money in her hand, good current coin of the realm, and within a stone's throw, stands another Portuguese shop served by Manuel all smiling, and Antonio is painfully alive to all these facts and waits upon his disagreeable little customer without delay. So he begins to pour into the calabash the gill's worth of rice, Princess watching every grain, as if counting them and ready to cry out not enough, then comes the plantain, two out of the four are tossed back again as not good enough, and the patient Antonio changes them for others not a bit bigger or better, then there is much contention about the pennyworth of salt-fish, the child turns it over and over again, smells it, sneers at it, and then pronounces it as too thin and cut too near the tail. This too the Job-like Portuguese adroitly changes, Princess not gaining by the transaction. The gill's worth of Irish potatoes, which by-the-bye come from Bermuda, pass without a grumble, for Princess is not from the Emerald Isle and is not a good potato judge.

Last of all there is much ado about a gill's worth of salt-butter patted into a broken tea-cup. Princess makes a royal protest that it is not enough for the penny paid, stamps her soft black feet upon the hard floor, and insists upon having more. So the Portuguese with cucumber coolness takes it back, adds nothing to it but pats it into a different form, and then hands it back to the young lady, who by this time seems content that she had brought the shrewd Antonio to a sense of duty and uprightness. Business done and money paid, then follows "injury to insult," for the child quite coolly asks a gift, using for the first time the word *please*, and says in a subdued voice, "Please Mr. Antonio Gensators *give* me a biscuit" and without a word, a round biscuit or part of one is handed to her, her own sweet perquisite to be. Wise Portuguese youth! he knows his business well, and is a credit to his master. Then Princess goes tripping

² Gill, a penny; cent, halfpenny, but nothing for a cent is ever bought or sold.

home all happy with her biscuit and testifying to the sweetness of the sugar many times till she fears domestic trouble and has visions of the *cane* without the *sugar*.

Poor little Princess, a handful of pennies had quite for the moment spoilt her and made her rude, let us forgive her. "Riches has ruined many," and she poor child had nearly nine-pence in her hand. Our poor little catering-girl is trotted out just here as much to show the petty shop wants of the poorer class of African people as to exhibit the impertinence or manners of young Africana.

And here we put down the pen and abruptly we shut up the sketch-book for the present, leaving untold for brevity's sake many an ancient custom or curious saying illustrative of the character of our African friends, for where there is humour in a people there must be quaintness in their sayings and of course music in the sound.

IGNATIUS SCOLES.

*Lines to an Oak Tree standing above
the Stile of a Churchyard.*

O STRONG old tree, forgive these foolish words,
Forgive me, too, for my presumption bold ;
But I am young, and all things else are young
Compared with thee, who art so wondrous old.

Yet I would fain commemorate the time
When as a child I watched thee reared on high,
And thought I'd reach the heavens if I could climb
To where thy leafy branches touched the sky.

But years have come and gone, and now I stand
Beneath thy shade upon this summer day ;
All is unchanged, but now, alas ! alas !
The Heaven of childhood seems so far away.

How many lovers resting on this stile
Have told the tale which is for ever new,
And vowed that love like theirs had never been,
Nor ever hearts had beat as fond and true.

And all the while thy branches sway and rose
In the soft breezes wafted to and fro,
Echoing the song, the mystic song first breathed
In the bright vale of Eden long ago.

A few more years of joy, and then once more
The twain have paused upon the lonely stile ;
But one was passing to his resting-place,
The other turns again to wait awhile.

All this thou'st seen, old tree, and more beside,
And yet thou art unchangeable as stone ;
Thy leaves are now as green as in thy youth,
Amid thy branches still the night winds moan.

And what will be thine end ? How many years
Wilt thou a watch and ward above us keep ?
O ! wilt thou perish by the raging storm,
Or the upheaving of the mighty deep ?

I cannot tell—I only stand and gaze
Upon thy gnarlèd form, O giant tree ;
And shelter find beneath thy spreading leaves,
For thou hast been a true old friend to me.

An Englishman's Impressions of America.

VIII.—THE CHEAP LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

I AM not altogether surprised at the jaundiced view that Sir Lepel Griffin takes of all things American when I reflect on the strange contrasts and apparently unaccountable anomalies that the country and its people present to the eyes of the average Transatlantic visitor. America is at the same time so young and yet so old: so young in years, so young in its unexhausted vigour, so full of the enthusiasm and the energy of youth, yet at the same time it is so old in its practical and acute intelligence; so old in the civilization, and we fear we must add in the corruption and vice, of its large cities; so old in its system of government, which has from the first been of a kind towards which on the other side of the Atlantic men are fast drifting, though they are still far removed from its logical and historical completion. America is also so religious and yet so irreligious. One day in the crowded Catholic church the visitor plucks up heart, and thanks God for the glorious prospects to which the Church may look forward in the States, whatever may be its fate in Europe; the next he sees a very different sight in the still more crowded music-hall. Thousands of men and women applaud to the very roof the flippant profanity and shallow infidelity of Ingersoll, and public opinion has no condemnation for a coarse blasphemer who would scarce be tolerated in England. America, again, is so full of respect for law, and yet so lawless. The law-loving character of her citizens is obvious to every impartial observer. In all public resorts, in hotels, in railroads, in matters of business, it is enough that what is asked of the American is the *rule* to receive at once his loyal submission. Yet America seems from time to time to cast to the winds all reverence for the very laws that she herself has enacted. An angry mob rules lawless in the largest cities, or if (as in Cincinnati) there is some excuse for their violence, it is because those in

high places are supposed to have deliberately and unjustly set aside the law. America, again, is so honourable, yet so dishonourable; in her commercial transactions so fair dealing, in all business affairs so prompt in payment, and so faithful to engagements made: yet she reveals from time to time a reckless dishonesty in her leading men, which makes the English politician wonder how such a depth of fraudulent unscrupulousness can have been reached, and that not by a chance individual here and there, but by a compact body of systematic swindlers in high places. America, again, is so eager after money, and at the same time so careless of it. The man who labours for years to acquire a fortune, and after a long promise of success suddenly sees his hopes dashed to the ground by some unexpected misadventure, and finds himself penniless, is by no means crushed or even disheartened by his misfortunes, but wraps his cloak around him with unbroken and philosophic composure, and turns his thoughts to a fresh attempt with a sort of undying hopefulness. The very millionaire, who has devoted his energies to the amassing of his splendid wealth, is generous and liberal in the dispensing of his money, and does not wait until death renders it useless to him to bestow upon the charities of his city or state magnificent endowments. The love of the almighty dollar seems in no way incompatible with a readiness to part with it voluntarily, or to bear its loss most equably if it takes to itself wings and flies away.

These anomalies are all explicable by the history and the nature of the country. They are not really anomalies at all; it is only to the visitor coming from a different nation and imbued with very different ideas that they seem strange. They represent for the most part a state of things to which we can find a parallel in the still growing man. After all, nations are very like individuals on a large scale, and though the analogy must not be pressed too far, yet it helps to solve many a difficult puzzle to the foreign student of American life and American ways.

One of these anomalies, and one more perhaps to be regretted than any other, is that in a country where the people reign supreme, and where practical intelligence is so highly developed and popular education so widely spread, the literature for the people should be, taking it as a whole, of a very low type, and, what is worse still, that the literature for the young

should be almost universally sensational and corrupting. I do not know any subject in which liberty has degenerated into such an unhappy license as in the unchecked sensationalism and immorality of the cheap weeklies which are sold by tens and hundreds of thousands in the big cities of America. I have already remarked that the self-reliance and independence prevalent in the States, admirable as it is in some respects, carries with it a dimmed sense of our mutual responsibility. Men seem to pass over unnoticed this monster evil which is destroying the strength and vigour of mind of many American youths and American maidens, and filling their imaginations with ideas and images of every sort of crime. Yet there are some in America who have been striving for years, and are striving still, to meet the ever-increasing evil. Catholic prelates in their Pastorals speak of it in terms of mournful sorrow, and exhort their clergy to warn their flocks against it. The Catholic press continually denounces this plague-spot of American literature. Protestant religious newspapers raise their voice against it. There are societies for the suppression of poisonous literature in all the large cities; from time to time a seizure is made of some infamous publication which oversteps the line too palpably to allow of its being passed over unnoticed. Here and there the city authorities and magistrates succeed, by the personal exertions of one or two determined and influential men, in keeping down the rising flood. Yet, in spite of all, the attempt to check the evil is hitherto a failure.

I am led to dwell on this fruitful source of vice as being one of the influences deleterious to the future of religion in America. Popular literature is not only a gauge of popular morality, but an important element in popular education. Under both these aspects the popular literature of America gives us cause for most serious apprehensions and fears.

There is a great difference between Europe and America in the character and influence of daily and weekly newspapers and serials. America is essentially a newspaper-reading country. Every one has sufficient education to read the newspapers, and there are hundreds of thousands who practically read nothing else. The American newspaper accordingly is far more general in its contents than the European, and far more interesting, and as a rule far more sensational. It deals far more in personalities. One of its reporters interviews any celebrity who visits the city where it is published, and reproduces the conversation with

wonderful exactitude. When public attention happens to be turned on any special topic, the newspapers send their agents to the persons likely to provide them with information respecting it on account of their official or personal knowledge. If, for example, the state of the navy were to attract public notice, we should have the views of some of the leading naval officers and officials of the navy on the department, elicited in conversation by the reporter sent to interview them. In the case of a notable crime, there would be a sensational account of the antecedents of the criminal, and a personal narrative gathered from the lips of those who witnessed it, or made the discovery of its having been committed. In each case there would be a remarkable ingenuity in bringing out what would be best calculated to catch the attention and interest of the average reader.

I think the following headings of the articles in a leading Cincinnati paper,¹ are a fair specimen of the topics discussed in American papers generally. I am merely giving the contents of a single number, as I copied them during a railroad journey.

Perished in the flames—Chloroformed and robbed—A dead Student—Carnivorous plants—A troublesome Prisoner—Hotel men in self-defence—A dog's sagacity—A child choked to death with a marble—An overdose of chloroform—A mystery of the sea—Dwelling among the Indians—Legal acumen of a Four-year-old—Then it wasn't her husband!—The jim-jams—A coward's act—Wonderful cures effected by a miraculous picture in a Baltimore Catholic Church—How she gave the old man the go-by—A fatal draught—Whims of the Austrian Empress—Cattle raising in Colorado—Praying on the Holy Hill—Mental work during sleep—A dog at the Telephone—&c. &c.

Instead of being mainly political, as is the case with almost all European daily papers, it is rather an *omnium gatherum* of every kind of news or general information which may prove palatable and attractive to the public. As the mass of men love personalities rather than impersonal principles, and concrete facts rather than any theory underlying the facts, the politics, science, literature of American newspapers consists for the most part of personal details and striking facts. It certainly is very interesting reading, but I do not know that it is very improving. I have not altogether made up my mind about the average newspaper of the States; I do not know whether to admire or to condemn it: to admire it for the wonderful ingenuity with which it gathers together items suited to every palate,

¹ *Cincinnati Enquirer*, Jan. 5, 1884.

many of them consisting of real, solid, useful information, or to condemn it for its nondescript and sensational character. I am sorry to say that in a majority of American papers this sensational tendency leads to the insertion of narratives of crime and wickedness which render them dangerous to all, and positively ruinous to the young. As Mr. Anthony Comstock, the agent for the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, lately remarked at a meeting at Boston,

Fathers take the daily papers to obtain necessary information from the items relating to business—they have no great interest in the reports of criminal cases—and read them and throw them aside. The children get hold of them—they have no interest in stocks and merchandize—and read the sensation reports of criminal matters, and the seed of corruption is sown in their minds.²

In Cincinnati and the cities around it there is still more of this pernicious sensationalism in the daily papers than in the Eastern cities. The Archbishop of Cincinnati, in a recent interview with a reporter of the *Cincinnati Post*, who had called to try and obtain from him an expression of opinion on early marriages, in connection with the Cleveland scandal, denounced with well-merited severity the character of the daily papers of that city.

One of the most fruitful sources of immorality and lawlessness in our community [he said] is the practice of the daily papers to occupy so much of their space with detailed accounts of crimes and scandals, set out with graphic descriptions and embellishments—to attract the notice and impress the imagination, particularly of young boys and girls. We know very well that habitual intercourse with vicious and degraded people necessarily tends to vitiate the tastes and habits of any one. So that even a man who is compelled to come in contact with such persons finds it not easy to preserve himself entirely from their debasing influence. What is it, then, to put all our boys and girls every morning into the company of such characters, until they get familiar with all that is low and vulgar and shameful in the city, and to serve up this pestilential food fresh every morning—with a larger supply on Sunday—to furnish matter all day long for their thoughts and their talk in the streets, in the shops, in the factories, and in their families? Why, the most malicious enemy could scarcely invent a surer way to corrupt a people and spread rottenness in our republic.

But it is not the daily papers which really do the most harm. I do not think that there is any very serious difference in this

² *Catholic Review*, p. 382, col. 2.

respect between the best American and English papers. It is the cheap weeklies, the papers specially designed for boys and girls, the illustrated papers in which the chief objects of the illustrations are scenes of crime and vice, that are the chief sources of this frightful evil. After a walk amid the richly tinted woods which clothe themselves in their fairest foliage in the early fall, I cross the Hudson by one of the ferry-boats in the upper part of New York city. Close to the landing I observe a respectably dressed man, who hands to every passenger by the ferry a gratis copy of an illustrated serial. He does not offer me one, but a boy of twelve or thirteen, who is a little in front of me, has just received one, so I accost him, with an offer of a couple of cents for his paper. He has no objection to the bargain, and I carry my paper home to read. I have it before me now, so I am not speaking of its contents from a mere vague remembrance. At the top a statement is made: "This is the best Family Paper in the world!" I will not mention its name. I have no wish to advertise it. It contains a double picture as frontispiece. On the one side a girl, fair haired and comely, and beneath the picture, "Nell thought she would die; she crouched on the sofa, her hands clasped in agony." On the other a gentlemanlike, moustachioed man, leaning back in an arm-chair, and under it, "The blood was streaming from the temple near his shoulder. His eyes were wide open—in a death stare. Bob Dinley would never speak again." The story is entitled, "Poor Nell; or, Under Promise of Marriage," and there are ten chapters in the number, headed, "A child of nature," "More than one man interested in Nell," "Betrayed," "The stratagem," "A palace of sin," &c.

The titles of the chapters indicate the character of the story. It is simply a tale of seduction and crime, in which, under a surface gloze of pretended morality, sin is made attractive and the imagination wakened by suggestive passages more dangerous to the young than what is actually indecent. The advertisements correspond with the story. At the same publishers may be had Zola's novels for twenty cents a piece, as well as others bearing very suspicious titles—*Lives and Intrigues of Kings and Queens, Famous Assassinations of History, The Palace of Infamy*, &c. It was enough to make one's heart ache to think of this abominable paper distributed gratis to every passer-by. In England I do not think the ruffian would have been long at his work without his paper being

consigned to the flames, and himself and his employer to the police cell. Yet the paper in question was not regarded as at all one of the worst of New York weeklies. An American gentleman to whom I mentioned the incident, seemed rather surprised when I told him its name, just as an Englishman would be if he were informed that any of Cassell's papers had contained matter of a like description. In fact, I afterwards discovered for myself, that there were lower depths. I ordered one week a set of all the cheap trashy weeklies of New York, and I could scarcely have imagined that such revolting details of crime and obscenity, illustrated by coarse and disgusting engravings, could have found favour with a large class of readers belonging to a sensible nation like the American.

Unfortunately, the readers of these papers are not only a large but an enormous class. They are sold on almost every news-stall, and are distributed by tens of thousands all over the country. "Tons of the murderous rubbish," says a Protestant clergyman, writing in the *Churchman* of June 21, 1884, "flood the market." The worst of it is, moreover, that this literature chiefly attracts the young. It would be of comparatively little consequence if only licentious men and women indulged their taste for immoral reading by the perusal of newspapers and books which merely repeated what their corrupt minds were already familiar with. The misery is that all this polluting stuff is poured into the childish mind, to which it was before comparatively unknown, and it is the young imagination which these foul pictures fill with impure images, never to be erased from it all their life long. "This sort of literature," says the clergyman already quoted,

aims low for the undergrowth. It is adjusted to the level of the nursery, the play-room, the school, the shop—anywhere, everywhere where boys and girls may be encountered. Not only is literature steeped and stained with the fatal contagion, but art is become siren and sorceress, so that the unlettered even may be assailed through the lust of the eyes. On ten thousand news stands, on the street corners of all cities, villages, and hamlets, these alluring, lascivious cartoons and obscene cuts, in black and white, or in meretricious, flaunting colours, are thrust full in the faces of little children. You shall find them in groups crowding about these infested windows and booths, drinking ignorantly and greedily of this damning un wisdom that poisons flesh and spirit together. It is peddled at railway stations, hawked persistently through cars and steam-boats. Every other boy has the contraband stuff hidden in his pocket or under his pillow. The labouring girls, that swarm the great cities in underpaid wretchedness, stimulate their dreary minutes with

the illicit novel or newspaper. Even tradesmen have caught the trick of utilizing this influx of uncleanness, and float their merchandize to a wider market through the service of filthy pictures.³

I do not pretend to understand how it is that no stringent measures are taken to suppress this terrible evil. There is a consciousness among all classes that it is working havoc in the rising generation, and that it threatens to ruin the bodies and souls of thousands of young Americans. There is a Society for the Suppression of Vice in New York, and from time to time they succeed in obtaining a conviction against some of the villains who make their living by publishing of the vice and impurity literature. I believe that when the case is clearly made out to the satisfaction of the presiding magistrate, the penalty is a very heavy one, and that besides fine or imprisonment, a seizure is made, not only of the condemned papers or books, but of the whole plant, type, printing-press, machinery, everything. But this is of rare occurrence. Perhaps the very severity of the penalty makes it difficult to obtain a conviction. The freedom of the individual is allowed to prevail over the public good. I fear that this is one of the occasions where liberty degenerates into licence, and the weakness of constituted authority appears in its unwillingness to incur the enmity of those who can make use of the dangerous freedom of the Press to denounce a Government that interferes with the literature of the people. The evil doers, moreover, know the law well, and manage just to keep on the safe side of its too indulgent enactments. Even if they were to suffer occasionally for their misdemeanour, their profits are so large that they can afford to pay the fine and submit to the confiscation. Hence the evil lives and flourishes, and produces, among other evils, a continually increasing amount of youthful crime. We read of youthful murderers, youthful suicides, youthful burglars, youthful highwaymen, to say nothing of lesser criminals. Let us hear what Mr. Anthony Comstock, the active agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in New York, already mentioned, has to tell us on this subject. "Nothing," he says, "seems to me so terrible as the licentious and sensational stories with which the country is flooded. The child's fancy is crazed by the sensational story paper. Religious teaching makes no impression, because his mind is pre-occupied and his fancy corrupted by the blood-and-thunder story on which he feasts his mind six days in the week. The police paper

³ *Churchman*, p. 697.

and the half-dime novel are educating our children to crime and corruption." He then gives a number of statistical details which he had collected respecting youthful criminals in New York and Boston, from which we cannot quote more than one short extract.

There have been arrested during this time [within the last nine months] four bands of youthful bandits. One gang of seven were all under sixteen years of age; of one gang of ten, all were under seventeen years of age; of one gang of nine, all were under ten years of age; and of one gang of seven, all were under twenty years of age. Those of the gang of nine under ten years of age, just before their arrest, had passed a resolution at their headquarters that each one should poison his own mother. One of the boys relented; he couldn't do it, and he thought he would practise on the servant girl. She heard him discussing it with one of his companions, and objected to the performance, and caused the arrest of these young criminals. Almost all of these young boys attributed their downfall to the reading of sensational stories.⁴

Unhappily the evil, instead of diminishing, is on the increase. As means of communication improve and cities and towns spring up with incredible rapidity, the vendors of these infamous publications find a fresh mart for their wares, and with the spread of material civilization comes the spread of the evils which unhappily accompany it. One of the Government agents reports in the year 1877, that in no previous year had there been so many complaints from Colleges, Seminaries, &c., of the distribution of obscene publications. I have been told that they are openly given away in the streets of Chicago. In one publishing house, which had gone a little too far even for the blunted moral sense of the New York State Government, the officers of the law seized and condemned four tons of impure books. The superintendent of the House of Refuge in New York city, the reformatory for youthful criminals and for the children of criminal parents, stated not long since that a majority of the four thousand inmates were corrupted in their childhood and youth by impure literature. The same trustworthy official, in a communication made to a reporter of the *New York Tribune*, bears testimony to the extent of the mischief. Twenty years ago, most of the boys sent to the House of Refuge had been arrested for pilfering, now it is for every sort of criminal offence.

⁴ *Catholic Review*, Ib.

You would be surprised at the great number of very young tramps whom we receive. They come often from distant cities—Buffalo or Cleveland. Generally they are not more than sixteen or seventeen years old, but they always have one of those abominable papers in their pockets. What the result of such an influence in the community will be eventually, unless it is arrested in some way, is hard to tell. The evil is certainly a crying one, and calls for some remedy.

Perhaps I shall be told that the children of parents without faith, children, too, educated at the godless public schools and brought up from infancy in an atmosphere of unbelief, cannot be expected to have any scruple in devouring the interesting, sensational, and immoral stories which are most attractive to the young mind. What motive is there for avoiding them? The poor children have never been trained to a love of purity, or of the Queen of Purity, or of Him, who atoned for thoughts and words as well as deeds of impurity, with His Sacred Agony in the Garden and at the pillar in Pilate's house. They know indeed that their parents (or most of them) would forbid such books or papers, and that it is their duty to obey their parents. They have a vague knowledge of the holiness of God, and that all things impure are displeasing to Him. But their obedience to their parents, very distantly connected in their mind with obedience to God, has but little power to check them. It is either an obedience of fear, or no obedience at all is really enforced, or the early independence of American children has taught them long ago to throw off all obedience. As to any direct sinfulness in reading the trash of weekly papers, how can we expect a poor child to detect the dangers underlying records of crime and sensational stories which rest their vice under a veneer of pretended virtue? The natural law does not pronounce on evil thoughts so clear a condemnation that the child must perforce listen, and often the poison is absorbed into the system before it is perceived to be poison.

All this is true, and excuses to a great extent children educated without the faith. But the worst of it is that a large proportion of those who devour these abominable papers in the cities are Catholic children, or at all events the children of Catholics. In a sermon preached in St. John's, Brooklyn, on the Evil Press, in the course of the present year, the Rev. Father Donohoe gives his sad testimony to the fatal mischief going on among Catholics.

Observe that row of young men waiting to be served with their favourite story-paper. Follow them up on Sunday. Most of them are Catholics, at least in name, but on Sunday you will see them standing around the street corner unmindful of their obligation to hear Mass. You will hear them saying, I don't believe this and I don't believe that ! The Church should not order this and it should not forbid that ! They don't know the A B C of the Christian religion, but they are ready to criticize everything the Church does. Led into sin by immoral reading, they deny the faith in order to stifle their remorse of conscience. It matters little whether they have formally renounced the faith or not. They do not go to Mass on Sundays or holydays. They do not approach the sacraments. A miserable percentage of them may come back on their death-beds. The rest are lost. There are other causes for this deplorable state of things, but the most fertile and obvious one is bad literature.

I am pained to dwell on this sad, this mournful topic, but as I am anxious to put before my readers a faithful picture of America on the dark as well as the bright side, it would scarcely be honest to omit it. It is an evil so widely spread as to form an important consideration in balancing, so far as we can, the hopes for Catholicity in America. Insidiously it works—the miasma infects first one poor little victim and then another. It attacks the Irish poor more than any other class. The reason of this is that they have a most deplorable inclination for city rather than for country life, and thus their children, reared in the streets, become familiar with the literature of the streets almost as soon as they learn to read at all. In the miserable tenement houses of New York, in the Irish quarters of Boston, and Pittsburg, and Chicago, these cheap weeklies are read by thousands of poor children who, had they only remained in the sweet land of their birth, would be innocent of all the wickedness which has now become second nature. In the simplicity of an Irish village, they would have grown up, not indeed always exempt from sin and crime, but at least with the faith deeply rooted in their heart by reason of the teaching of their childhood, and the surrounding atmosphere laden with the influences of their holy religion. Everything around them in childhood and youth would have breathed that indescribable spirit of simple faith which clings to the children of St. Patrick's Isle ; they would at all events have had every chance of being saved from evil and brought up in the love and fear of God. But in the degradation of the tenement house, amid the corruptions of the streets of New York, drinking in vice from their

infancy, fed on the garbage of the cheap weeklies and half-dime novels which have made them familiar with crime before their teens were reached, with their imagination stirred to a precocious and impure activity ere childhood has grown into youth—what chance have these poor waifs and strays of proving themselves hereafter stalwart supporters of Catholicity in the land of their exile ?⁵

These sensational stories and weekly horrors are, moreover, a greater source of danger to the Irish than to the slower and less excitable mind of the child of Saxon origin. The quick intelligence and rapid apprehension of the Celt renders him more apt in drinking in the meaning of all that he reads ; his imagination, easily roused to good or evil, is more easily kindled by the suggestive word ; as he is docile to virtue, so unhappily he is too often docile to vice. The poison works more quickly in his boiling veins, and the impure tale, veiled under its pretence of a virtuous moral, leaves a darker stain upon his innocence by reason of his acute perception of its true import. The fact that these cheap weeklies specially include among their advertisements Irish songs and ballads, proves that they appeal to a large extent to the children and youths of Irish descent.

The corruption of the cheap literature of America seems to me one of the saddest blots upon American civilization. I do not see much chance of any great improvement in the future. It is possible that some energetic lover of virtue may arise among American statesmen, and pass some effective measure corresponding to Lord Campbell's Act in England ; but the circumstances attending the recent Presidential contest do not augur well for the disinterested virtue or high-principled enthusiasm of American politics in the future. Bishops and priests can do something to check the evil, but not much. The various societies for the suppression of vice are active and energetic, but they have not a sufficient support from public

⁵ In an article on the emigrant in New York, in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Miss Charlotte O'Brien, who resided herself for two years in a tenement house in New York, with a view of ascertaining the true facts respecting Irish emigrants there, gives mournful witness to the condition, physical and moral, of their poor inmates. After describing the disease, poverty, and immorality fostered by these tenement houses, she quotes the words of a man who had lived there for twenty-eight years, respecting the Irish boys who grow up in them. "The Irish children here are a terror. They would know more evil at ten years here than they would if they lived to the end of their lives in Ireland ! It is untold the wickedness they learn here." She adds, that it was an Irishman, heart and soul, who gave this grievous account of their degraded condition.

opinion, from the law and law officers, to make any serious impression. The counter attractions of healthy Catholic literature for the young may render some service indirectly in putting it down. Warnings to the young, and still more to their parents and those in *loco parentis*, may diminish somewhat the spread of this deadly nuisance. But after all is said and done, it will require nothing short of a miracle to root it up altogether. I am afraid it will go on doing its work of destruction to the end. All that we can hope for is that its pernicious influence may be more and more averted from Catholic children as the organization of the Church makes progress, and the increased vigilance of bishops and parish priests renders Catholic parents alive to the poison that their children are drinking in. It may be that through God's mercy some apostle of healthy literature may arise and may pursue with unrelenting severity the immoral papers, the villains who write for them, print them, and publish them. If devoted men are found to bestow their lives to preaching a crusade against the vice of drunkenness, why should not some servant of God enter the lists against the far worse mischief of poisonous literature? The evil results of drunkenness are palpable, and therefore men appreciate the necessity of the warfare. The evil results of immoral literature are impalpable, or at least their immoral effects do not appear upon the surface. It needs one well versed in the knowledge of the young to detect in the anxious look and troubled expression the loss of that simplicity and innocence which the impure story-paper has undermined and destroyed. The seeds sown in the youthful mind do not always bear fruit at once. Sometimes it is only after years have passed that they produce their fatal effects. But none the less all the life long the weakened will and polluted imagination and corrupted heart carry the traces of the devil's handwriting on the blank tablet of the childish intelligence in characters of death.

The prevalence of this corrupt literature is one of the evils which threaten the most the progress of the Catholic Church in the States. It is destructive of faith by sapping the foundations on which faith is built, by rendering the young averse to the restraints of religion, by perverting the will, and leading it away from God. What chance is there for the gentle influences of Catholicity to subdue the young heart to its yoke of purity, where licence and impurity have already run riot, and where the fascinations of a life of sin have been painted in the most attractive colours by the devil's scribes?

But if the prospect is an anxious one, I must confess that my own convictions are more hopeful than the apparent hopelessness of the case justifies. It seems to be a part of the Divine arrangements that in spite of adverse circumstances, in spite of countless losses by apostasy, in spite of the social disadvantages which cling to the name of Catholic, in spite of the wholesale mischief wrought by the public schools, in spite of all the corruption of the large cities, in spite of the godless schools and seminaries, in spite of the pernicious and immoral literature sown broadcast among the young, in spite of these and a thousand other snares laid by the devil for the Catholics of America, God still designs for the Church of the Great Republic of the West a glory and a pre-eminence which we can scarcely hope for in the Old World.

R. F. CLARKE.

John Wyclif, his Life and Teaching.

IN the progress of our inquiry into the history of John Wyclif we have now reached the point at which it becomes necessary to examine the nature of the opinions which he held and promulgated, in as far as they differed from the doctrines of the Catholic Church. In what points soever he differed, whether few or many, small or great, he was in error, and these errors constituted the heresies for which he was condemned and excommunicated. There is no room for questioning the fact of his guilt and the justice of his punishment. I have not hesitated therefore to call him a heretic. All the requisites which are necessary to constitute a formal heretic met in the person of the Rector of Lutterworth. He held heretical opinions, taught them, and maintained them to the last day of his unhappy life. The points on which he was in error were made known to him by competent authority, but he held his own opinions. They were not speculative errors, errors of such an abstruse type as to escape the notice of the ordinary inquirer; they were plain and practical, touching and poisoning nearly every article of Christian faith and practice. Not only were they very radical, but they were very numerous. In the year 1415, the Council of Constance condemned forty-five of them. According to Balle, one John Luck (a contemporary, who resided at Oxford) collected no less than two hundred and sixty-six heretical and erroneous propositions from Wyclif's writings.¹ Other statements exist which debit him with even a larger number. To examine this formidable catalogue in detail becomes impossible; it will suffice for our present purpose to place before our readers some few of the most remarkable of the innovations which Wyclif attempted to introduce amongst our ancestors. But here some introductory observations become necessary.

In order to form a just estimate of any author we must be

¹ See Balle, cent. vii. 61; Wood, *Hist. Oxon.* p. 206; Tanner, p. 487; Foxe, *iii.* 321.

familiar with his writings. Their evidence is indisputable, and commands a respect which we cannot concede to any other authority, either friendly or hostile. Wyclif's opinions then are to be gathered from Wyclif's writings. They are very numerous, both in Latin and English, and of both classes a considerable number has already been printed. The unprinted Latin works are said to be very voluminous. "Yet," (here I borrow a passage from the latest prospectus issued by the Wyclif Society), "it is not a little noteworthy, and less noteworthy than discreditable, that the best of these works should never have appeared in print." The sum of £1,500 is asked, at the same time by the same society, in order to meet necessary expenses, and an annual subscription is required in addition, to establish a fund for the publication of these neglected treasures. Apparently the requisite funds will be provided by the British public. "Already," says this recent circular,² "the society includes among its members the archbishops, many bishops, and other dignitaries, . . . the leading clergy of all religious denominations, especially the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan bodies, and many other persons of distinction."

In order to win our approval and our subscription, the society favours us with its estimate of the character of Wyclif, for the publication of whose works the eminent individuals, to some of whose names we have ventured to refer, solicit our contributions. "May I be permitted" (writes the Secretary), "may I be permitted to point out that Wyclif was no mere theologian, but a man of letters, a distinguished scientist, statesman, and social reformer? From whatever point of view we look at him, he is great and greatly interesting. Moreover, his writings are not merely of antiquarian interest, but they treat present-day subjects in a present-day style, free from the pedantries which disfigure many mediæval authors. I trust therefore" (continues this judicious critic, with touching confidence) "whatever your proclivities may be, that I may have the honour of enrolling you among the members of our society."

If we are unable to respond to this appeal by paying down our money as its writer suggests, it is from no spirit of hostility to the general undertaking which the Wyclif Society proposes to itself. We think it desirable that the writings of Wyclif should be given to the world, for (if they have no other result) at least they will establish, beyond further dispute, the errors

² Dated October 31, 1884.

and heresies of the writer. The existence of such errors and heresies is to us a fact beyond the range of discussion ; Popes and Councils, Bishops, Universities, and Synods, have pronounced his condemnation, and with their decision we are satisfied. But the British Protestant stands unconvinced, and in answer he shelters himself under the plea that these unprinted materials will vindicate the memory of this Morning Star of the Reformation. So he pays his yearly subscription of one guinea, in return for which he receives two volumes, printed in Germany and edited by a learned German professor. They prove to be dull reading, and the attempt to understand them is soon abandoned ; but they are showily bound, they look well upon the book-shelves, and they are dear to their owner as proving to him that he is one of those who have joined in commemorating "the great Englishman who first realized the principles which lie at the foundation of our civil and religious liberties."

We repeat, then, our conviction that, should these works of the Rector of Lutterworth of evil memory ever be printed, they will not materially alter the opinion which we Catholics will continue to entertain of their author. Possibly they may reveal a few personal facts connected with him ; probably they will enable us to trace the gradual formation of his peculiar opinions and to mark the steps by which he forsook the good and found the evil. Yet the inquiry must be of a very limited interest, and few will care to pursue it through the large range of dull reading which will have accumulated on the shelves of the aged subscribers who shall live to witness the end of this commercial undertaking. But if the number of the volumes were doubled they would have no practical bearing whatever upon the question of Wyclif's heresy. And this, be it borne in mind, is the one question which at the present time claims our attention.

If there be any one feeling or sentiment which more than another has impressed itself upon the age in which we live, it is the doctrine of the absolute freedom of the individual. It has become an axiom among us, which few dare to dispute, that every man has the right to judge for himself and to act for himself. He asks for no external guidance, and he will accept of none. He has become his own lawgiver, and there is no superior Court of Appeal. How such theories could seek to engraft themselves upon the doctrines which form the basis of Wyclif's teaching is to be explained only on the supposition that Wyclif's supporters do not know what Wyclif taught. They

know that he called the Pope by the name of Antichrist ; they believe that he translated the Bible into English ; and this, probably, is about the extent of their information. They do not know the heresies which he held and which he attempted to introduce into England. They do not know the blasphemies which he poured out against the three Persons of the Ever-Blessed Trinity and the scurrilous obscenities with which he assailed various articles of faith and practice which Protestants and Catholics alike hold in respect and veneration. If they knew Wyclif as he is represented in his own writings, I am persuaded that their opinions about him would undergo a great revolution. To help them in this inquiry the following abstract of some of the doctrines of Wyclifism are submitted to their consideration.

The relation in which the Creator and the Creature stand towards each other must of necessity form a primary article of inquiry. What were Wyclif's theories upon the subject ? He has expressed them with more or less precision in various portions of his writings, so that they can be ascertained without much difficulty. They may be thrown together and formulated in this wise. Wyclif held that by His eternal decree God has predestined some men to eternal life and others to eternal damnation. He has done so without regard to their merit or demerit, simply because it so pleases Him. This decree is so fixed and irrevocable, that man has no power in controlling it. He is deprived by it of all freedom of action in regard to his eternity. Hence it follows that God may justly be styled the author of sin.

The results which naturally follow from such teaching may easily be anticipated. Of the persons who accept it, some give themselves up to the enjoyment of the present life, led by the following argument. "Do what we will," say they, "it matters not, for the issue will be the same. God has decreed it, and we cannot alter it." Others speculate thus : "If I am to be saved, assuredly I shall be saved, whatever I do. If I am to be damned, I cannot escape from Hell, though I live the life of a saint. Why should I fret about the irrevocable ? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

No Catholic author is quoted by Wyclif in support of such opinions as these, which have been condemned as heretical in the person of Florinus and the sect of the Predestinarians.

I cannot ask my readers to believe, upon my bare assertion, that Wyclif held and taught such terrible doctrines as these ;

it becomes necessary, therefore, for me to prove that he did so. He held it probable, writes he in his *Trialogus* (one of his latest works) that God necessitates every created agent to do whatever he does,³ whence it follows by a necessary deduction that "whatever happens, happens by absolute necessity."⁴ This treatise, being written in Latin, was intended only for the learned, but this Evangelical Doctor had a message to the same effect for the shepherd and the ploughman. He illustrates his meaning for their instruction from the history of Judas. Judas, says he, was ordained to Hell, and this was his doom. For a time he seemed to be in a state of grace and did much good; but "he never went with Christ as His member."⁵ In many of his discussions he expresses himself in terms which unnecessarily shock our feelings. Speculating upon certain questions connected with the creation of the world, he inquires why God did not make it more perfect than it is; and he decides that He could not, basing his conclusion upon the following argument: If He could and would not, then was He envious;⁶ if He wished to do so and could not, then was He deficient in power.

In perfect harmony with this doctrine Wyclif held that the sinner who is foredoomed by God to eternal fire can never have true contrition for past sin, the great privilege of true repentance being reserved for the predestinate only.⁷ The external act is no proof of the nature of the sin, for all the sins of the elect are venial, whereas all the sins of the reprobate are mortal.⁸ Could any system be devised better calculated to drive to despair the sinner who wishes, in all humility, to repent of his past misdeeds, or to encourage the hardened reprobate to persevere in his course of wickedness? We need not wonder when we find Calvin readily accepting such a theory as this, which falls in so appositely with his doctrine of Absolute Predestination; nor need we be surprised to find that here, as in many other instances, he has borrowed his heresy from Wyclif.⁹

It was not to be expected that our Blessed Lady should pass unscathed by the attacks of these lovers of the condemned

³ *Trialogus*, ii. 14.

⁴ *Id.* iii. 14.

⁵ Arnold, ii. 113.

⁶ "Invidus" is the term used in the original. See *Wald. Doct.* t. i. xxi. § 1.

⁷ *Trialogus*, IV. 24, p. 331.

⁸ Bellarmine's remarks upon these and similar passages are important, and may be seen in his treatise, *De Amissione Gratie*, l. i. cap. iv. Opp. iv. 62, ed. Par. 1620.

⁹ See his *Insti.* III. xxiii. § 2, where he speaks of the doctrine of the absolute power of God as a profane and detestable falsehood.

heresies of Bonosus and Helvidius.¹⁰ Walden tells us that in the year 1410 a Lollard woman of London denied the perpetual virginity of the Holy Mother of God.¹¹ Calvin, Peter Martyr, and many other of the Reformers repeat the scandal, which has found expression in our own day in a work which has attained an ill-deserved but unchallenged reputation.

The doctrine of the intercession of the Saints with God for us who are still in this lower world was especially obnoxious to Wyclif, and he did his best to bring it into ridicule and contempt. Here is a specimen of the way in which he illustrates the subject. "If you wished to obtain an interview with a King from whom you were about to ask a great favour, would you employ a buffoon to procure the audience for you? I do not mean to say that the Saints in Heaven are buffoons, for they are incorporated into Christ by the grace of the Saviour, in comparison with whom, however, they are lower than the buffoon is to the King."¹² Less dangerous by far is Luther's outspoken attack. "I would not give a halfpenny for St. Peter's merits. Of what use can they be to me, when they were of no use to himself?"¹³ Of course the Invocation of the Saints was denounced by the whole body of the Reformers, the Church of England included, as not only foolish and vain, but as impious also, and their shrines and images were consigned to indiscriminate destruction.¹⁴

I have more than once spoken upon Wyclif's theories respecting the reading of the English Bible; it may be enough, therefore, for our present purpose to show what his latest opinions were upon this subject. He received nothing as of authority besides the Sacred Scriptures, a conclusion which he thus expresses in his own language. "Whatever the Pope or the Cardinals are able to quote from Holy Scripture, so much we believe, and no more. If they presume to advance anything more than this, we reject it as heretical."¹⁵ So then the written word only, as interpreted at the discretion of the objector, is

¹⁰ See the proceedings of the Synod of Capua, A.D. 389, ap. Hardouin, i. 359. This same heresy may be traced back to Cerinthus, Carpocrates, and Marcion (see Irenæus, *Adv. Hæres.* i, 24, 25, 29).

¹¹ Walden, II. ii., xxiii. § 3.

¹² *Triologus*, III. 30, p. 237.

¹³ Postilla Maj. in Dominica VII. Trinitatis.

¹⁴ Calvin, *Instit.* I. ii. § 11, and cap. xii. § 1 and 2. It is unnecessary to multiply authorities, but if further proof be needed, the Homily upon Peril of Idolatry will supply it abundantly.

¹⁵ *Triologus*, Supplem. cap. ix.

held to be the only authority which can be admitted in the decision of the controversy between the Catholic and the heretic.

Having laid down these fundamental principles, and thus secured for himself the right of dealing with all questions in which he was at issue with the Catholic Church according to his own system, Wyclif has no longer any hesitation in pushing his premisses to their natural conclusion. He begins with the Church, and makes short work with it in regard both to the Head and the members. It is unnecessary, says he, for any one to believe that the Church of Rome has any superiority over other churches; and to give her the title of Head of the Church is blasphemy.¹⁶ The Church of Rome, continues he, is the Synagogue of Satan; the Decretal Epistles which are issued by it are apocryphal; and those persons are fools who attach any authority to them. The election of the Pope by the Cardinals is a trick of the Devil. To say that St. Peter had a power greater than that possessed by the rest of the Apostles is heresy; for St. James of Jerusalem was his superior.¹⁷ To ascribe any authority, therefore, to the Roman see was, according to Wyclif, at once a folly and a sin; and to do so drew down the bitterest denunciations of the Vicar of Lutterworth. With him any such admission as this was the greatest of the many blasphemies about Antichrist, by which title he loved to designate the successor of St. Peter. He was justified, he said, in applying this epithet to him, for our Lord had done the like when He spoke of him as "the Abomination of Desolation." The same Doctor tells us that the Pope's anathema is to be disregarded; it can do neither harm nor good to any one. He has no power in any way, either over persons or things. The Pope has no jurisdiction; he cannot inflict a penance, nor can he imprison or censure a culprit; he has no authority in the consecration of bishops or archbishops, nor has he any right to punish heretics. His Indulgences are ridiculous cheats. Wyclif found some comfort, however, in thinking that the Pontiff, who at that time sat upon the Papal Chair, was the last who would occupy that position. From the Pope it was an easy descent to the other degrees of dignity in the Church,

¹⁶ See his treatise, *De Christo et Antichristo*, cap. v. (ap. *Wald. Doct.* II. i. § ii. vol. i. 244), where he says that to call any Christian the Head of the Church is to blaspheme Christ. Yet he himself bestows that title upon St. Peter in one of his latest writings, *Suppl. Trialogi*, cap. iv. p. 425.

¹⁷ See *Wald. Doct.* II. i. cap. iv. § 1, vol. i. p. 257.

and Wyclif swept them all away, as far as he could do so, by the breath of his mouth. Cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, deans, officials, monks, and canons, one and all were doomed to swift destruction. They were all limbs of the devil, members of Antichrist; and they formed, collectively, that great diabolical Chapter of which the Holy Father was the head. By fraud, treason, and violence they had got possession of a large amount of property, with which they dealt as if they had acquired it honestly and held it legally. They had no right to it, and they might justly be deprived of it either by the Sovereign or the people. In one word, "they are devils incarnate," says the Evangelical Doctor, "and it is a true and Catholic doctrine, that no Christian ought to communicate with them in sacramentals."¹⁸

The clergy next occupied the attention of our Reformer. Addressing that order of the secular priesthood (to which he himself belonged), he informs them that they are under no obligation to apply to their bishops for licence to preach; for neither God nor man could hinder them. Bishops are not of Christ's appointment; they are members of the devil's Chapter. Institution or election does not make a bishop; he becomes one solely by predestination. Bishops retain to themselves the exclusive privilege of confirmation, ordination, consecration, and such like official acts, only for the sake of the fees which they receive for performing these empty ceremonies. There is no difference between a bishop and a priest. In the time of the Apostles there were no more than two orders, those of the priesthood and the diaconate.

The monastic bodies, as well those who were endowed, as the mendicants, fared badly at the hands of our Reformer. No language which he could command (and he was a master in the art of railing) was sufficiently strong to express his abomination of their mode of life, or to accentuate the severity with which he would punish their supposed delinquencies. It might have been thought that the Begging Friars, such as the Franciscans and Dominicans, would have escaped the outpouring of the vials of Wyclif's wrath. They were poor men, poorly fed, poorly clad, living a hard life among the poor for the love of the poor and of God. But they were denounced in the same spirit of bitter antagonism, and for no other reason than because they were especially favoured by the Antichrist of Rome. Their

¹⁸ *Wald. Doct.* II. xvi. § 7 (i. 314).

poverty did not save them from the malediction of this scandalous priest who launched upon their heads the thunderbolts of his wrath from the comfortable and well-endowed rectory of Lutterworth.

In consistency with his theory of predestination Wyclif had no respect for the sacraments of the Catholic Church. Why should he? To him and his followers they were nothing better than bare and beggarly symbols, having no meaning, and conveying no grace to the soul of the recipient. Baptism, said he, impresses no character and abolishes no sin; its only use is to signify the grace which has already been given to the infant. When the words of our Blessed Lord were quoted against him, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God," he evaded them by asserting that by the water there spoken of was meant the water which flowed from the side of Christ.

On the doctrine of the Eucharist it is enough to say that he boldly and openly declared his adhesion to the heresy of Berengarius, and thereby proclaimed the nature and extent his own. To attempt to record all the explanations, evasions and variations to which he had recourse when pressed upon this point, would be an endless task; suffice it to say that he died holding opinions directly in opposition to the teaching of the Catholic Church. He even went further than his heretical prototype had done. Encouraged by him, women publicly said Mass in London, where also they celebrated the other sacraments.

Concerning the nature of Holy Matrimony the teaching of this profligate Reformer is so extravagant and so disgraceful, that it seems to demand a special notice. He lays it down then, as a primary condition, that Matrimony was instituted for one purpose only, the procreation of children.¹⁹ If this essential qualification be absent there is no Matrimony. Hence it follows that there was no matrimony between St. Joseph and our Blessed Lady, consequently they lived together in a state of sin. Next, he rejects the authority of all such degrees and canons as decide that the marriage of persons who have reason to believe that they will have no issue continues to be valid. And lastly, it may be remarked that this theory would lead to the conclusion that a marriage which was not followed by the birth of children was therefore not binding upon the parties, and might form a valid argument for a divorce.

¹⁹ *Triologus*, IV. xx. p. 315.

Wyclif's next proposition is yet more dangerous. In order to constitute a valid marriage, says he, no external rites are needed, such as those used by the Church in the celebration of Matrimony. No words expressive of consent need pass between the contracting parties. There need be no witness, no priest, no nuptial benediction.²⁰ Under such circumstances Matrimony ceases to be a sacrament, and is reduced to the level of nothing more than a civil understanding between a man and a woman, which can be easily entered into and more easily broken. The advocates of "Free Love" may henceforth accept Wyclif as their high priest, and doubtless will largely contribute to the promulgation of his opinions.

The writings of Wyclif contain various other opinions which have been condemned by competent authority. They have been classified under various heads according to the varying nature of their contents. Some are described as blasphemous, some are notoriously heretical; others are scandalous, or rash, or offensive to pious ears, un-Catholic and erroneous or rejected by the Holy See. To comment upon these in detail is unnecessary, even if it were possible to do so within the limits within which an inquiry like the present ought to confine itself. The investigation, if carried to its utmost extent, would only go to confirm the truth which is sufficiently obvious already, namely, that Wyclif is beyond doubt a condemned heretic. The evidence is conclusive; and there the inquiry may safely be abandoned.

Whence did Wyclif derive these un-Catholic opinions? Apparently from no one written source. He never refers to any such source, nor has any such been pointed out by those who have studied his writings, either in his own day or subsequently. Yet Walden quoted, and pretty frequently, the name of a certain William Hayes, or Hughes, as Wyclif's master, an individual who certainly held opinions which were condemned by the Church. It argues little for the industry of Wyclif's biographers that the name and history of the early instructor of their hero should have escaped them. Walden mentions him frequently, and tells us something about his doctrines which is instructive.²¹ That this Hughes, or

²⁰ Here, I think, it well to quote the original. "Veritas quidem mihi videtur, quod assistente consensu conjugum et Domino approbante, subducto quocumque signo sensibili, foret satis" (*Dialogus*, IV. xxii. p. 323).

²¹ Quoted by Walden, *De Sacram. Panit.* cap. lxxii. opp. iii. 455). Hughes, or Hayes, is mentioned by the same author in *Doct. Fid.* II. i. vii.; II. iii. xxxiii. and xxxiv. (Opp. i. 271, 419, 422).

Hayes, taught heresy on the primary doctrines of the Church and the Holy See is unquestionable ; and they were expressed in a treatise which he called the *Defensorium*, from which some extracts have been given by Walden. Further inquiry reveals additional details respecting the character of Wyclif's instructor. He was one of the insurgents who took a prominent part in the disturbances which broke out in Oxford on the election of the Chancellor in the year 1349. During these "grave and enormous dissensions," as they are described in the official document which was issued for their suppression, some persons were wounded and some were killed. William Hayes was one of those who was charged by name with having broken open the common chest of the University and carried off the seal, the money, the books, and other property which they found therein, and these they were ordered by the Government to return under severe penalties.²²

The rapidity with which Wyclif's teaching spread over England, and the pertinacity with which it retains its hold among us, are frequently and triumphantly quoted as proofs of its truth and credibility. It is argued by Protestants in general that unless the necessity for a reformation in the creed and worship of mediæval Europe had been deeply felt and widely acknowledged, such a change as that which took place could never have been effected. The fact, and the inferences which have been deduced from it are so important that I propose to devote a few sentences to their consideration.

First, then, as to the facts. It must be admitted at the outset that the success of the movement inaugurated by the so-called Reformers against the Catholic Church during the sixteenth century is very remarkable. Luther had no great difficulty in introducing his opinions into every corner of Germany. The same may be said of Calvin's influence in France. Among ourselves Wyclif and the Lollards seem to have obtained a ready hearing in every diocese into which they penetrated. We cannot gainsay the fact, however much we may wonder at its existence. We remember that in general men do not abandon their opinions either easily or willingly, especially when these opinions have become associated with the impressions of childhood and been hallowed by the sanctions of religion. This change is the more noteworthy when we bear in mind that the character of the individuals by whom it was effected was by

²² See the two documents printed from the Close Rolls in Rymer iii. 183.

no means such as might be supposed the most likely to produce such a revolution, at once so sweeping and so general. They and their immediate successors were men far from conspicuous either for depth of learning or purity of life. Their self-imposed mission was not authenticated by the power of working miracles. These defects and difficulties notwithstanding, when we compare the facility with which Wyclif did his work with the labours and sufferings undergone by the early Catholic missionaries, the contrast is certainly remarkable; and we cannot wonder when we find it referred to as a convincing proof of the truth of the doctrines which he himself taught and then handed on to others.

But to all this there is an answer. Certain considerations present themselves which more than counterbalance these plausible difficulties. The rapid success of Wyclif and his followers is not without a precedent in the early history of the Christian Church. It was so in the case of Arius, whose doctrines spread like a deluge over the greater portion of the Eastern patriarchates, to the astonishment and terror of St. Jerome. Manichæus and Donatus seemed for a time to have ruined the faith of Africa, and the wide-stretching heresy of Pelagius dealt a severe blow to the unity of Christianity in Europe. These men, and such as they, gained a temporary ascendancy by adapting themselves to the wandering fancies of the human intellect or the corrupt propensities of our fallen nature; thereby proving by their very success the source whence they derived their inspiration and the conclusion to which they tended. But the matter admits of a somewhat closer examination.

Heretics always claim for themselves a superior purity of doctrine and a sanctity of life in advance of the age which they undertake to reform. They would have us believe that they have been constrained to come forward because God's truth has been perverted and God's service dishonoured; and that they have been sent by Him to vindicate both the one and the other. They, and they only, understand what is the truth of the Gospel. Thus it was that Wyclif procured for himself the title of "the Evangelical Doctor," as if God's Gospel had been hidden until he came to reveal it to mankind. To carry out this idea they pretend that the Pope had forbidden to all the faithful the use of the Holy Scriptures, conscious as he was that the publication of these Sacred Writings would expose the frauds which he had so long practised. The result showed, as might have been expected, that every form of novelty in religion, however widely

it might differ from all others, still had quotations from the Bible to advance in support of its opinions.

Wyclifism was popular because it was plausible and palatable. It encouraged, or at least tolerated, an easy, luxurious mode of life; it gave licence to the flesh, and went far to remove the barriers within which men had been forced to confine themselves. "Faith without works" was a pleasant rule of life. That every good action done with reference to eternal salvation is a sin, was a doctrine gladly accepted and readily acted on. Confession was declared to be unnecessary; Purgatory was a fiction; fasting days were abrogated, and thus it was that the new-found Gospel grew and prospered.

It is time, however, that our inquiry should come to an end. It has led us to the following conclusions.

Wyclif's general scholarship is by no means conspicuous. His chief authority is St. Augustine, whom he misquotes and misunderstands in support of his errors, as other heretics have done after him. His Latin style is involved, crude, and inelegant, and contrasts unfavourably with that of several of his contemporaries.²³ His English compositions are much superior, exhibiting a vigour and a terseness which sometimes remind us of the sermons of another apostle of heresy, Dr. Latimer. The violence of his language has been frequently and deservedly censured.

The German Reformers of an age subsequent to his own looked upon their English forerunner with a suspicion and dislike which they were not always careful to conceal. He is seldom quoted by them; generally with scant praise, sometimes with open censure. Melancthon speaks of him more than once as a madman,²⁴ as an individual whose arguments were crabbed and whose intellect was neither straightforward nor sound.²⁵ He thus expresses himself at greater length when writing on the question of "the Lord's Supper." "I have looked into Wyclif, a person who is exceedingly wild on this controversy. I have found in him many other blunders, by which we may form a judgment

²³ Walden justly describes it as "*stylus insulsus*" (*Epist. ad Martinum V.*, Opp. i, 2), and goes on to make some remarks on the way in which Wyclif frequently conducts an argument. "*Quando deficit intellectus se transfert ad convicia, argumenta sumens contra fidem crimina personarum. Tunc strepunt litigia, jurgia volitant, scandala sufflantur, et lites, rixæ, contentiones, impropria, æmulationes, contumeliæ inauditiæ.*"

²⁴ Opp. iii. 127, 330, ed. Basil, 1541 ap. Jo. Hervagium.

²⁵ *Id.* iv. 285.

as to his spirit. He neither understood nor held justification by faith. He stupidly mixes up together the Gospel and political matters, and he cannot discern that the Gospel permits us to make use of the lawful polity of every nation. He contends that it is not lawful for priests to have any personal property. He wishes that tithes should be paid to those persons only who are engaged in teaching, as if the Gospel forbade us to make political appointments. He wrangles like a sophist and a very rebel about civil dominion. In the same style he plays the sophist in the question of the Lord's Supper, wherein he cavils against the doctrine which is generally received."²⁶

With these words, which contain the judgment of the greatest scholar and the most temperate writer of the German Reformation, we bid adieu to John Wyclif. We have no cause to be proud of our countryman. He does not improve upon acquaintance. A careful examination of his character fails to discover in it any amiable or generous qualities, and reveals much which is mean and cowardly. As a man of letters no dignified position can be assigned to him. All that can be said of our great Reformer is that he devoted himself, with a steady persistency worthy of a better cause, to the work which he had undertaken, the overthrow of the creed, the morality, and the Government of England. We cannot honour the memory of a man who died in such a cause as this; and yet this was the work for attempting which we are invited to admire and respect the "Morning Star of the Reformation."

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

²⁶ *Id.* pp. 416, 417.

The Religious Mission of the Irish Race.

THE statement which it will be my object to prove in the present paper is that the religious mission of the Irish race is to spread the Catholic religion and Catholic civilization through all the English-speaking peoples which comprise the world-wide empire founded by England, and that Ireland is the fountain from which this civilization has been flowing, and will continue to flow, to all the countries which have acknowledged English rule within the last three hundred years, or will acknowledge it in the future.

God has used three great empires to diffuse His religion throughout the world. He has used for this purpose the Empire of Greece, the Empire of Rome, and the Empire of England. He has used in each of the three empires the same powers, to some extent, and with exactly similar results. In each of the three cases there has been the same preparation, and in the growth and development of the religious movement the same forces have come into play. In each case we see a great Empire subjugating to its sway many countries, and diffusing through them its language, its literature, its philosophy, its laws. In each case we see a small religious community using for its own purposes the language, the roads of the empire, and all other facilities of communication between its different peoples. In each case we see this community shut out from all rights, educational, civil, military, and social. In each case we see the empire pursue this community with deadly hostility, and employ all its resources to extirpate it. In each case we see the members of this community slandered, held up to public odium as enemies to religion and the common-weal, and persecuted to death. And in each case we see this community gradually gaining strength, and in some unknown manner obtaining prominence and power in the great Empire that had sought to crush it.

St. Paul gives us the explanation of this phenomenon, which

appears so inexplicable to human reason. In the first and second chapters of his first Epistle to the Corinthians, he describes the agents and method of procedure which God had determined to employ for the dissemination of His religion throughout the world ; and he, moreover, tells us why God had determined to employ such agents and such a method. He says that God had determined to reject, to confound, and to bring to nought the wisdom and power of the world ; and to employ as the heralds of His Gospel, the illiterate, the rude, the lowly and contemptible. And he adds that God had so determined in order "that no flesh should glory in His sight."¹ "That your faith might not stand on the wisdom of men, but on the power of God."² If God had used the wise, the powerful of the world, to disseminate His Gospel, they could have gloried in His sight, and attributed to themselves the success of the Gospel. Then the faith of Christians would have stood on the wisdom of men, and not on the power of God.

St. Paul proves from *Isaias*³ that God had determined to reject the wisdom of the world.⁴ "For it is written," he says : "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise ; and the prudence of the prudent I will reject. Where is the wise ? Where is the scribe ? Where is the disputer of this world ?" He then shows that God has not only carried out His resolution of rejecting the wisdom of the world, but that He has, moreover, proved the wisdom of the world to be foolish. "Hath not God," he says, "made foolish the wisdom of this world ?"⁵ This, God hath done in three ways. First, by showing that the wisdom of the world had failed to make known to it the existence of God, although one of His attributes, His wisdom, was most clearly written on the physical order. "For seeing that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God."⁶ Secondly, by not using the wisdom of the world to disseminate His religion. "It pleased God by the foolishness of *our* preaching to save them that believe."⁷ Thirdly, by establishing His religion on earth in spite of the wisdom of the world, and through agents who were foolish in the eyes of the world. "For the foolishness of God is wiser than men."⁸ God hath also brought to nought the mighty and noble of the world, by establishing His religion in spite of them,

¹ 1 Cor. i. 29.

² 1 Cor. ii. 5.

³ *Isaias* xxix. 14 ; xxxiii. 18.

⁴ 1 Cor. i. 19, 20.

⁵ 1 Cor. i. 20.

⁶ 1 Cor. i. 21.

⁷ 1 Cor. i. 21.

⁸ 1 Cor. i. 25.

through agents devoid of all earthly power. "And the weakness of God is stronger than men."⁹

St. Paul then elucidates and proves the truth of what he has been saying by the class and condition of the Christian converts. "For see your vocation, brethren," he says, "that there are not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble. But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise : and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong. And the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen, and the things that are not, that He might bring to nought the things that are. That no flesh should glory in His sight."¹⁰ As time rolled on, these words were even more strikingly realized in the great contest that raged for three centuries between the Church and the Roman Empire. Tacitus, and other writers of the period, tell us what the world thought of the early Christians and their religion. And yet by such discredited agents did God spread such a discredited religion throughout the length and breadth of the greatest Empire the world had ever seen, in spite of the fiercest and most persistent opposition from that Empire, which had concentrated in herself all the powers of all the empires that had gone before her, and had used most unsparingly every weapon in her huge and varied armory to strike down her victorious rival.

During this struggle the Church used the common languages of the Empire, the roads of the Empire, and all the other facilities of communication which the Empire had opened up between the nations of the world. These formed the battleground on which the contending parties met. In the same languages were issued the edicts of the Emperors, and the rescripts of the Popes, the codes of law, and the Books of the Old and New Testaments. On the same roads travelled the Roman proconsuls and the heralds of the Gospel, the Roman executioners and the Christian martyrs. Common languages were of immense utility for the dissemination of the Gospel, and when the gift of tongues had ceased to exist in the Church they were almost indispensable. Alexander the Great spread the Greek language throughout Asia and the civilized parts of Africa. The Romans, adopting the civilization of the Greeks, spread it and their own civilization throughout their whole

⁹ 1 Cor. i. 25.

¹⁰ 1 Cor. i. 26, 29.

Empire. Thus the Apostles found ready for their purposes two languages that were understood throughout the whole civilized world—namely, Latin and Greek. That species of Greek which has been called Hellenistic, or Later Greek, was the common language of the Empire. Into this language the Hebrew Books of the Old Testament had been translated; in this language have been written all the Books of the New Testament except the Gospel according to St. Matthew; and this Book was immediately translated into Greek. So had God used the Empire of Alexander and the Empire of Cæsar to prepare the world for His Church.

Now I contend that as God had used the Empires of Greece and Rome to prepare the way for His Church in the Old World, so has He used the Empire of England to prepare the way for His Church in the New World; and as He had used the Apostles and early Christians to disseminate His religion throughout the Old World, so has He been using the Irish people to disseminate it throughout the New World, and those parts of the Old World that have been incorporated with the British Empire. From the memorable night on which St. Peter was commanded "to put up his sword into the scabbard,"¹¹ the whole range of ecclesiastical history does not supply a single instance in which the Church has been established over a wide extent of the globe by a Catholic State gradually extending its sway and its religion through the secular arm. On the contrary, wherever the Church has been spread over a wide empire, that empire has been founded by a non-Catholic State. This has been true of the Empires of Greece, Rome, and England. England did not begin to found her Colonial Empire until she had lost the faith. And whilst the colonial enterprises of Catholic France and Spain have been failures, England has founded an Empire upon which the sun never sets, and which is almost conterminous with the poles. She has spread her language, her literature, her philosophy, her laws, over that Empire, and over that great country which was once subject to her rule, the United States of America. Thus has she prepared the way for an English-speaking people, who are pre-eminently Catholic, to disseminate the Catholic religion through all the countries that have acknowledged her sway. As, then, England lost her faith in order that she might found a non-Catholic Empire, so did Ireland lose her independence and her language

¹¹ St. John xviii. 11.

in order that her people might propagate the Catholic faith throughout that Empire.

In the growth and developement of this religious movement, the attitude and demeanour of Protestant England towards Catholic Ireland have been in many respects exactly similar to the attitude and demeanour of Pagan Rome towards the early Christian Church. The victory of William of Orange at the Boyne appeared to have crushed Catholicity in Ireland, and to have inflicted a grave wound on it throughout Europe. Then, indeed, the death-wound had been inflicted on the National Church of Ireland; then indeed Protestant ascendancy had been secured for ever in that country. Humanly speaking, this was the only view that could have been taken of the state of affairs then established in Ireland. But He who rules the destinies of kingdoms and empires had decreed otherwise. The laws which govern the physical order of the world bring out before us, in a wonderful degree, the power and wisdom of God. But the laws of God's Providence, by which He governs the moral order, bring out the same Divine attributes in a still more wonderful degree. In the physical order unintelligent creatures necessarily obey the laws of their being. When such créatures are placed in a certain order, certain results necessarily follow. Hence, in arranging such creatures with a view to the producing of certain results, no account need be taken of free agents. But it is altogether different in the moral order. Here there is question of free agents, who in their moral actions are not tied down to fixed and unvarying laws. They are free to act, or not to act, at their discretion. Now to leave intelligent creatures free, and at the same time, to so arrange the course of events as to bring about with certainty predetermined results, is a work of greater wisdom than the arrangement of the solar system. The latter is a mechanical process; the former is a placing within fixed and determined lines free agents without in any way interfering with their freedom. How wise must be that Providence which takes into account the myriads of springs and motives which influence human actions, and, at the same time, so balances those actions, without in any way interfering with their freedom, as to attain preordained ends with the same certainty as those which follow from the law of gravitation! This is what God has been doing by His Providence in the moral order of the world; and the world's history does not exhibit a more striking instance of this exercise of God's

Providence than has been afforded by the political and religious history of the Irish people.

After the Treaty of Limerick had been shamefully broken, Ireland was held down bleeding from every pore. The most atrocious code of penal laws that human ingenuity could devise was put in force against her. These laws invaded every relation of life, public and private. They did not spare even the most delicate family ties. They offered a bribe to the unnatural son if he would break the natural law and the positive law of God. If he would become Protestant, his father's property was the reward of his apostasy. The Catholics were rigidly excluded from all political, civil, and military positions. Moreover, a persistent attempt was made to render them either Protestants or savages. All education was denied them unless they would accept it from Protestant teachers. The Catholic schoolmaster, as well as the priest, was put under the ban of the law. Whatever had been left undone by Elizabeth and Cromwell, in the work of exterminating the Irish Catholics, had been accomplished by William. "I will catch the wise in their own craftiness,"¹² saith the Lord. The very steps that had been taken by Elizabeth, by Cromwell, and by William to stamp out the Catholic religion from Ireland, have resulted in maintaining it unimpaired in that country, and in spreading it over vast districts of the habitable globe. The English Government has robbed the Irish Church of her temples, and of her religious and educational endowments. But there is one thing of which it has not been able to rob her, and that is her faith. Through centuries of persecution the faith of the Irish Church has remained unshaken, like a rock amid the waves; and is as strong, as pure, and as lively to-day as it was in the days of St. Patrick. No sooner has she been released from the iron grasp of religious persecution than she once more raises her fair form, and displays all the grace and beauty of her youth. As the vital sap remains hidden in the tree after it has been shorn of its leaves by the frosts and chill blasts of winter, but bursts into leaf, blossom, and fruit under the genial and balmy air of spring, summer, and autumn, so the Catholic faith, which has remained deeply fixed in the hearts of Irishmen after their Church had been stripped of all her worldly goods, and which a winter of three centuries of persecution had not been able to extinguish, has burst forth

¹² 1 Cor. iii. 19; Job v. 13.

with a strength and luxuriance of life which are not unworthy of the most palmy days of the Irish Church. No sooner has the grasp of religious persecution been lifted off Ireland, than churches, monasteries, colleges, and schools spring up as if by magic throughout the land. Whether one travels from the capital of the Catholic south to the stronghold of Orangeism in the north, or from Dublin Bay to the Bay of Galway, his eye is, on every side, caught by churches, monasteries, colleges, and schools, which attest the undying faith and boundless generosity of the Irish people. And what is more wonderful still, nearly all this has been done within the last thirty years, and immediately after a terrible famine that had swept away nearly half of the population of Ireland.

The Irish Church has been always a Missionary Church. She has been missionary in the days of her triumph: she has been missionary in the days of her sorrow. Through weal and through woe she has been ever Apostolical. When the Huns, Vandals, and other barbarous tribes had swept over the Western Empire, carrying fire and devastation through most other countries in Europe, the light of Christian knowledge shone brilliantly within the shores of Ireland. To Ireland came many seeking for learning; and from Ireland went forth many scholars and many missionaries, to repair the injury done to civilization by the barbarous hordes that had overrun nearly all the rest of Europe. But it is in her sorrow that her missionary power has been most wonderfully developed. The very means that her enemies have employed to crush her, have made her influence only more potent and far-reaching. The Irish Catholics having been deprived at home of the very necessities of life, have emigrated to Great Britain, to America, and to the Colonies; and have built up the Catholic Church in those countries. And Irish priests, Irish nuns, Irish Religious Brothers, have formed, not only the advanced guard, but the main body of the army of the Church wherever the English language is spoken. If the Irish element were removed from the English-speaking world, the Catholic Church would almost cease to exist in it. The Irish element is thus designed by God to diffuse Christian civilization throughout the whole body of English-speaking people. This proposition will appear to Protestant Englishmen ridiculous in the extreme. But I beg to remind them that Tacitus would have laughed to scorn the proposition, that the despised and persecuted

Christian sect was to give to the world a civilization¹³ which the great Roman Empire was not able to give. And yet this is now a historic fact. Long before Macaulay's traveller from New Zealand "shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," it shall have been an equally historic fact, that the despised and persecuted Irish race has given to the English-speaking world a civilization which the great British Empire had not been able to give. The Irish race, although one of the oldest races, is the young blood of the world. Whilst many countries, under a false civilization, are lapsing into primitive barbarism, while in others, and notably in England, a modern paganism worse than the paganism of old is rapidly gaining ground, the Irish people are the pioneers of Catholic civilization under every clime. Wherever Irish Catholics are found, they munificently support their clergy, they build their churches, monasteries, colleges, schools; they are everywhere regarded as the typical representatives of Catholic Christianity in the face of a corrupt and semi-pagan world. "In labour and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness,"¹⁴ Everywhere they carry the torch of the Catholic faith to illumine the darkness around; and just as St. Patrick brought the light of faith to the people from whom he had suffered most cruel hardships, so his spiritual children are now bringing the light of faith to their hereditary oppressors, the English race throughout the world.

But what right have we to conclude that the Irish Catholics will become the dominant race in the English-speaking world? Statistics furnish us with convincing proofs on this head.

There are at present in the English-speaking world about 13,000,000 of Irish Catholics, or about one-seventh of the whole population. These, with 3,500,000 of other nationalities, make the Catholic English-speaking population nearly one-fifth of

¹³ Tacitus calls Christianity *exitialis superstitio*. His account of the futile attempts to suppress it, and its subsequent propagation throughout the Empire, may well be applied to the efforts of Elizabeth and Cromwell to stamp out the faith in Ireland. "Repressa quæ in præsens exitialis superstitio rursus erumpebat, non solum per Judeam, originem ejus mali, sed per Urbem etiam quo cuncta undique atrocita aut pudenda confluent celebranturque" (Tacitus, *Ann.* lib. xv. c. 44). If we substitute Hibernia for Judæa and London for Rome, we have a fair representation of the ordinary Protestant Englishman's view of the spread of Irish Catholicism.

¹⁴ 2 Cor. xi. 26, 27.

the whole. The 13,000,000 of Irish Catholics are made up as follows: There are in Ireland and Great Britain about 5,500,000, in Canada 1,500,000. The entire Catholic population of the United States of America is 6,600,000. Of these 4,500,000 may be set down as Irish. In Australia there is 1,000,000, and in other countries 500,000. The average number in the Irish family is nearly twice the average number in the English or American family. The Irish population will, therefore, increase nearly twice as quickly as the English, and will ultimately, so far as we can see, become the dominant element of the English-speaking world. It is true that in America and the Colonies tens of thousands of Irish Catholics have been lost to the Church for want of schools, for want of churches, for want of priests. But now the Catholic Church is gaining in the completeness of its organization throughout the whole English-speaking world. Among English-speaking Catholics we may hope and expect that the number of apostates will be incomparably less than it has been. This has been borne out by the experience of the last thirty years in England, America, and the Colonies. Since the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England, the advance of Catholicity in that country has been most remarkable. But, perhaps, the American Church affords us the best data for judging from the past, what shall be the future of Catholicity in the English-speaking world. At the beginning of the present century there were only twenty Catholic clergymen in the United States of America. Now there are, one Cardinal, 67 Archbishops and Bishops, 5,989 priests, 5,606 churches, and 375 Catholic charitable institutions. When Catholicity has increased so much in eighty years, what shall be its position in the year 1984? Who can deny that in this great religious movement, God has used as His special agent the persecuted and calumniated Irish race?

I, therefore, draw the following conclusions: (1) As the Empires of Greece and Rome spread the Greek and Latin languages throughout the countries of the Old World, and thus prepared them for the reception of the Gospel, so the Empire of England has spread the English language throughout the countries of the New World, and thus prepared them for the reception of the Catholic religion. (2) As the Roman Empire employed all the resources of Greece and Rome in persecuting the Christians for three centuries, so has the English Empire during the last three hundred years persecuted the Irish

Catholics with a cruelty' unsurpassed in modern history. (3) As the Roman Empire shut out the Christians from their rights, educational, social, civil, and military, so has the English Empire shut out the Irish Catholics from those same rights. (4) As the Grecian and Roman Pagans held the Christians up to the world as enemies of the human race, of all religion, and of all government, so have Protestant Englishmen held up to the world's gaze Catholic Irishmen in the same colours. (5) As the whole power of Greece and Rome failed to extirpate the Christians, so has the whole power of England failed to extirpate Irish Catholicity. (6) As in spite of Rome the Christians grew, prospered, and spread their religion throughout her Empire, so in spite of England the Irish Catholics have grown, prospered, and spread their religion throughout her Empire. (7) As the Christian Church at length obtained complete ascendancy over the Roman Empire, so have we good grounds to hope that the Church of the Irish Catholics will one day become the dominant Church of the English-speaking world. (8) As the Apostles and early Christians are now remembered with honour, whilst the Empire that persecuted them is forgotten, so may we expect that, when the great empires of the present shall have passed away, the name of Catholic Ireland and her unrivalled sufferings for her faith will stand emblazoned in undying colours on the banner of history. (9) As nothing less than the power of God could have kept alive and spread throughout the Old World the Christian religion against the persistent efforts made by the Roman Empire to destroy it, so nothing less than the power of God could have kept alive and spread throughout the New World the religion of the Irish Catholics against the persistent efforts made by the English Empire to destroy it. (10) As God is, therefore, the Author of the early Christian religion, so is He the Author of the religion of the Irish Catholics. This presents no difficulty to Catholics, who know that their religion is identical with the religion of the early Christians. But what reply will Protestants give to it?

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The Communal Elections in Belgium, and their Results.

THE full returns of the communal elections of the 19th of October came in too late to be made any use of in our article on "The Catholic Triumph in Belgium." The delay in issuing them occasioned throughout Belgium much painful anxiety, and gave rise to many inaccurate reports of the results. These reports had the capital for their source, and caused immense mischief. The writers in the London Press¹ did not distinguish themselves either for fairness or accuracy in the account they gave of this disgraceful chapter of Belgian history. It would have been thought that our leading newspapers might have hesitated before accepting as gospel truth the highly coloured and manifestly overdrawn accounts of the great victory claimed by the Liberal party, yet day after day they contained extracts culled from such impartial authorities as *La Chronique*, *L'Étoile Belge*, *L'Echo du Parlement*, *La Réforme*. The Catholic journals were never quoted, if indeed the special correspondents ever read them. The consequences of this very one-sided way of searching after the truth were many absurd mistakes and misrepresentation of facts, of which the Liberal Press of Belgium availed itself to the utmost. The truth has at last come to light, but, alas, too late to prevent a dangerous Ministerial crisis, brought about by the wholesale mendacity of the entire Liberal Press and the unscrupulous intrigues of Liberal statesmen.

After the passing of the Act by both Houses, M. Buis, the Mayor of Brussels, accompanied by many other mayors hostile to the new Educational Act, had an interview with the King. The royal signature was then alone wanting to transform it into law. It was naturally the object of these petitioners to urge his Majesty to refuse this. Some little time had already elapsed

¹ We except of course our Catholic weeklies from this charge, the *Tablet* being prominent in its refutation and in its publication of the true returns.

since the passing of the Act, and doubts were beginning to rise in many minds as to whether the King intended signing it. When it became known that he had consented to receive the mayors, and hear what they had to say, not a few among the Liberal journals openly proclaimed their opinion that the Bill would never become law. In this, happily, they were disappointed. "I must conform myself," said the King, in his speech, "to the will of the country, as it is expressed by the majority of the two Houses. I intend remaining ever faithful to my oath. . . . I will never make any distinction between Belgians. I will be for one what I have been for the other." All hopes of beguiling the King from his constitutional duties vanished with the utterance of these manly and vigorous words.

For a time the Liberal Press relapsed into comparative quiet. The Bill was signed on the 20th of September, and was to come into force on the 2nd of October. It was on the 19th that the communes throughout the country were called upon to re-elect one half of their Councils. In order to give our readers some idea of the electoral body which then had to elect the mayors and sheriffs of the various communes, a slight digression is necessary. The Liberal Cabinet had reversed the whole electoral system, communal, provincial, legislative, and senatorial; but we are concerned at present with the communal electors only.

The Belgian communal electoral body is divided into two parts: the *censitaires* and the *capacitaires*. The *censitaires* comprise all those who pay at least ten francs a year in taxes direct to the Government. The *capacitaires* are divided into two classes: first, those enfranchised by the Act of August 1883, and, secondly, those who possess the moral courage to undergo an examination before a jury upon subjects embracing reading, writing, arithmetic, the metrical system, history of Belgium, geography, &c. &c. The law of August 1883 was extremely generous in its enfranchisement clauses. From the copy before us we see that no less than seventeen clauses are devoted to the enumeration of the enfranchised. It is of course out of all possibility to follow it. Sufficient to say that clause 1. deals with Cabinet Ministers, actual or resigned, and that the long category ends with communal schoolmasters and mistresses, in or out of office. Communal schoolmasters and mistresses, be it remarked, are those who need diplomas from the State, and

State diplomas in 1879 were not impartially bestowed. Dispen-sations from examination were also granted to officers of the army, navy, Garde Civique, lawyers, notaries, and candidate notaries. The sole resource for Catholics under the law in question was to work the examination clause, and this was done with a will, in spite of the very natural reluctance of many an aged agriculturalist and peasant to find himself once again in the presence of an awe-inspiring body of examiners.

We may now turn to the elections of Sunday, the 19th of October. Late in the evening it was known that the Liberal list in the capital had passed with a majority of 3,500 votes. In Antwerp, the same party was again successful with over 1,000 votes. At Ghent, where no contest took place, the Liberals obtained 4,433 out of 5,672 voting. At Liège, the leading Liberal candidate obtained 4,621 and the Catholic 2,784. It was over such barren results as these that on the morrow the whole cohort of Liberal journalism claimed a victory complete and general along the whole line. We use the word barren advisedly, as the towns mentioned were already Liberal in the communal elections. They had, it is very true, increased their majorities, but then the law of August, 1883, was so framed in its working that a Catholic victory was well nigh impossible in any of these towns. They paid, with an almost incredible assurance, no heed to the Catholic victories at *Malines, Menin, Furnes, Harlebeke, Avelghem, and Binche*. They went blindly and unscrupulously to work, proclaiming that the country had condemned the Educational Act; and more incredible still, they took in the infallible *Times*, the English Press generally, and the worst of all, his Majesty Leopold the Second; saying that the Ministry must retire in face of the verdict against them and their measures. *The country*, in their opinion, was Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and Liège. The storm they raised gathered daily in force, aided not a little by the rash and ill-considered articles of foreign papers, among which not a few of our own figured, and were gleefully quoted as representing the opinion of a kingdom renowned for its political foresight and honesty.

In vain the Catholic Press sought to stem the torrent of misrepresentation and falsehood. The electoral returns that were daily pouring in began to reveal the true state of things. Noise must drown the truth. The clamours for dissolution were accordingly redoubled, exhortations to the King to give heed to the Liberal triumph were to be found in every Liberal paper.

Sinister rumours of a Ministerial crisis were soon afloat and rapidly gained ground. The country at first refused all credence, finding it impossible to discover any sufficient cause. But on Thursday, the 23rd of October, it became known that Messrs. Bara and Rolin, two very inauspicious personages indeed, had been received in audience by the King. Then indeed it became clear what the Liberal aim and object really were. By an united effort of their whole press and party they had determined upon terrorizing their Sovereign by a distortion of facts, by wilful and despicable perjury, veto and use of the Royal prerogative for the dismissal of the Ministry, the reinstallation of MM. Rolin and Bara, and the consequent dissolution of the two Chambers. They had tried the plan before, and it had proved successful. Violence was the weapon used in 1871 for the overthrow of a Catholic Ministry, to perplex a Sovereign and bring to the verge of a revolutionary precipice the country that had shown its want of confidence in them. The Press had now done its work, it remained only with the ex-Ministers to do theirs. Messrs. Bara and Rolin were equal to the task imposed upon them, and carried out their perfidious mission to the satisfaction of themselves and friends. They entirely succeeded in what the newspapers had so unanimously set themselves to perform, that of beguiling a timid and irresolute Sovereign into the belief that the country was up in arms against his Ministers. Incredible it indeed seemed that the monarch had given way, a hundred times more so when plain and incontestible facts are before the public proving how thorough and convincing was the verdict in favour of Catholics on the 19th of October.

M. Malou heard of Messrs. Bara and Rolin's interview, and in his turn he demanded and obtained an audience. He learnt from his Sovereign that he, the King, must yield, at least to a certain extent, to the exigencies of the Opposition. M. Malou naturally remarked that he must consult his colleagues. The same day the Cabinet met, and some ten hours afterwards a reunion of the Right was held. The Prime Minister explained the situation, observing that only two courses were open to them—the first the reconstruction from among themselves of a Ministry, or an imminent dissolution of the Chambers forced upon the country by a Cabinet Bara-Rolin. He himself had decided to share the fate of his two colleagues, MM. Jacobs and Woeste, and urged upon M. Beernaert to undertake the

onerous task of reforming the Ministry. MM. Woeste and Jacobs both recommended the plan proposed by their chief, and the Right unanimously agreed. The same day M. Malou waited upon the King and acquainted him with the decision come to by himself and his colleagues. The resignations were accepted, and M. Beernaert was formally charged with the composition of the new Ministry.

Thus had fallen MM. Woeste, Jacobs, and Malou, victims of a dishonest and implacable Liberal clique. In an hour of weakness and bewilderment, the King had dismissed from his Councils three devoted statesmen, possessing the confidence of the great majority of his subjects.

One burst of honest indignation swept the country. People stood amazed, and awaited in feverish anxiety the results of a step that threatened to nullify their electoral rights, and so set aside the power and will of a recognized majority. It was to them a new phase indeed of political doctrine, that the results of communal elections were to upset those of the Legislature and Senate. Was the whole body politic to be overthrown because some thousands of the late Government's supporters had been enfranchised, possessing for the most part no other qualification for a vote than that of being in State employ? What was to become of the majorities in the two Houses, 34 in the Lower House and 17 in the Senate? They were to be dispersed and scattered because a Brussels clique of communal officials and voters protested, because some hundred of non-domiciled army officers at Antwerp abjured clericalism and all that appertained to it. But had the communes really voted against the Bill? The interested advisers of the King knew too well the contrary. The statistics we intend quoting will demonstrate how iniquitous, mendacious, and degrading were the reports spread by Liberal journalism and poured in upon the Sovereign by MM. Bara and Rolin.

Comparisons are termed odious, and the one we now draw attention to will prove no exception; it has, however, an advantage of being instructive. In 1879 the Liberal Educational Act was passed in the Lower House with a majority of seven, and in the Senate by *one single vote*. The Bill obtained the Royal sanction. The Catholic communes then, as now, being greatly in the majority, petitioned against the Bill, and sought to obtain some protection from its harsh and tyrannous clauses. Yet the Royal Prerogative was dumb and motionless.

The Sovereign had sworn to conform himself to the wishes of the country as represented by the majorities of the two Houses. The majorities were indeed small, very small in the Senate, yet the Monarch kept to his oath. And, indeed, if ever a case for the intervention of the Royal Prerogative was called for it was then, and as time rolled on the need of its exercise became still more painfully evident.

Now in 1884, when that law is repealed, and replaced by one universally admitted to be a fair compromise and a conciliatory effort on the part of its framers to do justice to all parties—when it passed through the Houses with the largest majorities ever accorded to an Educational Bill, and when it gained the approval of over 1,900 communes out of a total of 2,585, his Majesty, yielding under pressure of Liberal and Freemasonic influence and threats, steps forward and becomes the mouthpiece and instrument of Liberal hatred of religion. It is no longer a question of conforming himself to the wishes of the country as represented by the Senate, House of Representatives, or the Catholic communal majorities, of making no distinction between Belgians, or of holding sacred the oath he swore. Even his old and venerable Minister, M. Malou, is thrown aside. He had served his sovereign and his country for over forty years, and his last farewell words to the King sum up his experiences sadly, yet truly enough: “Voilà, Sire, que je vous sers depuis quarante ans, j’eu ai assez, je me retire.”

We will now turn to the electoral statistics ; we shall be able to give the total result, but not the details, of the victories won by each province. We have been informed by M. Malou that he is busy with the preparation of a chart that will furnish such a minute, and, from a Catholic point of view, satisfactory list of the votes in each commune where the two parties contested the supremacy, but this chart will not be ready for some time. The figures, however, that we are fully authorized to quote, are conclusive enough for our purpose.

2,585 communal councils had to re-elect one half of their members. In 1,021 communes there were contests ; of these the Catholics secured 647, the Liberals 328. The actual result at the present moment is this, that over 227 Liberal mayors and 241 Liberal sheriffs have been turned out of office.

The following provincial communal statistics will likewise be read with interest. In the *arrondissement* of NAMUR, before the

elections of the 19th of October, the state of parties was as follows :

197 Catholic communes.
227 Liberal "
158 *sans couleur* (*i.e.*, indifferent).

After the 19th of October :

227 Catholic communes.
203 Liberal "
153 Indifferent "

This province, it must be well borne in mind, was far from being a Catholic stronghold.

In the *arrondissement* of ANTWERP, the victory of the communal Town Council of which town provoked such elaborate and strained consequences to the Liberal cause, the results now appear as follows :

Before the 19th October :

230 Catholic communes.
52 Liberal "

After the 19th :

266 Catholics.
29 Liberal.

In East and West Flanders the result is already known ; the first gives 298 Catholic communes to 27 Liberal, the second 250 Catholic communes to 27 Liberal. The details from the other provinces not yet to hand cannot change the situation. The official Catholic gain is put down correctly enough at 227 communes in which the mayors are overturned, 241 where the Liberal sheriffs (*chevins*) are thrown out, and this telling and formidable majority does not yet include those communes where Catholics have succeeded in holding their own.

We will conclude our article with an enumeration of the events that occurred from the 19th of October until the date of our going to press.

On Monday, the 27th of October, *Le Moniteur* contained the names of M. Beernaert's Ministry. This gentleman relinquished his post of Agriculture and took over that of Finance. M. Volder succeeded M. Woeste as Minister of Justice ; M. Konissen, M. Jacobs as Minister of the Interior and Public Instruction. M. Moreau was transferred to the department of Public Works

and Agriculture, and the Prince of Caraman-Chimay came in as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

A day or two after the formation of the Cabinet, two Royal decrees appeared in *Le Moniteur*. The first referred to those Government schoolmasters and mistresses who had to retire under the new Act. Their suspension grant (*traitement d'attente*) was fixed at a minimum of 1,000 frs. per annum; if under five years' service, at one-half of the original grant; over five to fifteen, at two-thirds; from fifteen to twenty-five, at three-fourths. A credit of 700,000 was entered upon the Budget for 1885 for this purpose.

The second decree prohibited the employment of foreign teachers in schools connected with the Government, also the acceptance of the commune of any such foreigners. This intervention of Liberal generosity for their legion of overpaid and unemployed teachers, backed by the Royal consent, was sought for in vain from them in 1879 by Catholic Ministers and communes on behalf of over fifteen hundred masters and mistresses sent adrift without one penny of compensation for their long and laborious services in the cause of an Educational Bill approved of alike by Liberals and Catholics. Liberal ears were then deaf to the cries of distress that came from so many ruined homes—and so was the royal clemency.

This, it need not be said, was aimed by its framers at the Christian and other foreign Brothers engaged in education. Their number, however, is small, not more than fifty out of a total force of five hundred. And these few devoted servants of God and the poor will doubtless easily find a home and welcome in other countries, where their zeal and talents are known and appreciated. It is, however, to be feared that in the provinces of Liège, Namur, and Luxemburg, where some excellent schools presided over by Les Sœurs de la Congrégation de St. Charles (Nancy), are in active working order, the Catholic communes will in these instances be prevented from accepting or subsidizing the schools. Private charity, however, is far from being extinct in these provinces, and as in the past, so in the future, the good Sisters may rely upon the maintenance of those who have known and respected them so long.

Parliament reassembled for its usual winter Session on the 11th of November, and on Wednesday the Prime Minister briefly explained the new Budget, declaring that it was the

intention of the Cabinet to effect a saving of over 10,000,000 frs. in their expenditure, and that at the end of the financial year there would be a small surplus of 206,000 frs. If he carries out what he proposes, the country will experience for the first time for five years the startling fact of receipts meeting expenditure. It need hardly be said that the proposed reductions will be in a great measure derived from the suppression of the Educational law of 1879 and the very economical character of its successor.

A parting word on the present situation. The electoral statistics we have quoted have fully revealed to the country the enormous deception, practised by the Liberal party, in order to force the King to depart from what he himself so shortly before had recognized as his only constitutional course of action. Since that fatal day, the whole Catholic Press and party have declared clearly and distinctly that no further tampering with its privileges, as representing two-thirds of the country, can be tolerated. They have yielded all they can yield, in the persons of the late Ministry, to whom they were devotedly attached. They have consented, because the King wished it, to two modifications in the Act of 1884. But here concessions must end. They look for neither sympathy or assistance from their opponents in the task before them. The late events prove how little they are to count upon either. On the contrary, they expect a bitter and uncompromising opposition, in which all means will be used, fair and foul, to discredit them in the eyes of the country and of the King. The choice between the preservation of order, or of a constantly recurring anarchy, is in the King's hands. The Ministry are there to uphold the first, and the country is behind them, tired of this long bitter political warfare and chaos that has damaged the nation's credit and brought to a standstill its commerce. Peace is the general cry ; it is a true and sincere one, and it can only be secured by a Ministry that are prepared to throw aside vexatious party measures and legislate for the common good. M. Beernaert has started his career well, and will persevere so long as the present majorities remain faithful to him. From them no fear of a dissolution need be entertained, but the Sovereign alone can bring it about by abandoning the Ministry and throwing in his royal influence in the Liberal minority. The Catholic constituencies are in no mood or humour for a second interference with their electoral verdict. They spoke clearly on the 10th of June and the 8th of July, and

more clearly still on the 19th of October. They bowed to the royal will on the 23rd of October, under a loyal and manly protest, and they accepted modifications passed in the interests of their opponents. They made the sacrifice on behalf of peace and order. It would be now fatal to both to call upon them to yield again.

AUSTIN G. OATES.

NOTE.—Since writing the above, two other Legislative elections have taken place, that of M. Konissen (unopposed) at Hassret, and the Prince Chimay at Philippeville, on the 19th of November. The newly-appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs was opposed by an old adversary, M. Mineur, but happily without effect. This success is of great significance and importance to the Ministers. The district in question is thoroughly imbued with Liberal principles, and has been in their possession since 1882. It cannot fail to cool, for some time to come, the Liberal excitement and frenzy, and aid materially in the preservation of peace and order.

Something more about Food.

WE sometimes speak of a substance as being good for food, but if we use the word in its widest sense of all that is capable of contributing to the support of life, the phrase is scarcely a correct one. Food is found by some creature or other in substances the most widely diverse. There is hardly a poison known that does not afford sustenance to some form of life. Corrosive minerals, in solution, afford nutriment to peculiar kinds of mould or cell-plants. Even the gastric juice—the “universal solvent”—will sustain without losing its properties, its special fungus. The fable of Mithridates, who accustomed himself to eat all deadly things with impunity, is more than realized in nature. Life, in its widest sense, almost refuses to recognize a poison. What is death to one organism supports another. Thus many diseases—an ever-increasing number of them indeed—are found to consist in the development of parasites; a new and hostile life invading the old, and flourishing in its destruction. And some of the most virulent vegetable poisons differ but slightly in composition from perfectly wholesome substances.

Our own food consists simply in that small portion of the substance and the force of nature, which is brought into forms correspondent to our particular life. The plants which prepare it for us add nothing of their own, but simply bring into a special arrangement the elements which exist around them, and the force that comes to them from the sun. So far as their life lies parallel to our own, they procure us food; so far as their life diverges from ours, they are unavailable for our nourishments or even fatal to our being. One special form of the action that is everywhere, is the life of our bodily frame, and the materials for it are furnished wheresoever, in plant or animal, that action exists in a kindred form. The substances thus akin to our own substance, or subservient to our life, fall into two or three great classes, though found in endless forms, and conveyed to us

through almost innumerable channels. They are mainly the albuminous or flesh-like, the fatty, and those consisting of sugar or starch. Wherever we find these, we find food.

But in the work of maintaining life, only the first step is taken when the materials are supplied. They need also to be put into us, and this not in the common meaning of the term, according to which a dinner is reckoned to be within us when we have eaten it, but in quite another way, and one which involves a problem of no small difficulty. In strictness, that which is placed in the stomach is not within the body. That internal cavity is as truly outside of *us*, as the cavity contained within the folded hand. The entire alimentary tube is well known to be a prolongation of the skin, which, indeed, changes its character somewhat at the lips, but retains the same essential structure throughout all parts of the digestive system. That structure consists of a layer of membrane covered with cells which are frequently renewed, and of which each successive generation is in its turn cast off. Both the skin and the lining of the digestive cavities are also studded with minute tubes, which are in like manner lined with cells, and in which the chief process of secretion is carried on. This is, indeed, the character of all the surfaces of the body, whether internal or external; they consist of one or more layers of membrane covered with cells.

There being this connection and resemblance between the skin and the lining membrane of the stomach, it does not surprise us to find that at first, and in its simplest forms, digestion is performed by the skin. The lowest animal known, the *amœba*, takes its food through its external surface, having, indeed, no internal one. It applies itself round the morsel and extemporizes its digestive organs for the occasion, putting out a process of its body, which is at once hand and stomach, whenever it is wanted.

The common *Hydra* again, as is well known, feeds just the same when turned inside out; either part is skin, and either, stomach. Now man has no such faculty as this, but it remains true in his case also that the digestive membrane is but an inward skin, and, to a certain extent, similar offices are performed by both. The skin, for example, absorbs certain substances applied to it in a liquid state, and it casts off excreted matters. These are two of the functions of the internal or digestive skin; but it has also assigned to it the task

of dissolving the substances which are consumed, so that they may pass readily into the blood. It is adapted, therefore, to this end, by being more thickly studded with secreting glands. But the materials which are provided in our food, for the most part, cannot be made use of by the system, if they are directly mingled with the blood. It is true the very substances of which the blood consists are presented to us in various articles of diet : but if these be taken in a liquid form, and injected into the veins, they are cast off at once, by the secretions, unemployed. This is the case with the albumen of the egg for instance, which is yet, so far as the chemist can ascertain, almost identical with the albumen of the blood. Another task is, therefore, laid upon the digestive organs, besides that of reducing the food to a liquid state, in which it can permeate the textures and find entrance into the vessels. They must impart to it qualities which fit it to join with, and become part of, the vital fluid. This is *assimilation*, or at least the first stage of it. There is a second assimilation whereby each organ and structure of the body is separately nourished from the common blood.

What a problem this is practically to solve ! to take the outlying nature and build it up into the human frame, making it fill the place of the materials that are used in its life, and supply the force that is expended in its action. It is no wonder that an elaborate series of organs are provided, and that many distinct processes must co-operate, to achieve the work. And there is surely some value in a result attained at such a cost. That a man may be nourished, as the condition of his conscious life, what a multiplicity of agencies are set to work, what a lavish application of resources is made !

The term "assimilation," as expressing the result of the digestive process, is full of significance. It implies a likeness in kind between that which is assimilated and that to which the assimilation is made ; a preparedness and adaptation in the one to become the other. The food gladly becomes the body, finding there its own kindred. The organism which draws in nature for its support, lies parallel to the nature which supports it. But, further, assimilation implies also a gradual change, a progress from one state towards another, marked by successive stages ; and this we find to be eminently characteristic of the digestive process. It is a regular series of successive operations. The food is raised into union with the new organism by definite steps, each of which has its own instruments, but all subordinate

to the final and essential end—the adding new life to the man in the perfect union of food and blood. Digestion in this is like the act of vision. The one essential for sight is the impression of a ray of light upon a nerve. In the simplest animals this is effected immediately, and without any special apparatus beyond a portion of the nervous system placed at the surface; but as we rise in the animal scale, there is interposed between the light and the nerve an optical apparatus, to modify the rays, and prepare them to fall with perfect adaptation on the more delicate and more complex nervous expanse. The mollusc sees with a mere nerve; the man requires an eye. So he requires also his digestive “eye,” to refract, combine, and bring to a focus in his blood his many-coloured food.

For this purpose we carry about with us an entire laboratory: the whole armoury of the chemist is laid under contribution to furnish forth our digestive apparatus. Knives to divide, and mortars to triturate, are provided in our incisor and molar teeth; solvents and delicate re-agents in the secretions which the sight or taste of food calls forth; baths of exactly graduated temperature in the various cavities; and filters which strain and separate the elements in the absorbent glands. Digestion is an “organic chemistry,” and these are its appliances.

And the means are especially adapted to the work in this respect, that as the food consists of various classes of substances, so the digestive agents are of various kinds. We are accustomed to speak of the gastric juice as if it were *the* digestive fluid; but, in truth, it is only one among several, and very probably it is not the most powerful of them. There are some elements of food over which it has no influence, and all its effects may be apparently produced by other secretions; it has been calculated, indeed, that scarcely more than half the necessary food is digested within the stomach.

The various digestive fluids are especially adapted to act upon the different kinds of food of which a perfect diet consists. Some act chiefly on the starch, converting it into sugar; and of these the saliva is the type. The gastric juice acts exclusively on the albuminous bodies; and other secretions have for their part to prepare the fatty matters for absorption. The secretions are varied in correspondence with the food.

Further, these various secretions are excited by their appropriate demand. They flow forth on the presence of food, and in quantities proportioned to the amount and need of it;

obeying a vital or human order : the emotions which attend the taking of food, the taste, the sight, the thought of it, call them forth. We are conscious of this in the case of the saliva ; but the same law extends to the gastric juice, and, doubtless, throughout all the series. Enjoyment promotes, loathing suspends them at every stage ; they express and wait on the man, not on mere mechanical or chemical conditions. Although by means of the latter kind, such as irritation by tubes introduced into the stomach, or by forcing animals to swallow pieces of sponge, a certain amount of digestive fluid can be obtained, this is always comparatively scanty in quantity, even if it be normal in its quality. Thus already, in this least elevated function, is exhibited the law and nature of the body : that it is the servant not of circumstance, but of the man. It is placed under the dominion of mind. Its destiny is to be not only subservient to, but in every change and action swayed by the mental and conscious part. It is true, indeed, that, on its side, the physical rules and controls the mental ; and in a struggle, when the forces are set against each other, so far as the body is concerned, the former must prevail.

Neither thought nor will can stand against starvation, intoxication, or disease ; but these are relations that are abnormal. The dominion belongs of right to the higher agent, and is habitually exercised by it. Man rules his body as he rules the obedient horse or elephant, whose powers yet are greater than his own, and before whose rage he cannot stand. Thus also he subdues and uses the natural powers, before the might of which he is but as an infant. The healthful attitude of the body is that of perfect obedience to and expression of the mind ; its momentary state varies, throughout, with the momentary changes of the soul. As we see the shades of emotion write themselves upon the countenance, they write themselves by delicate variations on every inward organ and hidden function too.

Digestion consists of two parts—the solution and transformation of the food, and its absorption into the system. The former of these commences the moment the food enters the mouth, in the outflow of the saliva to meet it. A chief part of the office of this fluid is thoroughly to moisten the food, and prepare it for being swallowed ; and with an evident adaptation to this purpose, it consists of a mixture of two distinct fluids, with different sources and characters. One

portion of it is a thin, watery fluid, and this is thoroughly mixed with the food in mastication; another portion is of a more viscid nature, and serves to lubricate the morsel, and facilitate the act of swallowing. These are poured into the mouth at its anterior and posterior portions respectively. The saliva is furnished partly by special glands situated within or near the mouth, and partly by the lining membrane of the cheeks which is studded all over with minute tubes for this purpose.

The quantity of saliva secreted amounts, in a hearty and well-fed man, to about three pounds (or pints) a day, though it varies greatly with the kind of food; when that is hard or dry, much more than an equal weight of saliva is mingled with it. Thus it has been found by experiments on horses, that with every 100 parts of hay consumed there were mingled 400 of saliva, but for 100 parts of green stalks and leaves only 49 parts of saliva were furnished. Bernard administered to a horse a pound of oats, in order to ascertain the rapidity with which mastication would naturally be accomplished. It was thoroughly masticated and swallowed at the end of nine minutes. Part of the saliva was then prevented from flowing into the mouth, by dividing the duct of the parotid gland, and another pound of oats was given to the animal; it ate with difficulty, and the swallowed portions were dry and brittle; at the end of twenty-five minutes it had masticated and swallowed only about three-quarters of the quantity which it had previously disposed of in nine minutes. Our own experience also teaches us how tardily mastication goes on when the saliva is wanting. The dry mouth of fever sufficiently forbids solid food. But the saliva has another office besides this mechanical one of aiding mastication. It is strictly a digestive fluid, and produces a change in the constitution of the food itself. The food has to be "educated into blood. It is the new guest to be inaugurated into the duties of the household; the blood is the royal table itself; and the saliva is the commissioned master of the ordinances, who busies himself to instruct the new-comer in the laws of the place, and in the conditions of its hospitality." But the part the saliva plays, as a digestive fluid, is curious. The chief and most essential elements of food are the albuminous substances, and the preparing them for reception into the blood, is in some sense the chief end of the entire process. But this is not the first thing done: the saliva has no action on the

albuminous portions of food ; nor does it even affect the fat, the substance second in importance. Its operation is confined to one of the subordinate elements ; it converts starch into sugar fitting it thus both for immediate absorption, and for future changes within the body. In short, the saliva brings into a state of readiness the force-producing portion of the food ; its office seems to be to make preparation before the main work begins. Surely a type, in this, of the long prevision and fore-working of which the organic world is full. The saliva ensures that, on a mixed diet, a certain supply of force-producing matter should be available from the first commencement of the digestive process.

The conversion of starch into sugar by the saliva commences with great rapidity, if the starch is thoroughly dissolved. A certain amount of sugar thus produced has been detected in the course of half a minute. It is a curious fact, that no single one of the fluids of which the saliva is composed will have this effect. If the product of either of the salivary glands be taken alone, it has no influence on starch ; the peculiar power seems to depend upon the admixture of the mucus of the mouth with the saliva proper. But though the transformation of starch by the saliva begins very rapidly, it is carried to only a small extent : the gastric juice interrupts it, probably through its acidity, the saliva being always, during digestion, slightly alkaline. The chief part of the starch taken as food, therefore, when it is consumed in any quantity, passes unchanged through the stomach, and undergoes its final conversion into sugar by means of other fluids, especially that secreted by the pancreas (or sweetbread). But the use of the saliva is not yet exhausted. Its continued passage into the stomach has been observed to increase the secretion of the gastric juice, so that it appears indirectly to aid the process of stomach digestion. And the wonderful sympathy which exists between the various portions of the digestive apparatus, is indicated by the fact that the artificial introduction of starch into the stomach, through an opening in its walls (no food having been taken by the mouth), has been found to excite a larger flow of saliva than the introduction in a similar way of flesh, on which the saliva has no action. The saliva, it is well known, contains air which gives to it its frothy appearance, and it is possible that its favourable influence upon digestion may be partly due to its conveying a small amount of air into the stomach.

The food, then, reduced to a state of fine division by the

teeth, and moistened by saliva, is conveyed by the motions of the tongue and cheeks to the back part of the mouth, and there seized by the muscular bands which form the moving "pillars" (as they are termed) of the throat. Once having reached this spot, its future movements are beyond our control. Swallowing is one of the involuntary actions, which we can excite by bringing food or liquid into contact with the muscles concerned in the act, but are then powerless either to prevent or to direct. Conveyed by successive wave-like contractions of the œsophagus, or gullet (which may be well seen in a horse while drinking), the morsels of food pass into the next receptacle, the stomach.

In man this organ is a membranous bag of irregularly oval shape. It is furnished at its upper and lower openings with distinct muscular rings, which open or close the cavity in either direction as required. In fact, the stomach in all essential respects may be regarded as a second mouth. It has its lips which open to admit, and close to retain, the food, which the muscles of the throat, like hands, present to it; like those of the mouth, its walls are muscular, and roll the food from side to side, and from part to part, till it is thoroughly mingled with the secretion that is appointed to dissolve it; it is bounded below by another muscle, like the pillars of the throat, which at the fitting time seizes and carries onwards those portions of the food which are prepared for the succeeding stages of their progress. And to make the parallel complete, the stomach of many animals, though not of man—the crab is a familiar instance—is armed with teeth. Its inner coat, in the natural and healthy state, is of a light or pale pink colour, varying in its hue at different times, being darkest during the process of secretion. It is of a soft or velvet-like appearance, and is covered with a thin transparent mucus.

The special function of the stomach is to dissolve and otherwise change the albuminous portion of the food; and for this purpose it pours forth in a truly amazing quantity a fluid of remarkable character. The secretion of gastric juice in a healthy adult man weighing ten stone has been estimated by careful observers, taking the amount secreted in a given time and under varying conditions as the basis of their calculation, at as much as thirty-seven pounds in each twenty-four hours. Nor is this estimate incredible, although that amount considerably exceeds the entire weight of the blood, when we consider that the secreted fluid is speedily re-absorbed, and that the total quantity

may express the result of a rapid circulation, the amount present in the stomach at any one time not exceeding a few ounces. Other observers, however, have placed the quantity at less than half this amount; and the question is evidently one not easy absolutely to decide.

Indeed, it may well be asked, how any knowledge at all can be gained on such a point, at least in respect to man; the stomach being an organ hidden from our sight and cut off from our manipulation. However, besides artificial openings made by experimenters into the stomachs of animals, accidental apertures have been formed into or near those of human beings. Of the latter, two cases have been carefully observed—the well-known one of Alexis St. Martin, the Canadian, experimented on and described by Dr. Beaumont of the United States army, and afterwards by Dr. E. H. Rogers, and an Esthonian peasant woman, Catherine Kütt by name, who was under the observation of various physicians in Germany. In the case of Alexis St. Martin the stomach was laid open by a gun-shot wound, and remained only partially closed with a valvular aperture.

By observations thus made, the gastric juice is found to be “a clear colourless fluid, inodorous, a little saltish, and very perceptibly acid. It possesses the property of coagulating albumen in an eminent degree; is powerfully antiseptic, checking the putrefaction of meat; and effectually restorative of healthy action, when applied to ulcerating surfaces.” It holds in solution a small amount of a peculiar animal substance, upon which its power of dissolving and otherwise changing the food depends. In this respect, indeed, all the digestive fluids are alike, and the peculiar powers of each seem to be chiefly dependent on the animal matter they contain in solution. These substances may be separated and dried, like yeast, and will exert their powers on being redissolved, even after a long interval. They seem, indeed, to act in a similar manner to what are termed “ferments,” exciting decomposition by being themselves in a state of change.

The substance of this class which is contained in the gastric juice is termed “pepsine.” It may be separated as a greyish mass, or, by macerating in water the lining membrane of the stomach of a pig, or of the fourth stomach of a calf, a similar substance may be procured. This, when purified and redissolved in water, with the addition of a few drops of certain acids—the acid of

common salt, or that which forms in sour milk—produces an artificial gastric juice, which will dissolve meat, or bread, or other articles of food. One part of pepsine dissolved even in 60,000 parts of acidulated water, will have this effect. But it must be kept at a temperature about the same as that of the stomach, or nearly 100° Fahrenheit.

The following is one of Dr. Beaumont's experiments. After St. Martin had fasted seventeen hours, Dr. Beaumont withdrew from his stomach one ounce of gastric juice, put into it a solid piece of boiled, recently salted beef weighing three drachms, and placed the vessel which contained them in water heated to 100°. In forty minutes digestion had distinctly commenced, over the surface of the meat; in fifty minutes, the fluid had become quite opaque and cloudy, and the external texture began to become loose; in two hours, the fibres of the meat were entirely separated; and after the lapse of ten hours the whole was dissolved. A similar piece of beef was at the same time suspended in the stomach by means of a thread: at the expiration of the first hour it was changed in about the same degree as the meat digested artificially; but at the end of the second hour it was completely digested and gone. Thus the same process which takes place within the stomach may be imitated in part outside of the body; and that the results are similar to a certain extent is proved by the fact, that albumen which has been thus acted upon is retained when injected into the veins, and is not cast off by the secretions, as it is when injected in its unaltered state.

The gastric juice is secreted from the membrane lining of the stomach by minute glands, which are thickly studded over its lower part. These glands consist of tubes, extending through the thickness of the membrane, and lined with cells. They are more developed in some other animals than in man; they are greatly magnified in the pig. They branch at their lower portion, and contain round cells of a larger kind; and in these it is that the gastric juice appears to be formed.

There is another form of gland contained within the stomach consisting of branched or simple tubes very similar to the former, except that they are shorter, and do not contain the peculiar larger form of cell. These are situated more at the upper portion of the organ, and secrete, not gastric juice, but a simple mucous fluid, which serves to moisten and protect the membrane, and is always present. The gastric juice, on the

other hand, is poured out, naturally, only on the introduction of food ; the membrane then becomes red and turgid, raised points make their appearance, and the secretion soon begins to collect in small limpid drops upon its surface. The internal aspect of the stomach presents a network of minute ridges, in the interspaces of which the mouths of the glands are situated ; and its entire structure is permeated with minute vessels, which pass into the ridges on its surface, and ramify thickly around its glands.

The secretion of gastric juice is affected by various circumstances. Impressions on the mouth have an influence upon it, as we have seen that impressions on the stomach in like manner affect the mouth. Thus Blondlot (who first adopted the plan of making artificial openings into the stomachs of animals) observed that when sugar was introduced directly into the stomach of a dog, a very small secretion of gastric juice ensued ; but when the dog had himself masticated and swallowed it, the secretion was abundant.

Cold water introduced into the stomach renders it pale for a time, and diminishes its secretion, but this soon returns more freely. Ice, however, in large quantity, checks it, for a long period, as also do all kinds of irritating agents. And the effect of painful mental states in interfering with digestion are explained by their visible influence upon the organ. It was noticed by Dr. Beaumont, in the case of St. Martin, that irritation of the temper, and other moral causes, would frequently diminish, or altogether suspend, the supply of the gastric fluids. The effect was similar to that of febrile action, or of over fatigue. Anxiety, anger, or vexation occurring at the commencement of digestion, even though themselves but temporary, showed their effect during the entire process. Anger especially caused an influx of bile into the stomach.

The action of the stomach is chiefly exerted upon the albuminous articles of the food. These, or at least a portion of them, it reduces to a liquid form, and alters in certain respects, especially rendering them more freely soluble in water. On the starch, or sugar, or other such substances the food may contain, the gastric juice exerts no influence ; nor has it much evident action on the fat, though it is said by Dr. Marcet to effect a change in it which prepares it for digestion by the fluids appointed for that task—the pancreatic juice, and perhaps the bile. As the result of the action of the stomach, the food is

reduced to a greyish, semi-fluid mass—the chyme—which gradually passes through the lower orifice of the organ. The muscle which guards this orifice seems to be endowed, during the earlier stages of digestion, with a peculiar sensibility, which enables it to transmit the fluid portions of the contents of the stomach and to refuse the solid ; but as the digestion approaches its termination this sensibility passes off, and the entire contents of the organ are suffered to escape.

During digestion the stomach is in continual motion, and its movements are essential to the discharge of its office, serving to bring the gastric juice into contact with every portion of its contents. They are effected by means of two layers of muscular fibres, one of which passes irregularly around the circumference of the organ, and the other runs longitudinally from end to end. The motions are intermittent, and pass downwards in regular waves, commencing at the entrance of the stomach, and becoming much more energetic as they approach the lower portion. The result of these movements is, as pointed out by Dr. Brinton, to carry the food in two currents, at once onward in the direction of the movement, and back again, at the same time ; the former current occupying the sides of the cavity, and the latter its centre. It is just such a movement as that which would be given to a fluid in a closed cavity by pressing down upon it a piston with an aperture in the centre. Thus a series of revolutions is performed by the food, during which its intermingling with the secreted fluid is perfectly effected.

During the entire period of stomach digestion the walls of that cavity are closely applied, and, as it were, fitted for its contents, contracting as they diminish. When additional food is taken shortly after a meal, the added portion passes into the centre of the mass that already occupies the organ ; it soon, however, becomes indistinguishable from the rest.

How long a time does digestion in the stomach occupy ? Various experimenters have endeavoured to answer this question, and to determine the relative digestibility of different articles of food, by observing the period at which the stomach becomes empty after they have been taken. Dr. Beaumont's tables on this point have been often quoted. He found that the time required for the complete disappearance of a meal from the stomach of St. Martin, varied from an hour to five hours and a half, according to the kind of food consumed. Pig's feet, tripe,

and boiled rice, stand at the head of the list, being disposed of in an hour; trout, sweet raw apples, and venison steak follow, occupying an hour and a half; boiled milk took two hours, unboiled a quarter of an hour more; eggs occupied the same time, but the case was reversed—they were soonest disposed of raw; roasted turkey took two hours and a half; roast beef and mutton, three hours and three hours and a quarter respectively; veal, salt beef, and *boiled chicken*, were not disposed of till four hours (longer than potatoes!); and roasted pork enjoyed the bad pre-eminence of demanding five hours and a quarter.

Other observers, however have come to different conclusions; and one of the later writers on the subject says, very unsatisfactorily—"It is sufficient to quote the opinion of Blondlot, who obtained such very indefinite and unconclusive results, that he was led to express the view that the digestibility of different articles of food depends solely on the state of the stomach at the time of the experiment, and that it is pure waste of time to labour at the determination of the digestibility of individual articles of food." It is probable that within certain limits this is true, and that we must rely, upon experience and good sense for guidance in this respect, rather than on specific rules.

There can be little doubt that variety is better than any kind of theoretically digestible uniformity of diet. It is not unlikely, besides, that the shortness of the time during which an article of food remains in the stomach may be a very unsafe measure of its digestibility. Probably the less digestible any substance is in the stomach, the more speedily it may be passed on to the succeeding organs, and that a longer continuance there might indicate a more complete susceptibility to the action of the gastric juice.

Dr. Beaumont himself records evidence of this. He says:—"Vegetables are generally slower of digestion than meats and farinaceous substances, though they sometimes pass out of the stomach before them, in an undigested state. Crude vegetables are allowed, even when the stomach is in a healthy state, sometimes to pass its orifice, while other food is retained there to receive the solvent action of the gastric juice. This may depend upon their comparative indigestibility."

There are, however, some experiments, made by Büsch on the woman before referred to as having an accidental orifice near the stomach, which throw some further light upon the question.

In her case it was found that boiled eggs began to pass from the stomach in from twenty to thirty-five minutes; flesh, in from twenty-two to thirty minutes; cabbage, in from fifteen to nineteen minutes; potatoes, after fifteen minutes; and parsnips, after twelve. On examining the proportion of matter that had been absorbed in each case, it was found that flesh was more digestible than eggs, that parsnips were more digestible than potatoes, and potatoes than cabbage. But, whatever may be the nature of the food, the more thoroughly it is masticated, the more readily it is digested. The facility with which it is dissolved is regulated by the readiness with which, by its minute division, the solvent fluid can obtain access to every part.

The gastric juice, as may be supposed, will dissolve the stomach itself, if there be any present in it at the time of death. But it will digest living substances as well as dead ones. This has been put to the test by means of frogs, the hind limbs of which have been introduced into the stomachs of animals, and digested while their owners were alive. It is clear, therefore, that the presence of "life" is not a preservative against digestion; and the mere fact of the stomach being living does not account for its resistance to the action of its own secretion. The difficulty has been met by the supposition that the organ is continually dissolved by the gastric juice, but is continually reproduced—that the growth compensates for the loss.

Perhaps, however, it is not absolutely necessary to take this view, which implies a destruction and renewal in this organ, of immense and unparalleled rapidity. Different parts of the body have a different susceptibility to various influences; and it may be that the changes which the stomach naturally undergoes, during life, are of such a kind as to counterbalance those which its own secretion would otherwise excite within it. Its vital changes may stop digestion, as the action of the gastric juice stops putrefaction. The possible growth of a fungus in the gastric juice itself, shows how this may be. The stomach may have a mode of vital action to which the gastric juice may act as a stimulant rather than as a destroyer.

The food is not only dissolved more or less completely in the stomach, it is partly absorbed into the blood also, liquids being rapidly taken up by the vessels which ramify upon its walls. But by far the larger portion is transmitted from the stomach for further laboration. The whole extent of the digestive canal is

lined with glands, which pour out a secretion hardly less powerful than the gastric juice itself, and which seems, unlike that fluid, to affect *all* the elements of the food. By means of this secretion the solution and elaboration of the digested matter is brought to its final completion; but two special organs also bear a part in the process. These are the pancreas (or sweetbread) and the liver. The former which is placed immediately beneath the stomach, in its structure, and partly in its office, resembles the salivary glands. Like them, it converts starch into sugar; but it also reduces the fat into a state of minute division, which prepares it for being absorbed. The peculiar milky appearance of the chyle is due to the fat contained in the food being thus brought into the condition of an emulsion, by the secretion of the pancreas. Whether that organ has the power of dissolving albuminous substances is not yet quite decided. Its character seems to connect it much more closely with the salivary glands than with any others, and it seems also to have an intimate sympathetic relation with them, so that in disease of the pancreas a profuse flow of saliva is a common symptom. The quantity of the pancreatic secretion has been estimated at about ten pounds a day, but this is probably an extreme amount. It is curious to observe that while the gastric juice is decidedly acid, the fluids with which the food next comes into contact are alkaline. It is thus submitted to the operation alternately of alkaline, acid, and again to alkaline secretions. In the herbivora, there is also a second acid juice. The reason of these alternations is not known, but it can hardly be doubted that they serve to make the digestion of the food more perfect. And although the solvent power of the gastric juice is placed in abeyance when its acidity is neutralized by the alkaline fluids, yet it appears to be the case here, as in respect to the saliva, that effects are produced by the mixture of the various secretions which are poured together into the digestive tube, that would not result from either alone.

It remains to speak of the part taken by the bile in digestion; and this is a matter of no little difficulty to determine. An admixture of the bile with the gastric juice seems to put a stop to the action of the latter; nor has the bile itself any evident solvent action on any portion of the food. Probably, however, it materially assists in the absorption of the fat, since it is found that oil will rise much higher (by "capillary attraction") in minute tubes, when they are moistened with bile

than when moistened with any other fluid. Beyond this the bile seems to have no obvious digestive action ; but it plays, notwithstanding, a very important part in nourishing the body. It is taken up again into the system, undergoing changes which may, perhaps, be considered as a digestion of the bile itself. The effects of preventing its entrance into the digestive canal, which is done by opening the gallduct and causing the bile to flow externally, was thus described by Dr. Dalton :—"Two dogs were the subjects of the experiments, both of them died, one at the end of twenty-seven, the other at the end of thirty-six days. The symptoms were constant and progressive emaciation, which proceeded to such a degree that nearly every trace of fat disappeared from the body. The loss of flesh amounted in one case, to more than two-fifths, in the other to nearly, one-half the entire weight of the animal. There was also a falling off of the hair, and an unusually disagreeable odour from the breath. Notwithstanding this, the appetite remained good ; digestion was not essentially interfered with. There was no pain, and death took place at last without any violent symptoms, but by a simple and gradual failure of the vital powers."

May we not reasonably believe therefore, that the bile should be classed with the force-producing substances, having, for part of its office, to undergo decomposition, and so to furnish a power for the development and elevation in the scale of life, of certain portions of the food ? For this must never be lost sight of in considering the problem of digestion, that the food is to be conveyed into the system without loss of the force which it contains, and which under similar circumstances out of the body, it very speedily does lose. It is not suffered to fall or decay, but is incorporated with the body still in its living state. The ball is kept in the air during the whole process. Nay, more, in digestion the food has to be *raised*, and carried up to a higher vital level : the blood is more living than the substances from which it is formed. And for this purpose force is needed, which can be derived only from the decomposition of some substance within the body. It is probable, therefore, that the bile which disappears within the digestive tube is consumed in raising the food, or making it more living. If this be so, the languor and debility which attend derangement of the biliary system receive in part an easy explanation. The daily quantity of bile secreted in an adult man is estimated at about two pounds and a half.

Through the agency of these various secretions the food, of whatever materials it may have consisted, is reduced to the form of a thin greyish fluid of uniform appearance. At the same time, there goes on a process of remarkable character, and of which the perfect explanation cannot yet be given—that of absorption, by which the contents of the alimentary tube find entrance into the blood. To affect this, a beautiful law is called into operation—the law that if two fluids of unequal density be separated by an animal membrane, they will, with few exceptions, pass through the membrane, and mingle with each other. Thus, for example, if a solution of sugar be divided from pure water by a portion of bladder, the water enters into and dilutes the syrup, while a little of the syrup also passes into the water; and this interchange will take place with considerable force, so that a column of fluid may be raised by it to a height of several inches. It is evident that this law (called by its discoverer, Dutochet, the law of endosmose) is susceptible of a wide application to the vital actions. It furnishes the explanation of a large part of the process of absorption, both in animals and vegetables. Professor Graham has shown that a decomposition of the interposed membrane is an essential step in the process when it occurs out of the body, and probably minute changes of structure are concerned in it in the living organs also. Thus we see one use of that tendency to change which is universal throughout the animal structures. The vital interchange of fluids depends upon it.

Further in this law of endosmose may be seen a reason for the vast quantity of the fluids which are poured into the digestive cavities after every meal to affect the solution of the food. The passage of fluids through animal membranes is usually most free on the part of that which is the less dense. Water, for example, passes much more readily into syrup, under these circumstances, than the syrup passes into the water. Accordingly, the great dilution of the digested food directly favours its entrance into the blood.

But whatever material enters the system from the stomach, or other part of the digestive tube, is submitted to still another process of elaboration, before it is counted fit for the nourishment of the body. It passes through “glands” of peculiar character the operation of which, though not yet understood, is evidently of the utmost necessity in the preparation of the new matter for its work. Part of it passes

through the liver, part through a series of small glands resembling those which occur in the armpit or the neck, and are so well known through their tendency to become enlarged and painful in weak states of health or after injuries. How far the influence exerted on the absorbed matter by these latter organs, and by the liver, is of a similar kind, it is hard to say; different portions of the food are submitted to the action of each. That which passes through the liver is conveyed to it by the blood-vessels, and consists mainly of the albuminous materials and the sugar; that which passes through the small scattered glands contains the chief part of the fat, and is taken up by minute vessels distributed throughout the whole length of the digestive tube, and known by the name of "lacteals." This name they have received from the milky appearance given by the minutely divided fat to the chyle which they convey.

Through these two channels then—the veins and the lacteals—the dissolved and digested food is carried; first to certain glands, then into the general blood, and passed on through the heart into the lungs, there to undergo further changes, into which it is not our present business to inquire. In the work of absorption, the veins are the chief agents; the lacteals, though apparently the specially appointed instruments, play a less considerable part. The lacteals only seem to be specially contrived instruments for the absorption of food; they are in truth, simply a part of a system of minute absorbent vessels distributed almost universally through the body. The veins begin to take up the liquid portions of the food from its first introduction into the stomach, and their action continues as long as any part of it is presented to them in a fluid form. These veins, thus charged with new material, unite to form a large trunk, which enters the liver at its lower part. From the blood thus supplied the bile is secreted; and other processes, yet unexplored, are carried on within the same organ, one result of which is the formation of a large quantity of sugar (or, at least, of a substance that rapidly changes into sugar after death), although neither sugar nor starch may have been contained in the food. What effects these processes have upon the newly forming blood, we cannot be said to know, yet surely we can hardly doubt that their result is to intensify and perfect its life—to raise it into a condition in which it embodies more force, and therefore is more living. In the giving off of bile and in the production of sugar, alike, we may see evidence of

changes adapted to produce this effect. One part of the blood sinks, or falls, into bile or into sugar, these are less living than the blood—they contain less vital force; then, must not the remaining portion of the blood be rendered more living, made to possess a greater tension of the vital force, by their formation? One part may grow by the decay of another part, as we see is the law of nature everywhere around us. Is it not also the law within?

This is what becomes of the food. Various changed by the secretions and the glands appointed for that purpose, it is poured into the blood. It has become part of that river of life from which the body ever rises afresh; shaming by reality the ancient legend. The lowest facts lay hold of the loftiest truths. The food is buried in the blood, and raised to a new life in every organ of the frame.

The food *must* nourish the body. There is that within it which compels growth, and makes action a necessity. We err when we think of ourselves as appropriating, using, living upon that which we eat. We take, indeed, the active part in procuring and consuming it, but not beyond; in the added life which follows, we are passive. We do not "live upon" the food, but the food lives in us. The body is but a theatre on which it may exhibit its latent powers; powers stored up by patient chemistry, day by day, from warmth and light, and vagrant currents of electric force. Brought into union with the animal structure, these forces, thus bound up in the food, pour their energy through new channels; but they are the same forces still, and they constitute its life. Through these it lives and grows; through these it is strong to act.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

Reviews.

I.—PONTIFICAL DISCOURSES.¹

WHEN Pius the Ninth died the Protestant Press of this country, headed by *The Times* and the backers generally of the Revolution in its war against truth and justice, had but faint praise to bestow on the memory of the great Pontiff. Indeed, the enemies of the Church were at little pains to hide their delight at being rid at length of the impracticable old man, whom neither threats, nor cajolery, nor open violence could bring to terms with them, and who, for thirty and more years, had waged an uncompromising war with the paganism of modern civilization. But he was gone at last, and in his place was seated, so they thought and said, another Pontiff of a very different character and calibre, who would be more pliant and manageable. Like Prospero's inebriate half-man half-monster slave, they sang or hiccupped—

'Ban, 'Ban.—Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—Got a new man.

Whilst millions of Catholics, to whose hearts the familiar figure of Pius had been for years unspeakably dear and venerable, thankfully recognized the protecting hand of God in the speedy and peaceful election of his successor, the world saw, or pretended to see, in Leo—for the wish was father to the thought—a man who, in every way the opposite of Pius, would break with the policy of his predecessor. They hoped to find in him a Pope after their own heart, a man, to use an expressive vulgarism, more up to the time of day, less absolutely behind the age, and therefore more amenable to modern ideas than the late most thorough-going Pontiff. And so the new reign

¹ *Discours du Souverain Pontife Léon XIII. aux Fidèles de Rome et du Monde Catholique depuis son élévation dans le Vatican* Recueillis et publiés pour la première fois par le R. P. Don Pasquale de Franciscis dei Pii Operarii. Traduction Française authentique. Années 1878—1883 avec table des matières. Paris: Librairie Plon, E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie., Imprimeurs-Editeurs, Rue Garancière, 10, 1884. Tous droits réservés.

opened, as Pius the Ninth's had opened, with a concert of praise, in which the enemies vied with the friends of the Church in doing honour to the new Pope, with this difference, however, that if the former were minded to exalt Leo, it was generally at the expense of Pius. Pius had no doubt been—this was the burden of their song—a virtuous priest, a good bishop, endowed, if you will, with great gifts of oratory, who might in the rank and file of the priesthood have risen to eminence as a preacher; but his intellectual attainments were of the second order; he had no knowledge of the world, no administrative ability; he was no statesman, he was not even a great theologian, and being by nature very intense he was proportionately wanting in moderation. The men who wrote and talked thus either did not see or took it for granted that their readers would not see in assertions of the kind additional confirmation of that which we Catholics all believe, that God was with Pius in a special manner from the beginning to the end of his glorious pontificate. If Pius really was the weak instrument his enemies describe him, then does he furnish in his person one more striking instance of the election by God of the weak and foolish things of this world to confound the wise and the strong.

But Leo, so the world affected to think, was a man of a very different stamp and character. An experienced diplomatist, an accomplished man of the world, well versed in literature and theology, a tried administrator of long standing, a great bishop, an eminent Prince of the Church, who, out of favour with the late régime, had long lain in the cold shade of official neglect, here was a Pope in whom the enemies of the Church hoped to find a less uncompromising opponent, who, if he did not unsay all that his predecessor had said, would at least utter his *non possumus* in less unfaltering accents, perhaps even come to terms with the Revolution and establish a *modus vivendi* with it. But in these, as in all other its calculations, the world invariably reckons without God. Granted what we all know was not the case, granted for a moment that Cardinal Pecci had been personally not the great prelate of saintly life and high principle, whose tried virtue and well-known qualifications recommended him in March, 1878, to the nearly unanimous vote of the Sacred College, but only a worldly and ambitious prelate; nevertheless, once elected to the exalted office of Vicar of Jesus Christ he would come in an especial manner under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and all his words and acts in

that character would be overruled, even, if needs must, in spite of himself, to the good of the Church and the glory of God. The late Louis Philippe had experience of this truth in his own bishops. It was his policy, as far as possible, to procure the promotion to the Episcopal sees in France of such of the clergy as showed the strongest Gallican leaning. But he found that once consecrated they resisted his godless policy with all the intrepidity of their more ultramontane brethren; so much so, that being on one occasion, unusually exasperated by the resistance of one of his bishops, the Citizen King is said to have exclaimed with greater point than reverence: *Je ne comprends rien à ces Evêques : dès qu'ils ont reçu le Saint Esprit, ils ont le diable au corps.*

Unfortunately, not one man in a thousand of those who read and believe the slanderous assertions of the Protestant Press, headed, of course, by the omniscient *Times*, to the effect that Leo the Thirteenth is not as Pius was, that he has other views, that he pursues quite another policy, will ever see, or, if he sees, take the trouble to read a collection of the public utterances of our present Holy Father, such as that lately collected by Don Pasquale de Francisca and now published in French by Messrs. Plon et Cie. The perusal of it would very soon dispel this illusion. It does not contain each and every discourse pronounced by His Holiness since his elevation, but only the more important and those which concern France more particularly. The entire collection is to be had in Italian under the title of *Discorsi del Sommo Pontefice Leone XIII.*

There is, however, abundant proof in the more handy volume under review that the Pontificate of Leo the Thirteenth is but the continuation of that of Pius the Ninth. The voice that speaks to-day is the same that spoke yesterday, preaching the same truths, defending the same principles, upholding the same cause—the cause of Jesus Christ. If the voice of Leo differs at all from the voice of Pius, this is in accidentals only; in all essentials they are in perfect harmony each with the other, just as it is the same Word of God, never contradicting itself, which was written down for us alike by Isaias the Prophet and by St. John the Evangelist, of the Incarnation, however unlike the style of the one man may be to the style of the other. The voice of Leo, in perfect unison with that of Pius, is raised in his day as that of Pius was raised in his, to combat the same evils, to defend the same rights, to uphold the same principle of authority

in Church and State, to inculcate the same obedience in subjects, to condemn the same secret rebellion of the Sects all the world over, to guard the same sanctity of marriage, to protect the same rights of parents to the Christian education of their children; in a word, to utter the same warnings and offer mankind the same preventives against relapse into paganism worse, because more atheistic, even than the Paganism from which the world was delivered by the preaching of the first Pope.

2.—LIFE OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.¹

A new *Life of St. Charles* in English has been much needed ever since the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles was established in our midst by the Cardinal Archbishop, reminding us of the great Saint who did so much for the preservation of religion in Northern Italy and Switzerland, and carrying on in St. Charles' spirit St. Charles' work. Very opportunely, therefore, does the translation of Giussano's well-known work (which was published twenty-three years after the Saint's death) make its appearance almost on the very day of his tercentenary. On November 4, 1584, St. Charles passed from the scene of his apostolic labours to his reward in Heaven, and within the octave of his feast in the present year his biography is given to the English-speaking nations in the English tongue. The translation is a very readable one, and the style is simple and good. We are glad to miss the Italianisms which often disfigure the Lives of Italian saints. The division into short chapters is of great service to the reader. To our mind the most interesting part of the book is the account of St. Charles' several virtues in vol. ii. There is something so intensely practical in the details of his wonderful holiness. He is not one of those saints to be admired rather than imitated. Living as he did in the world, the virtues he practised, lofty and sublime as they were, were the virtues of ordinary life, eminently adapted to stir up ordinary Christians to a desire after greater perfection. Take, *e.g.*, the following valuable example for the every-day life of priests whose assistants or servers on the altar are awkward and tiresome.

¹ *The Life of St. Charles Borromeo*, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan. From the Italian of John Peter Giussano, Priest and Oblate of St. Ambrose. With Preface by Henry Edward Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. Two vols. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co., 1884.

In ecclesiastical functions his gentleness was extraordinary. Always wishing to carry out the ceremonies with as much perfection as possible, there were daily mistakes occurring to try his temper, owing to variety of places, persons, and offices, but in setting matters right, his mildness was a subject of general remark. When saying Mass once, while on his way to Rome, instead of wine there was given him oil, which he discovered on consuming the chalice. Apprising the server of the mistake, with perfect composure he consecrated afresh without disturbing the congregation (vol. ii. p. 397).

We might quote a hundred similar instances, but as we have spoken elsewhere of the character of the Saint, we will not quote any more of them here.

Cardinal Manning has added to the attractiveness of the book by a Preface of 28 pages. We mention the exact number of pages, because in an advertisement in the newspapers it is rather incorrectly called a "lengthy" Preface. So far as we understand the English language, "lengthy" implies two things: (1) length, (2) tediousness. We leave it to our readers to judge whether a Preface less than of 30 pages preceding a book of over 1,000 can be called long. It certainly is the very opposite of tedious. It is written in graceful style, and is full of interest. It consists of a general sketch of St. Charles' life and work, of which we will quote only one short paragraph in which his character is admirably summed up.

The character of St. Charles will be best understood by reading his life. He was not a great theologian, or a great orator, or a great statesman. But he was a great pastor, a ruler, a lawgiver, a guide, and a judge in the Church of God. No man was more in the world, and less of the world. He was immersed in the world from his birth to his death, but the world had nothing in him. He knew all the men who were ruling the world in his day, and they knew him, but he lived apart from them. His world was the sanctuary and his flock. Nevertheless, he moved them, or defeated them as his duty demanded of him. He moved the world because he did not rest upon it, and the world could not move him because he rested upon God (Preface, pp. xxii, xxiii).

In another part of our present number we have called attention to St. Charles' work as a reformer. We will therefore only recommend the book to our readers as a most useful addition to English editions of Lives of the Saints.

3.—A HISTORY OF THE SODALTIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Père Delplace's history of the sodalties of the Blessed Virgin is a work which is both well conceived and well executed. Its publication has a peculiar fitness on the eve of the solemn jubilee by which the sodalties throughout the world will celebrate in this month of December the tercentenary of the canonical institution of that central sodality at Rome, to which they are all affiliated, and through which they are in possession of the rich favours bestowed upon them by the Holy See. Père Delplace does not of course attempt to exhaust what is really a world-wide subject. Any such attempt would only in the end weary the reader with the frequent repetition of the same details. But what he has done is this, he has traced in bold outlines the history of the sodalties from their institution to the present day, he has given sufficient details on particular sodalties to give the reader a clear idea of the practical work done by the organization, and the method of doing it, and he has traced very fully the history of the sodalties as an institution in the Church, summing up the various Pontifical decrees relating to them, giving some of the more important in full, and clearly pointing out what was the canonical position of the sodalties at each period of their history. The book is sufficiently detailed to be interesting, yet so concisely are the materials arranged, that it comprises in all little more than two hundred small octavo pages.

The work is divided into three parts. The first deals with the beginnings of the sodalties and their history before the date of their canonical institution by Gregory the Thirteenth. The second part begins with the publication of the Bull of Gregory the Thirteenth, *Omnipotentis Dei* (Dec. 5, 1584), and traces the history of the sodalties down to the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773, a blow which involved the dissolution of by far the greater number of the then existing sodalties. The third part relates the history of the sodalties in the present century. Like most great works that have borne fruit in the Church, the sodalties had a very humble beginning. John Leonius of Liège, who was received into the Society of Jesus by St. Ignatius

¹ *Histoire des Congrégations de la Sainte Vierge.* Par le Père L. Delplace, S.J. Souvenir du Jubilé, 1584—1884. Desclée, De Brouwer, et Cie., Lille et Bruges, 1884.

himself in 1550, is rightly counted as their founder, though it is quite certain that when he first began to assemble his pupils in the Roman College for some simple exercises of piety, he had no idea that these small beginnings would be the germ of a great organization. It was in 1564, after these informal meetings had been about a twelvemonth in progress, that seventy pupils of the College formally placed themselves and their studies under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and united in a body, with fixed rules and a regular constitution, the sodality being governed by a director, a prefect and his counsellors. Similar sodalties were soon to be found in the other colleges of the Society. A sodality was founded at Paris in the Collège de Clermont, probably by the same Leonius who had been its founder at Rome. He had been sent to Paris in 1569. One of its first prefects was a young nobleman from Savoy who was making his studies in the College, and who is now known as St. Francis de Sales. In 1573 another sodality was founded in the College of the Society at Douay, belonging to the Belgian Province. Its founder was the celebrated Father Francis Coster, a great propagator of the new devotion. To him the sodalties owe the composition of their official manual of devotion, the *Libellus Precum*. He made it a book of solid doctrinal instruction, as well as a collection of prayers, and put at the head of it the Creed of Pope Pius the Fourth, in order to mark that the open profession and defence of the faith against heresy was a chief part of the mission of the sodalties. In 1575, as Rector of Cologne, Coster founded two more sodalties in the University. In a few years more there were sodalties in all the chief cities of Germany, whence they extended into Switzerland and the Netherlands. In 1575 a sodality was established at Prague. Its first director was Edmund Campion. In the following year, Claudius Aquaviva, the Rector of the College of Naples, founded the first sodality in that city. St. Charles Borromeo introduced the sodality at Milan, and in 1580 obtained from Gregory the Thirteenth a Bull according special privileges and Indulgences to its members in his cathedral city. Four years later on December 5, 1584, the same Pope, on the petition of Claudius Aquaviva, then General of the Society, published the Bull *Omnipotentis Dei*, approving and canonically instituting the Congregation of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, that is the first sodality of the Roman College, bestowing on it numerous Indulgences, and ordering that it should be called

the *Congregatio Primaria*, and that it should be able to communicate its privileges to all other sodalties (congregations) throughout the world that should be duly affiliated to it. The Sodality of the Roman College, which thus became the centre of what was soon a world-wide organization, was divided into three sections, the first for students of twenty years and upwards who were following the courses of philosophy and theology; the second for those between the ages of fourteen and twenty; the third for the younger pupils. The first section was the sodality recognized by the Papal Bull, and hence it is that all other sodalties are affiliated to the *Prima Primaria*, the first section of the primary congregation. Hence too the inscription over the doorway of its chapel:

PRIMA PRIMARIA
CONGREGATIO
OMNIVM CONGREGATIONVM
TOTO ORBE DIFFVSARVM
MATER ET CAPVT.

We must refer our readers to the pages of Père Delplace's work for the rest of the history of the sodalties. He tells us how they spread throughout the world; how, no longer confined to the colleges, there were in every great city sodalties of men of every class, priests, nobles, merchants, lawyers, workmen, soldiers, each sodality banded together for the defence of the faith, and the promotion of devotion to our Blessed Lady, who has ever been the great destroyer of heresy; how the suppression of the Society did not entirely destroy the work; and how some few sodalties lived on through the period of the suppression and the storm of the Revolution, to form a link between the sodalties of to-day, and a great past, now extending over a period of three hundred years. The *Prima Primaria*, the centre of the whole, was one of the few sodalties thus providentially preserved. Another was the Sodality of Stonyhurst, which is thus one of the oldest in the world. It dates from 1617. Père Delplace has not omitted a short sketch of its eventful career (pp. 151, seq.). At an earlier page he tells us of the sodality established in London during the short period of toleration under James the Second.

But we cannot lay down the book without calling attention to two very important points. First, Père Delplace's history brings home to us very forcibly the fact that from the very first, part of the ordinary every-day work of the sodalties was the

corporal and spiritual works of mercy. Their members as such took their turns of duty, in teaching the Catechism, helping the dying, visiting the hospitals and the prisons, collecting and distributing alms. Each sodality had its own favourite work, but there were few or none which were not thus actively employed. They discharged in many cities much the same mission as that of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. Even school-boys under the care of their teachers or parents were taken to the hospital, the prison, or the crowded lanes of the town, to learn practical lessons in active charity. Père Delplace tells us how successfully this was done at Amiens by the students of the College of St. Acheul, till the College and sodality were suppressed together in 1824. This side of the history of the sodalties is well worth studying. There is much to be found in it which would be useful in our own day, as indicating work close at hand to be done for the glory of God.

The second point to which we wish to call attention is the enormous development of the sodalties in our own day. This is no doubt due in some degree to the fact that in our century the organization of the *Children of Mary* has been established for girls and young women; and these confraternities are counted among the sodalties affiliated to the *Prima Primaria*. But on the other hand there are seldom now, as was commonly the case in the last century, three, four, or five sodalties among the pupils of a single College. Père Delplace tells us (p. 160) that in the first 240 years of its existence, namely from 1584 to 1824, the *Prima Primaria* issued 2476 diplomas of affiliation, each of these representing a sodality. In the following 40 years, from 1824 to 1864, it issued 7040. This certainly marks real progress, and shows that the work begun by Leonius more than three centuries ago is still a power for good. If the work of the sodalties lay only within the walls of schools and colleges it would still be a great and noble one, but it has a wider scope even than this. In their first institution the sodalties were meant to train up under Mary's patronage valiant young champions of the truth, and to afford them even in later life a rallying-point, where they might meet to unite in the defence of the faith against error, and in the practice of good works. This is still their mission—as necessary now as in the days of the Reformation. The book we have been reviewing is of lasting practical value because it insists upon this, and points to the past as an encouragement and a guide for the future.

4—IMPRESSIONS OF SCOTLAND.¹

A second visit to Scotland, made last year in the course of a journey to Iceland, whereby his former impressions were confirmed and his opinions corroborated, has induced Father Baumgartner to publish in a single volume the "travelling sketches" which were written after a tour in the Highlands some years ago, and which almost all appeared in the pages of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*. The sketches themselves do not, it is true, present much that is new to the English reader, since Father Baumgartner for the most part followed much in the track of the ordinary tourist, but it is always more or less entertaining to hear what an intelligent, cultivated, and observant foreigner has to say about ourselves and our neighbours; and besides, the same agreeable and vivacious style, the same power of description, the same touches of humour and pathos, which give a charm to Father Baumgartner's sketches of the dykes and ditches of industrious Holland, and the frost-bound shores of barren Iceland, are not lacking to the volume before us; whose value is moreover enhanced by a considerable number of effective wood-cuts.

Starting from Stonyhurst, of the early origin and present condition of which he gives some details, our traveller proceeds through Preston to Glasgow, where, having expected to find everything exclusively and overpoweringly Protestant, he is agreeably surprised to find so many Catholic churches and institutions; nor does his visit to the Protestant Cathedral of St. Mungo dispel his delight, since the splendid structure dates from Catholic times, and though desecrated and devastated, bears traces of its former glory; the ground he treads on is hallowed by memories of the past, and the tombs of kings and saints; he also recognizes with pleasure in the coloured glass more recently inserted, the designs of Catholic German artists.

Amongst other "sights" of Glasgow, Father Baumgartner visits a Catholic poor-school, by which he is not at all favourably impressed. He is struck by the contrast the bare-walled building with its ragged, dirty, noisy occupants, presents to the cheerful, well-ordered *Schulhäuser* of Germany or Holland, tenanted by the comfortably-clad, ruddy-faced children of peasant or *bour-*

¹ *Reisebilder aus Schottland*. Von Alex. Baumgartner, S.J. Freiburg: Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, 1884.

geois, and presided over by a well-trained, middle-aged pedagogue, whose despotic authority is far more respected than that of the young masters and pupil-teachers to whom is committed the management of our schools, erected for the most part, in Scotland at least, at the cost of infinite labour and difficulty, by some mission-priest. Worst of all is it when, through lack of funds, the priest himself is obliged to add to his other arduous duties that of schoolmaster, by which Father Baumgartner deems the sacerdotal dignity is apt to lose its prestige in the eyes of the people. Of the monitorial system he highly disapproves, as by the employment of teachers so deficient in ability and authority the instruction becomes purely mechanical, and all proper training of the scholars is out of the question.

We will not quote any of Father Baumgartner's descriptions of the romantic scenery he passed through ; it is enough to say that he speaks in terms of genuine admiration of the natural beauties and the architectural monuments of the land—the former he considers worthy of comparison with his own native Switzerland—and portrays in the picturesque language of which he is so complete a master, loch and firth, lonely glen and frowning crag, forest and pasture-land, the ruins of the past and the palaces of the present, as well as the costume and the customs, the history and the habits, the speech and the sports of the bonny Scot. For us to whom the plaid and the bonnet, the bag-pipes and the pibroch, Melrose and Holyrood, are familiar sights and sounds, there is more interest in what he calls his *digressions*. Of these he says :

My digressions must be forgiven me. I am very fond, when gazing on scenes attractive for their natural beauty or historical associations, to talk to myself a little—that is, to give myself a little instruction connected with them. The loveliest scenes and fairest objects will grow wearisome if we do not look from nature to man, and from man to God, through whom all things receive interest and meaning, connection and charm (p. 177).

What Father Baumgartner most dwells upon and brings into prominence is the traces everywhere to be seen of the Catholicity of bygone times, the grand relics of the departed glory of a faith once dominant in the land, never entirely banished from it, and now struggling to reassert itself. The contrast between “then and now” is painful, but there is ground for encouragement and hope. The following story is a specimen

of how the flame of the faith was kept alive in the hearts of a few during the period of persecution.

In the seventeenth century, two priests, disguised as peasants, lived in concealment at Glengarry, ministering to a small number of Catholics who were dispersed among the valleys of that secluded spot. One day, when they were returning from a long and weary journey by a lonely and unfrequented mountain-path, they came upon one of the huts erected for the shelter of the Highland herdsmen when they take their flocks to pasture on the hill-sides in summer. Here they perceived two young men engaged in serious and anxious discussion; after a friendly greeting had been exchanged, observing their down-cast and sorrowful air, one of the missionaries could not refrain from inquiring what troubled them? It then came out that the father of the young men was on his death-bed, and although he had considerable property to dispose of, and many children to claim a share of it, he could not be prevailed upon to make a will, persisting always, despite all appearance to the contrary, that his last hour had not yet come. The priest then said that his companion was a man of great experience and some medical knowledge, and the young men hastened to conduct the strangers to their dying parent, in the hope that their influence might induce him to arrange his temporal affairs. They found an aged man, feeble and emaciated, on whose pallid features death had unmistakeably set his mark. He was, however, in full possession of his senses; and when warned of his state, and urged to take the steps necessary to prevent dissension in his family, replied with steadfast composure that there was time, he should not die yet. The singular assurance with which he made this assertion led the priests to ask the ground of his confidence; "If I were to tell you," he answered after a moment's hesitation, "you would not believe me, you would only laugh at me!" They answered him they would do no such thing, as they saw him to be a sensible man. "Well then," he resumed, "I am a Catholic, for seven years I have earnestly prayed God, every morning and every night, that I might not die without the help of the last sacraments. I am certain my prayer will be heard. There is no priest near, but I know until one has come I shall not die." "O, my friend!" exclaimed the priest, deeply moved, "truly your prayer has been granted; God has sent us hither, ignorant of His designs, that you might have what you desire. We are Irish priests, on our way to Glengarry, and have with us all that is necessary to speed you on your last journey." "God be praised!" cried the dying man; then addressing his sons: "Away with you, lads," he added, "let me make my confession, for my last hour is come." He made his confession, received the Viaticum, made his will, and fell asleep in God, just as the priest had finished administering Extreme Unction (p. 175).

Before laying down this book, a word must be said respecting

the poems scattered throughout its pages. Many are original, others are spirited and clever translations from well-known Scotch authors. Father Baumgartner shows himself as well able to appreciate and to handle the ballads of the Scotch bards as the eddas of the ancient scald, and the sonnets of the stately Spaniard.

5.—ANNUS SANCTUS.¹

Annus Sanctus should meet with a hearty welcome from all who take an interest in Church hymns. It consists of two parts; the first contains translations of Breviary and Missal hymns arranged for the different weeks of the ecclesiastical year; the second mainly consists of original hymns arranged according to the successive seasons of the Church, on subjects in keeping with their spirit. The compiler, Mr. Orby Shipley, has had various motives in publishing his book. He designs it, in the first place, as a book for spiritual reading throughout the year, and also as a store-house for hymns which might be in danger of being lost or forgotten. It may too prove useful as a source whence a future Catholic hymn book may be drawn, a very serious want to English Catholics at the present moment.

The contributors to the volume are very numerous, but they are all Catholics, so that we may read the Church's hymns in an English dress without fear of drinking from a poisoned source. The poetical value and fidelity of the translations are guaranteed by such names as Father Faber, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, R. S. Hawker, D. Florence M'Carthy, Cardinal Newman, Canon Oakeley, Lord O'Hagan, Aubrey de Vere, and many more. A special feature of the book is a valuable Appendix containing a reprint of Breviary hymns taken from several editions of the once deservedly popular *Primer, or Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary in English*. The earliest of the versions printed is that of 1604; these hymns therefore take us back to the days, when by far the greater proportion of Englishmen were Catholics in thought and feeling, and they express much of the child-like directness and beautiful simplicity of the true Catholic spirit. It does one good to open the old *Primer*, and say some of the grand old prayers on the subject of the Passion. They have evidently come from the

¹ *Annus Sanctus.* Hymns of the Church for the Ecclesiastical Year.

heart, and they belong to a time when it would have seemed incongruous to Catholics to memorialize Almighty God on our grievances in well-balanced periodic sentences.

Mr. Orby Shipley is of opinion that the hymns in the edition of 1706 were translated by Dryden. About twenty-four of these hymns are admitted into the first part of the book under review, and put down as probably by the great poet. In the Preface the compiler touches upon some of the reasons which have induced him to form this new opinion, and in the current *Dublin Review* he has stated his arguments at full length. They are mostly *a priori*, or drawn from internal evidence, such as similarity of metre and language and method observed in these hymns and in acknowledged works of Dryden. Stress is also laid on the fact that the three hymns which were included by Sir Walter Scott in his edition of Dryden's works are found in the Primer. For our part we must acknowledge that these arguments seem to us of very little weight; a Catholic editor of the Primer would naturally wish to include any translations of hymns which had been executed by so skilful a hand; and we have only to cast our eye over the productions of some minor poet of our own time to see how powerfully a great poet like Lord Tennyson affects the methods, style, language, and metre of his contemporaries. We think then that the translations may have been done by some one who worked on Dryden's methods, but certainly not by Dryden, else there would have been some intimation of the author, just as there is in the Preface of some of the earlier editions of the Primer. There could have been no reason for keeping the name back, as the Primer of 1706 was printed six years after Dryden's death.

There is one thing in the book which we confess we do not like. Occasionally it happens that the same hymn is used for a whole season, or for more than one week: in such a case Mr. Orby Shipley gives several versions of the hymn by different hands, thus, as he thinks, securing uniformity with the Office and variety at the same time. So we have six versions of the *Dies iræ*; eight of *Jam sol recedit igneus*; five of *Jesu, dulcis memoria*; six of *Vexilla regis* and so on. Two of the versions of the *Dies iræ* are by Prior Aylward, and some of the stanzas bear so close a resemblance to each other that one would appear to be a first copy of the other. For example, compare the following :

Fix, at Thy right hand, my place
With Thy sheep, the sons of grace,
Severed from the goats' foul race.

Give me at Thy right hand a place,
Amongst Thy sheep, a child of grace,
Far from the goats' accursed race.

Some of the versions are not so good as others, and we should have preferred a really good version to all this variety, for—

Hæc decies repetita placebit.

Room might then have been found for some more hymns which we miss in the collection, *e.g.*, *Iste Confessor* ; *Ut queant laxis* ; *Te Deum* ; and perhaps for one or two of Father R. Southwell's racy old hymns. However, we have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Orby Shipley for what he has given us in such a readable form, and we have not noticed many instances of bad workmanship, such as are too frequent in some of our popular hymns.

6.—MEN AND WOMEN OF THE PAST.¹

Within the compass of this little volume of two hundred pages, Mr. S. H. Burke has brought together a miscellaneous selection of short historical sketches extending from the Anglo-Saxon period to the days of O'Connell. They are evidently intended to be popular in character, and amongst the titles of the chapters we meet such headings as the following: "The Blue-eyed boy of Kent," (*i.e.*, William Caxton), "The Favourite of Royalty," "The Day-dreams of a Poet," "King Jamie and his Consort," "The Captive of Lochleven" &c. When we add that the volume includes moreover an account of the domestic life of the Anglo-Saxons, a few notes on each of the Kings of France, a chapter on duelling, a discussion of Gothic and Greek architecture, a kind of moral essay on "good or bad luck," with many other matters, it will be clear that there is at least no lack of variety in the fare which Mr. Burke provides for his readers. It is not a very solid contribution to literature, but to those who like historical reading of a light and somewhat desultory kind, the book will no doubt be welcome.

Such a work must not perhaps be criticized too closely on the ground of accuracy, but in point of form and arrangement

¹ *Men and Women as they appeared in the far-off Time.* By S. H. Burke. London : Burns and Oates.

we think somewhat more pains might be looked for than the author seems to have given it. The following for instance is a curious paragraph, and it does not stand alone.

As to the social posture of affairs, the food and cookery of the Anglo-Saxons varied with the progress of civilization.

The sanitary condition of the towns frequently led to fever of the worst kind, followed by a Continental sweating sickness. Children's diseases were also frequent. Then came pirates and Continental outlaws, causing much trouble to the peaceable people who still persevered in their honest mode of life. The Anglo-Saxon physicians recommended vegetable diet as highly conducive to health. Many of the medical men were monks, who studied in Paris and Florence.

Misprints also are not unfrequent. Thus we have Du Guescliu for Du Guesclin. Lutetia (Paris) is derived we are told from the Latin *luteum*, mud! The payment to the clergy on the day of the funeral among the Anglo-Saxons is called *saul suat* (? *sáwl sceat* soul-shot), and so on.

Finally we feel bound to enter a vigorous protest against the suspicious manner in which Mr. Burke cites authorities for his statements. In this, as in a previous work of greater pretensions, he refers to sources of information, which, if authentic, must be of the highest value, but which seem unaccountably to have escaped the observation of all previous inquirers. Here, to take one conspicuous instance, in his account of Queen Mary's captivity at Lochleven he frequently quotes the testimony of Jane Kennedy, one of Mary's maids of honour, and refers us in the notes to her letters. Where, we would ask Mr. Burke, may these letters be found? If they exist only in manuscript it is his duty in the interests of historic truth to let the world know where such important documents may be consulted. If, on the other hand, Mr. Burke quotes from a printed copy, we think most students of the period would be grateful for further information as to date, place, editor, &c., and would be glad to know his reasons for thinking them authentic. In default of such explanation, Mr. Burke ought to be aware that he lays himself open to grave suspicion, and does serious harm to the cause he professes to defend.

7.—THE JUDGES OF FAITH, AND GODLESS SCHOOLS.¹

The object which the author of this interesting pamphlet had in view is thus stated by himself: "We purpose answering plumply the straight question: May Catholic parents, present circumstances unchanged, in conscience, allow their children to be educated in public State schools, especially where good Catholic schools are, or can be established?" (p. 10). He replies to this question by first pointing out how disastrous to faith and morals is a godless system of education, and then quoting the decisions of Pope Pius the Ninth and Leo the Thirteenth, as well as of very many bishops in all parts of the world, as expressed in the Syllabus, Allocutions, Pastorals, and other documents, filling up the evidence with extracts from the official declarations of several distinguished bishops of the United States. "We feel inclined," he tells us, "to pile up the evidence on this subject to the very skies. . . . by raising a massive monument, crowned with a far-reaching beacon, and radiating with light, to the testimony of our own Most Rev. and Right Rev. Prelates" (p. 59).

Just at the last moment he was enabled to add one more opinion which needed no other support than the illustrious name appended to it, and which, we submit, rather loses than gains by being introduced in the following formal manner. "Since the engraving of the preceding testimonies on the monument already of colossal dimensions, which we have attempted to raise for a witness to the peoples of our beloved country, the imperishable column has been crowned with a refulgent golden cross on which is inscribed in blood-red characters the legend: JOHN CARDINAL M'CLOSKEY!" (p. 86). The diction is in several places perhaps a trifle too figurative to suit the fastidious taste of certain readers, as for instance where the compiler of a school history, who appears to have skipped over some years, leaving a gap in the narrative, is compared to "a snake-oiled gymnast," (p. 19), or where the propagation of secret societies in Europe is alluded to in the following words: "Laocoon, the pagan priest, has been called to offer sacrifice to the pagan gods of the age, and the stench of the offering has attracted the serpents that, after devouring the multitude, shall crush him and his

¹ *The Judges of Faith, and Godless Schools.* By the Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins, of the diocese of Louisville, Kentucky. Thomas J. Egan, New York, 1882.

sons to bloody pulp, slimed over with pagan refinements, ready to swallow whole." (p. 8). But this exuberance of style in no way affects the validity of the argument, and we are sure that nobody who peruses this little work can have any doubt but that the Episcopate of the Catholic Church is unanimous in condemning the godless system of education, nor will anybody begrudge the twenty-five cents which he must pay for the pleasure it will afford him.

8.—GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL¹

"More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of" is the singularly apposite motto selected for the title-page of this interesting book, which consists of a selection from the true stories originally published in the *Ave Maria*, a Catholic magazine devoted to the honour of the Blessed Virgin. It is not difficult to believe the assurance given in the Preface, that the applications from all parts for the numbers containing these stories have been so numerous as to originate the happy thought of collecting them into a volume, and thus promoting the pleasure and edification of a larger circle of readers. One of the longest, and perhaps the most striking of these wonderful histories, is entitled "A case of demoniacal possession," and relates the manner in which the devil, who had entered into and tormented for twelve years an unhappy girl, was at length compelled to quit his victim.

Sometimes the demon prevented her from asking for what she wished, or he would simulate pain or tears, simply to cause trouble, and if commanded to let her free, he would first refuse, but if threatened with punishment, would yield: for instance, if the girl desired to say her prayers, he would not let her; she would inform us of this by pointing at her throat—she could not speak; then we would oblige him to pray in her stead, *e.g.*, to say the Our Father, but he spoke with great difficulty and repugnance, would drop words, and never could be made to say, *Thy will be done*. . . . I commanded him (says the priest) to let her speak, and sat down to hear her confession. "I will make her confession for her," said he: "I accuse myself of hating God (imitating a penitent) but I am sorry—that I do not hate Him more. I curse Him; I do Him all the evil in my power; I regret that I cannot annihilate Him." I silenced the demon—it was impossible after this to doubt that I was contending with the evil one—at once, I began an exorcism, but

¹ *Glimpses of the Supernatural*. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan and Co., 1884.

in vain. It took three days to get her free to speak, and not without extraordinary means (pp. 60—62).

We will not state the manner in which the evil one was at last expelled, but we cannot refrain, in these days of "Luther celebrations" from quoting one of the statements he volunteered to make. The exorcist, when invested with the regular faculties, has, be it borne in mind, the power of forcing the demon to tell naught but the truth, a command which, when forced in the name of the Catholic Church, he dares not disobey. He speaks by the mouth of the possessed person.

A medical doctor, a Lutheran, having heard of the case, requested that he might see the girl, and speak to her; having obtained permission, he asked her if she knew Luther: "Yes!" came the answer: "and he is with us!" The doctor withdrew immediately, without further questioning (p. 68).

A story which though brief, cannot fail especially to interest English readers, is called "The Client of St. Stanislas Kostka," and relates the way in which a son of Mr. James Weld appeared after his death to his father. The boy, whose name was Philip, was drowned whilst boating on the river at Ware; and we will give in Mr. Weld's own words the manner in which his son was seen by him on the evening of the day on which the accident occurred, at a time when he had every reason to believe him in the enjoyment of perfect health.

I was walking with my daughter Catherine on the turnpike road, in broad daylight, and Philip appeared to us both. He was standing on the causeway, with a young man in a black robe by his side. My daughter was the first to perceive him. She said to me, "Look there, papa, there is Philip!" I looked and saw him, I said to my daughter, "It is Philip indeed, but he has the look of an angel." Not suspecting that he was dead, though greatly wondering that he was there, I went towards him with my daughter to embrace him, but a few yards being between us; while I was going up to him, a labouring man who was walking on the same causeway, passed between the apparition and the hedge, and as he went on I saw him pass through their apparent bodies, as if they were transparent. On perceiving this I at once felt sure that they were spirits, and going forward with my daughter to touch them, Philip sweetly smiled on us, and then both he and his companion vanished away (p. 104).

Some weeks afterwards Mr. Weld, being at Stonyhurst, recognized in a picture of St. Stanislas Kostka, the young man

who had been the companion of his son when he saw him in the vision.

Amongst several other stories one may be mentioned called "the Invisible Messenger," which tells how the guardian angel of a poor woman who was dying, summoned a priest who lived at a distance of eighteen miles to administer the sacraments to her. In a dark and stormy night the good priest was roused from his slumbers by a tapping on the pane, and a voice entreating him to go to the place indicated. When the door was opened, no one was to be seen, but the intrepid Father McB., started at once on his four hours' ride through rain and mud and storm, and on arriving found a woman in her last agony, who having no one to send for a priest, had all night long entreated her guardian angel to fetch one before she expired.

But we must leave the reader to make acquaintance for himself with these marvellous histories, and learn the practical lesson which each one is calculated to convey. We began with the words of one English poet, and we may aptly conclude with those of another, for surely no one can rise from the perusal of the pages before us without being deeply convinced that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

IN a substantial and handsome volume of between seven hundred and eight hundred pages, Father Spalding has given us a complete text-book of Sacred History¹ from the beginning of the world till now, comprising all that a well-educated Catholic who has not made it a special study ought to know on the subject. It is beautifully got up, well and clearly printed in large type, and illustrated with a number of pictures intended to fix on the minds of children the scenes depicted. The portraits are especially good, including as they do a number of great saints

¹ *The History of the Church of God from the Creation to the Present Day.* By Rev. B. J. Spalding. New York: Catholic Publication Society; London: Burns and Oates.

and celebrated ecclesiastics of modern times. The style is simple, and its use as a text-book is facilitated by the division into short paragraphs. It is necessarily only a summary.

Although gift books for children are very numerous in the present day, it is not always easy to find one which will be thoroughly amusing and very appropriate to the present time as well as highly instructive. *The Land of the Pyramids*² combines admirably these three qualifications, it is written in a pleasant, easy style, the information being imparted under the familiar form of a conversation between an uncle and his nephews and nieces. The book is, the author tells us, in a great measure the result of personal observation during a residence of some months in Egypt itself, and to ensure correctness in facts which lie beyond her immediate ken, she has consulted the best writers on ancient and modern Egypt. A great amount of information is collected in its pages, and presented in a most attractive form, so as to arrest the attention of children, and give them a definite and correct idea of a land whose name is in every one's mouth just now. We must not omit to say that the book is very well got up, and appeals to the eye as well as to the mind of the reader by the many and excellent illustrations wherewith its pages abound.

Father Weninger, in addition to his unwearied missionary labours, has found time to produce a number of works most useful to priests and people. We have spoken in past numbers of his Sermons and Conferences, and we now take occasion to recommend his most practical and excellent edition of the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*,³ in which he supplies what is much needed, suggestive thoughts, simply and briefly stated, as points of meditation for Retreatants. The book is in Latin and is primarily intended for the clergy. It is likely to prove very useful, not merely to those who are making retreats but to those who give them, and to whom fresh ideas and other aspects of the meditations familiar to them are of great service.

To any of our readers who desire to possess in handy form a clear and concise account of English literature and the leading writers in the English language be they British, Irish, or American, we strongly recommend Dr. O'Kane Murray's

² *The Land of the Pyramids*. By J. Chesney. Cassell and Co., London, Paris, and New York.

³ *Exercitia Spiritualia S. Ignatii de Loyola, Meditationibus illustrata ad Usum Cleri*. Auctore F. N. Weninger, S.J. Moguntiae apud F. Kirchheim.

recently published *Lessons on English Literature*.⁴ What strikes us as worthy of special praise is the admirable way in which the leading beauties and objects of each author are summed up in a few words. Occasionally a line or two by way of extract is given, not so much as a specimen of their style generally, as because there is in the quotation some striking epigram, or because it is of a nature to fix on the mind the leading features of its author's works. It is carried down to the present day from the earliest times, and includes the most ancient of the Irish poets as well as Aubrey de Vere, and James Russell Lowell, and Justin M'Carthy, and W. H. Mallock. Dr. Murray is an excellent Catholic and an enthusiastic friend of Ireland.

Father Jenkins' little book,⁵ which will be welcome to a large class of readers, is not a consecutive account of a journey, but jottings from the diary of the author, "an ailing ecclesiastic," as he terms himself, "health-seeking" in the North Western States. It contains much information in a small space, and many practical suggestions useful to tourist and settler, to farmer and sportsman, to the promoters of colonization, and to teachers in schools. Father Jenkins' observations on the fauna and flora of the regions he visits are not less interesting than the descriptions he gives of their scenery, of forest and pasture-land, of river and lake; in glowing terms he depicts the splendours of mid-day sun and moon-lit sky, the majestic grandeur of the Rocky Mountains, and the rich wealth of the wide-spreading Prairies. The simple and heartfelt piety of the writer breathes in every page; keenly appreciative as he is of the beauties of nature, he is always ready to raise his heart to the God of nature, who is "holy in all His works, and wonderful in the heights;" to invoke the blessing of our Immaculate Mother on the virgin lands consecrated to her; to turn his thoughts from the wonder-inspiring landscape before him to the far greater glories of the celestial country.

The Ave Maria series gives the reader a detailed account of another of those miraculous conversions and cures which are due to Our Lady of Lourdes. Francis Macary,⁶ a young and

⁴ *Lessons in English Literature, with a short Dictionary of British, Irish, and American Authors.* By John O'Kane Murray, M.A., M.D. John Murphy and Co., Baltimore and New York.

⁵ *Six Seasons on our Prairies and Six Weeks in our Rockies.* By the Rev. T. J. Jenkins. Charles A. Rogers, Louisville, Ky., 1884.

⁶ *Francis Macary, the Cabinet-maker of Laval.* By Henri Lasserre. Notre Dame, Indiana: Ave Maria Press.

energetic artisan, became the prey of a painful and incurable disease which, by depriving him of the use of his lower limbs, incapacitated him from pursuing his calling. He suffered for thirty years, unresigned and blaspheming, until at length the prayers of his pious wife prevailed with God; grace touched his heart, faith entered his soul, hope revived, and a single application of the water of the miraculous grotto dispelled in one night both the physical evil and the spiritual darkness. No further recommendation of this narrative is needed than to say that it comes from the pen of the historian of Lourdes, Henri Lasserre, and that the translation is not unworthy of the original.

Messrs. Gill and Son have issued a very convenient little collection of the Rite of Burial, Office of the Dead, Absolutions after Pontifical High Mass for the Dead,⁷ &c., with the plain chant for each according to the Roman Ritual. Priests have long felt the want of such a little book, comprising as it does everything needed at the various functions for the departed. The collection is edited by Dr. Walsh, of Maynooth, and this is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence.

The *Catholic Family Annual*⁸ contains, in addition to all the information usual in a Calendar, suited to the needs of American Catholics, a number of short biographies of eminent persons, who have rendered service to religion, some lately deceased, others distinguished by their good works in times gone by. Each biography is accompanied by a well-executed portrait. Among them we notice Archbishop Vaughan, Archbishop Perché of New Orleans, Judge Gaston of North Carolina, the two Abbé's Ratisbonne, &c. The Annual also comprises descriptions of a number of celebrated places of interest to Catholics.

⁷ *Officium Defunctorum et Ordo Exsequiarum*, &c. Curat J. Walsh, S. T. D. Dublin: apud M. H. Gill.

⁸ *Catholic Family Annual for 1885*. New York Catholic Publication Society. London: Burns and Oates.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The long-suffering Catholics of Prussia have for the last twelve years maintained a constant struggle with the Government for their rights and liberty. In no other country has the State so completely monopolized the control of education, ousting religious instruction from every kind of school and college, all teachers everywhere being nominated, inspected, controlled, salaried by Government; this is now the case even in the seminaries, where the theological teaching must be subject to State supervision. Father Schneemann lifts up his voice in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, to speak "a word for liberty," and call on the Church of Prussia to beware how she acquiesces in this state of things, and entrusts the training of her clergy, on which her welfare so greatly depends, from their infancy to their ordination, to a godless and Protestant State, whose avowed aim is to inspire them with a "national," i.e., anti-Papal spirit. Father Löffler concludes his account of the sodalities of the Blessed Virgin who are affiliated to the Society of Jesus, and whose tercentenary occurs on the 5th of December. He speaks first of their external history, then of their inner life with its twofold aim—to promote the personal sanctity of the members, and to advance the cause of religion. Some anecdotes are given in proof of the usefulness of this association, and the universal acceptance it has found with monarch and peasant, princes of the Church and civil dignitaries. Father Baumgartner generally takes a bright view of things, but he does not depict in a very attractive aspect what he saw in Iceland. As there were no Catholics in Reykjavik, and the commanders of the two French ironclads at anchor off the shore would none of his services on behalf of their crews, who were not even allowed to hear Mass, Father Baumgartner had ample leisure to study the customs, the language, and the history of the people. In one respect, he says, the inhabitants of this dreary island, despite its ungenial climate and backward condition, are to be congratulated, namely on the total absence of that militarism which is so disagreeably predominant in Prussia. The *Stimmen* further contains an account of the first performance of Molière's *Tartuffe*, the motive and meaning of which was discussed in the last issue,

and also the continuation of Father Langhorst's *Religion of Agnosticism*, an examination of the system whereby Herbert Spencer proposes to effect a compromise between religion and science, and reconcile their antagonistic claims.

The principal article in the *Katholik* for October is from the pen of Dr. Pohle, to whom the reader is already indebted for an able synopsis of Father Secchi's physical system. This supplement, as he terms it, to his former treatise, is an essay on the existence of organic life in the heavenly orbs, and cannot fail to interest the general reader in the wonderful facts brought to light by recent scientific researches; it is only to be regretted that the limited space of one article forbids him to enter more largely into a subject on which he has read so much and writes so well. After briefly tracing the gradual progress of astronomical discovery by which the earth, formerly regarded as the centre of the universe, was found to occupy a position of less and less importance in it, Dr. Pohle asks the question: Can an atom so insignificant be the only theatre of life? To this astronomers can give but one answer, *Ignoramus*; but it is, he says, more than a probability, almost a moral certainty, that not only the planets of our own solar system, but more distant stars, are inhabited, or have been inhabited, by organisms either similar to, or different from the dwellers on this globe. He concludes with the words of Father Secchi, pointing out how science reveals the littleness of man, and theology his greatness. The series of articles on the place of the Gospel in the liturgy concludes with a description of the ceremonial attendant on the singing of the Passion in Holy Week, in former days even more picturesque and impressive than at present; the prescriptions contained in the ritual of the Breviary as to the reading of portions of the Gospel are added. Mayence has always been celebrated for its ecclesiastical music, and until the latter end of the last century, when it ceased to be an archiepiscopal see, it was unrivalled for the excellent rendering of Gregorian melodies. Tradition states the first bishop of Mayence to have been Crescens, the companion of St. Paul, who was sent by him to visit the Christians at the Roman military stations in Gaul, and who introduced into his diocese the sacred hymns which, as we learn from the Epistles,¹ were familiar to the Christians of apostolic times. This city, though shorn of the prestige given to it by St. Boniface, Charlemagne, many archbishops, and other patrons of

¹ Ephes. v. 19, Colos. iii. 16.

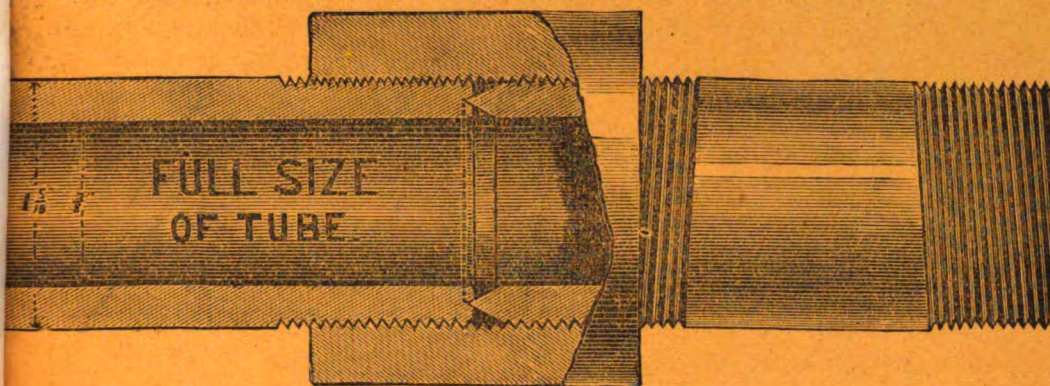
Church music, is still the centre of the *Ceciliannverein* of Germany. The *Katholik* also mentions the stress laid by the Holy Father on the necessity of united prayer for the interests of the Church in the present juncture; the importance of holding clergy retreats and parochial missions, and promoting of confraternities and sodalities amongst laymen.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (No. 825) rallies the politicians of Italy on having perceived too late the slight cast upon their monarch by his exclusion from the Congress of the three Emperors in September. The Minister Bonghi, too much engrossed by the cholera panic to observe this isolation at the time, now consoles himself by dilating on the excellent relations which his Government maintains with the European powers. The truth is that united Italy is monarchical only in name and essentially revolutionary in principle, and though it claims to stand on the same footing as the other great powers, it has gradually sunk in public esteem since the breach of the Porta Pia fourteen years ago: Christendom still protests against that act of violence, and no compromise has been affected with, or concession extorted from the Roman Curia. The constitutional rights of the Church as a social body are defined in the present number, as her territorial rights were in the last issue: these are primary and secondary: the former determine its aim, its construction, its Government, and belong solely to its founder; the latter consist of the right to carry into operation what was determined by the former, and in the case of the Church are the right to administer the sacraments, to teach, to found Religious orders, all of which belong to the spiritual order, and with which the civil power has no authority to interfere. The article on the state of linguistic study, after glancing at the different systems of linguists with regard to the classification of languages, decides that all scientific classification is practically impossible, since the divergent theories, mostly hypothetical, as to the original affinities of languages, their progressive development, and the stages they have passed through, cannot be reconciled.

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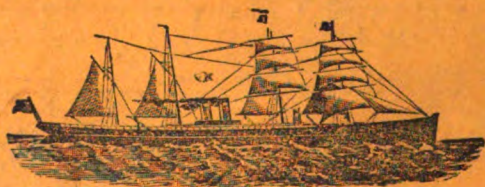
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